

Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality of Both Sexes
from the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediterranean In 4 Vol

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Memoirs



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SECRET
MEMOIRS
AND
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Of several
PERSONS of QUALITY
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FROM THE
New *ATLANTIS*,
AN
Island in the *Mediterranean*.

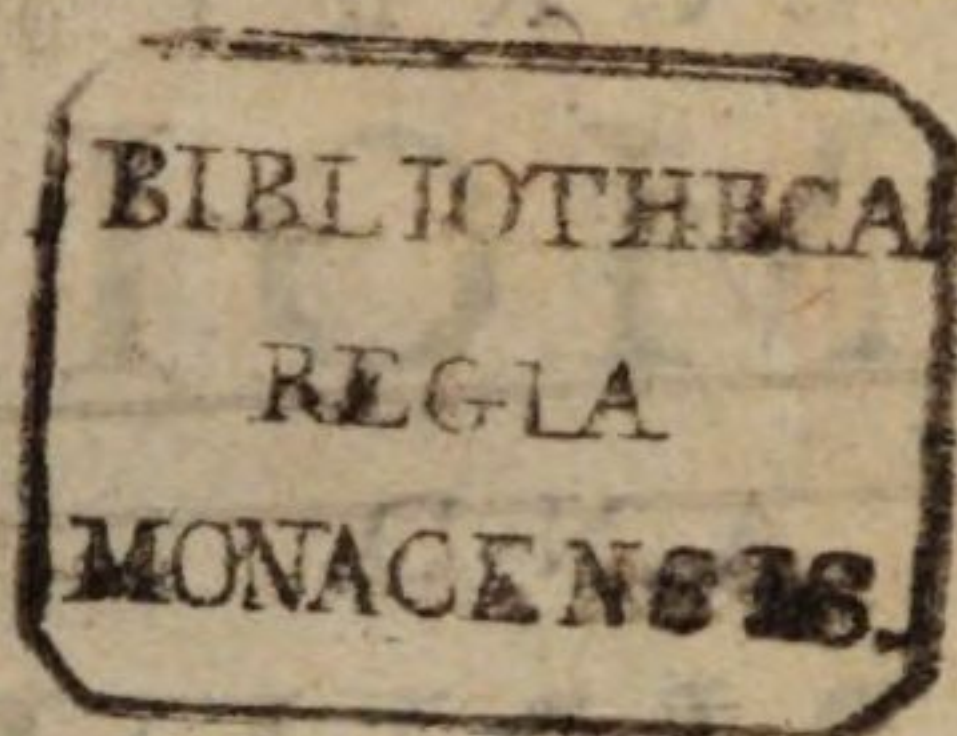
In Four Volumes.

V O L. III.

The Sixth Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed for John Morphew near Stationers-
Hall. 1720.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS

T O

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq;

S I R,

AS a Dedication seems of necessity towards the Ornament of a Work of this Kind, I could not hesitate upon my Choice, because Experience (and the Example of the *Indians*, who, in the Worship of their *Demons*, consult only Fear, which in some Cases seems to be our strongest Passion) has taught me to endeavour to secure any one that may henceforward prove my Heroe, from the well-bred further Reflections of so polite a Pen as yours. Tho' your Worship, in the *TATLER* of *November* the Tenth, has been pleased to call a *Patron* the *Filthiest Creature in the Street*, &c. yet I cannot but observe, in innumerable Instances, that you are so delighted with such Addresses, as even to make them to your self:

self: I hope therefore, a corroborating Evidence of your Perfections, may not be unacceptable.

I have learnt from your Worship's Lucubrations, to have all the Moral Vertues in Esteem; and therefore take this Opportunity of doing Justice, and asking a certain worthy Gentleman, one Capt. S—l, Pardon, for ever mistaking him for your Worship; for if I persevere in that Accusation, I must believe him not in earnest, when he makes the following Assurances in a Letter, which according to your Example, Sir, who seem prodigiously fond of such Infertions, I venture to transcribe *verbatim*.

To Mrs. M—y.

M A D A M,

I Have receiv'd a Letter from you, wherein you tax me, as if I were *Bickerstaff*, with falling upon you as Author of the *Atalantis*, and the Person who honour'd me with a Character in that Celebrated Piece. I solemnly assure you, you wrong me in this, as much as you know you do in all else you have been pleased to say
of

The Dedication.

v

‘ of me. I had the greatest Sense ima-
‘ ginable of the kind Notice you gave
‘ me when I was going on to my Ruin,
‘ and am so far from retaining an Incl-
‘ nation to revenge the Inhumanity
‘ with which you have treated Me, that
‘ I give my self a Satisfaction in that
‘ you have cancelled, with Injuries, a
‘ Friendship I should never have been
‘ able to return.

‘ This will convince you how little I
‘ am an *Ingrate* ; for I believe you will
‘ allow no one that is so mean as to be
‘ forgetful of Services, ever fails in re-
‘ turning Injuries.

‘ As for the Verses you quote of mine,
‘ they are still my Opinion, *i. e.*

‘ *Against a Woman’s Wit, ’tis full as low,*
‘ *Your Malice, as your Bravery to show.*

‘ and your Sex, as well as your Quality
‘ of a Gentlewoman (a Justice you
‘ would not do my Birth and Educati-
‘ on) shall always preserve you against
‘ the Pen of your provok’d

Sept. 6. 1709.

Most humble Servant,

R——d S——le.

A 3

Soon

Soon after, two most mighty *Tatlers* came out, levell'd directly at humble Me; but That I could have forgiven, had they not aim'd to asperse one *too great to name*. Vain! ridiculous Endeavour! as well the Sun may be cover'd with a Hand, as such Merit sullied by the Attempts of the most malicious, most witty Pen.

Since Mr. S——le's reconcil'd Friendship (promised after my Application to him when under State-Confinement) could never be guilty of so barbarous a Breach, since he could not commit the Treacherousest! the Basest! the most Abject thing upon Earth! so contrary to his Assurances! It must be you, Sir, to whom my Thanks are due; making me a Person of such Consideration, as to be worthy your important War. A weak, unlearn'd Woman's Writings, to employ so great a Pen! Heavens! how valuable am I? How fond of that *Immortality*, even of *Infamy*, that you have promised! I am ravished at the Thoughts of *living a thousand Years hence* in your indelible Lines, tho' to give Offence. He that burnt the Temple of *Diana* was ambitious after much such a
Sort

Sort of Fame as what your Worship seems to have in store for me! Nay, (just tho' you are) you even strain a Point to oblige me; as to the Fate of my *Atalantis*, calling that *present State Oblivion*, which was more powerful *Suppression*. I doubt your Worship must be forced to make many as bold Attempts, else in my frail Woman's Life there will be little of Heroick Ills worth recording: Nor would I for the World, by (as your Worship seems to fear) *feign'd Names*, or none at all, put you to your Criticisms upon *the Style of all your Contemporaries*, though to give you an Opportunity to shew your profound Judgment. No, Sir, I will not hazard losing my Title to so promising a Favour: Draw what Lengths you please; I shall be proud of furnishing Matter towards your inexhaustible *Tatler*, and of being a perpetual Monument of Mr. *Bickerstaff's* Gallantry and Morality.

As to the following Work (for which I humbly implore your Worship's All-sufficient Protection) I refer you to it self and the Preface: But could I have found you in your *Sheer-Lane*, in which

Attempt I have wander'd many Hours
in vain, I should have submitted it,
with that Humility due, to so Omnipotent
a Cenfor. Receive then, Sir, with
your usual Goodness, with the same
Intent with which it is directed, this
Address of,

S I R,

Your most Oblig'd

Most humble Servant,

D. M.

THE
PREFACE.

TH E S E following Memoirs were found by me in my Father's Library, and much valued by him for the Merit of the Author, and the Scarcity of the Book: He had met with it somewhere abroad. in his Exile for the Royal Cause, having been obliged by his Articles, at the Rendition of Colchester, to depart the Kingdom. The French is so obsolete, that I have bestowed much Pains and Application in the Work. The Preface tells us, 'Twas wrote originally in Latin by Eginardus, Secretary and Favourite to Charles the Great, King of the Franks, who wrote that Emperor's Life, and the History of those Times, from whence he was called by Valafriid Strabo, Eginard the Great.

They were designed for Charles's particular Entertainment, and to instruct him in the Merits and Capacity of his Contemporaries, as well Ministers as Princes: The Secretary and Favourite, having been Ambassador at Rome and Constantino-ple, seems to expatiate upon the Finess and Defects of those Courts, (more particularly of Irene's the Empress, who was once in Treaty to have marry'd his Master, so to have join'd the East and West, making it worthy the Name of Empire) as afterwards with equal Success upon his own. Charlemagne, to witness the Esteem he had for the Piece, deposited a Copy of it in the University which he had founded at Pavia, whence Francis the First (equally an Admirer and Incourager of Learning) brought it again into France, in the Year 1535, order'd it to be done in their own Language, printed and dedicated with much Applause to himself.

Paulus Diaconus, Secretary and Historiographer to Desiderius King of the Lombards, Baron. Annal. Theophanes, Cassiodorus, and Zonaras (who wrote the History of that Century in the Reign of Alexius Comnenus, A. D. 1118.)
agree

agree with Eginardus in most Points: They are meer Historians relating bare Matter of Fact; whereas by way of Narrative, Characters, and Memoirs, he takes in and refines upon whatever occur'd of particular Importance and Design, in the Age wherein he flourish'd. The Sarmatæ were a People so distant, that scarce any Author has shown us so early and so clear a Prospect of their Country and Interests, as Eginardus: The succeeding Volume giving a full Account of the Wars between Theodorick, Genfericus, and Beraldus, 'till after the Death of this latter, and the Election of Lescus II. who was killed in Battle against Charles the Great.

Mr. Echard's Continuator speaks of Easie Constantine's Reign, much to the same Purpose as Eginardus; they indeed differ as to Plato, calling him only the Monk, not Patriarch, though agreeing as to his Persecution, and that his sacred Person was imprison'd, and the rest of the Monks banished for their Excommunicating (Irene's Patriarch) Tharasius, who had married the Emperor to Theodecta, Mary his Wife, (whom they had confin'd to a Monastery) being still living.

As to Irene, though the Champions of the Papacy extol her blind Zeal for Image-Worship, yet the rest of the Writers concur, That she was an Adulteress, a cruel, cunning, avaritious Woman, who would stick at no Villanies that could promote her Design; an arrogant, haughty, and ambitious Princess, whom neither the Tongue of Men or Angels could excuse for her unnatural Barbarity to her Son; yet have the Papists prophanely presumed to vindicate it by Texts of Scripture. The ensuing Work compleats the Catastrophe: This leaves, where (with the unanimous Consent of all Historians) the Legions and Empire rose against her, humbly advising and petitioning Cæsar, That he would dismiss her and her Adherents, take the Administration of Affairs upon himself, and be pleas'd to reign alone.

OF all those numerous Histories which in all Ages have been wrote, how few, very few, have remain'd with Applause to Posterity? Incapacity, Partiality, Hopes and Fears, mingling with the Ink, cause their Work to retain eminently of the Composition. How small a Number (comparatively) survive their Authors? How many more (like Mushromes of a Night, or Abortives under the Mother-Pangs) have left their unhappy Parent the Mortification of seeing them expire, as soon as they began to be?

Who ever voluntarily becomes an Author, and at the same time cries out Indulgence from his Reader, in that he finds he has chosen too elevated a Subject for his humble Pen, writes Idiot on his own Forehead. Tho' doubtless, a Person may believe too well of himself, yet I am bold to advance, that if he owns an Incapacity for his Theme, the World will be complaisant, and come early into his Opinion: But for us that barely attempt, without Presumption or Despondence; who tremble neither with too forward Desires, nor abject Fears; who think no Place lovely, which Truth and Glory do not adorn, nor wou'd climb
the

the Hill of highest Favour without their Support; let us with a chearful Boldness loose the Reins, in View of attaining the Latter, as the Reward of our Endeavours, and impartially entertain our Readers with the Former.

Our Design is to treat of rough *Bellona's* formidable Charms; *Mars* dreadfully gay, adorned with the Spoils of Conquest, and covered with the Effusion of human Blood: But to take in and compleat our Circle with the lovely Sex, to attempt their Heart, Eyes, and Attention by something less dreadful, tho' not less fatal than the native Horrors of the Warrior God; we shall not forbear to introduce the Queen of Love, her bitter Sweets, her Hours of Pain and Joy: With the fantastick Sway of this still changing Goddess, who in her various Dispensations, unequal Movements, Prodigality and Penury of Favours, fatal Frowns, and her more fatal Smiles, proves as unconstant to her Votaries, as that fickle Deity, Fortune, yet unto whom there are more Knees and Vows addressed, than to the whole cœlestial Hierarchy besides.

About the Declension of the eighth Century, *Constantine* the Vth, a weak manageable Prince, rested upon the eastern Throne, with a Spirit unequal to the noble Task of Empire: Not so the mighty *Charles*, his Contemporary, call'd the Great, King of the *Franks*; who, by his own Conduct, rais'd his Nation to a Summit of Glory, which for

for a while, blinded the Eyes of the unwary Gazer. At the same time, young *Theodorick*, King of the *Vandals*, made such an Irruption of Brightness by his Actions, as dazled and amaz'd the North; the North! that trembled both with Terror and Admiration, and no longer doubted those Performances of Old, recited by the Poets, which they had sometime (but now no more) thought fabulous; because whatever they had hear'd, they found surpass'd by *Theodorick*. And, as if it were an Age fruitful of Prodigies, and consummate in Heroes, it produc'd One (but Time shall never produce Another) in whom all the Graces and Vertues were advantagiously mingled. It was *Horatio*, nam'd *Immortal* from his stupendous Conquests in *Iberia*. But as if Fortune had a Mind to mingle her self in all Things done below, and to put it to the Test, whether he could be every way a Heroe, and if that noble Ardor of Soul, so conspicuous in Prosperity, would not forsake him, or at least degenerate in Adversity; she caus'd the Spirit of Emulation, or rather Envy, to seize upon those who had dismiss'd him to *Iberia*, there to gather unnumbered Laurels, tho' from their Scheme of Affairs, they had had a Prospect of nothing but Thorns: But *Horatio's* Valour and inimitable Conduct, causing Things to succeed beyond human Expectation, the Empire was highly advantag'd by him; yet he was recall'd, tho' he went on conquering
and

and amazing, performing Actions, which it was necessary to behold before one could believe, and in the midst of stupendous Matter of Triumph, made to resign; which he did, and with a Grace inseparable from him, resign his handful of Conquerors (for no larger was that miraculous Army with which he had regain'd Kingdoms) to another General, an upstart *Persian*, a Foreigner, whose utmost Glory it was to appear but as a Foil to *Horatio* in all Things.

His Person was of the tallest Make, you read a Prince in his Aspect, lofty by the Animation of noble Sentiments, yet in which there was not the least Ingredient or Appearance of Pride; his Eyes were as difficult to gaze upon as define, a Lustre, a Brightness participating of the Sun that dazzled and delighted: Whoever beheld him, could not but ask themselves, What must be the inexhaustible Store of Spirits and Lights within, which so profusely darted themselves thro' those Casements of the Mind, and taught 'em to expect prodigious Vivacity from his Conversation, which his Conversation never fail'd of answering? All the Lineaments of his Face were noble, capable of uniting those two Contraries, Love and Reverence, for he had the Art of inspiring both. How, without a Murmur, did *Horatio* depart from the Station whereto his Valour and Management had rais'd him? Depart! free from any other Regret, than leaving those few Companions of his Victories,

ries, destitute of the Recompence he had design'd them, and which the End of the War, and his accumulated Conquests, would have put in his Power to bestow; far from that gloomy Discontent which arises from Self-love, he presented the Batoon with a generous Chearfulness, and modest Request of being still permitted to serve in Quality of Volunteer, since (as he said) the Experience he had gain'd, might possibly make him useful to his Prince: And when it was thought beyond Precedent, and not convenient to grant, he withdrew with a solemn Grace, and Tendernefs of Sentiments which arose from his general Humanity and particular Love of that little Army he was made to forsake: But with them it could not be so calm! Their Grief was tumultuous and extream! not a Soldier, but under his auspicious Eagles, was become many times a Conqueror; he had exchang'd his own Property, his very menial Necessaries for Bread to support them: They would more willingly have dy'd at his Command, than have liv'd to be separated from him! Their condoling each other! Their Repinings! Their mutual Fears, bespoke the Adoration they had for him! Their Grief and Murmurs rose so high, that they wanted but the smallest Encouragement from *Horatio* to make them criminal, since but for him they would have disputed the Emperor's Commands, and sacrificed their new General, to have still preserved *Horatio*. His heroic.

roick Tendernefs made him but ill endure thofe Proofs of the Soldiers Affection. Since he could not but find it barbarous to punifh the amiable Sin of Love in an Army that idoliz'd him ; and it being againft his Duty to his Prince to permit the Marks they continually gave him of it ; he hafted to retire. And as if Fortune would every where affault him, finding him Proof againft Self-Love, Self-Interest, Ambition, and False-Glory, (by difobeying he could not reap the True) ſhe fet upon him from within ; he was attack'd, in his Retreat, in the only Place where Nature had made him accessible, his Love, his Tendernefs for his adored *Ximena* ! The Lofs of his Lawrels, the Recompenfe of his Toils ravifhed from him, were but little compared with the Lofs of her ; he heard ſhe was no more ! Miraculoufly heard that ſhe was dead, without dying with the News ! *Ximena* ! whom his Soul was fond of, a lovely, faithful Wife, whofe Beauty, Tendernefs, and good Senfe, made him place the Reward of his brighteft Actions in her Endearments, Approbation, and Applauſe. When once relieved from the Fatigue of Conqueſt, he travel'd with Joy towards the Sea, with a Deſign to embark for *Conſtantinople*, becauſe in *Ximena's* Arms he could not but be happy ; but alas ! the News of her Death reach'd him even whilſt he was redoubling his eager Steps to embrace her ; ſo that having given way to the firſt Irruptions of Woe (which are not in the Tower
of

of Reason to restrain) he found a settled Calm of Grief succeed the first Gusts of Sorrow, and which had the Air of working more sure and fatally than the most violent Efforts of Passion. He grew in Love with that melancholy Habit which taught him to forsake Mankind, and to retire into himself, there perpetually to entertain the Idea of his adored *Ximena*, which his Imagination had so faithfully treasured up. To indulge that destructive Poison to his Constitution, he resolved to wander about the World, in Contemplation of *Ximena*; and since the whole Earth was but a larger Wilderness to him, since she no longer civiliz'd and adorn'd it, it became equal to *Horatio* where he should languish out the Remainder of a Life, which his perfect Adoration of *Ximena*, had entirely dedicated to her Remembrance.

In this little Regard for other Objects or Interest, sometimes by Land, and sometimes by Sea, he visited (almost without seeing) the greatest Part of *Europe*; unaffected and unconcerned at Conquests or Defeats, till his Martial Ardor, in spite of that lethargick Grief that possess'd him, could not but rouse it self, with a sort of glorious Emulation, to hear of the unexpected Victories that had been gain'd by young *Theodorick*, King of the *Vandals*: Fame spoke so loudly in Favour of his Person, Conduct, Temperance, Courage, and Piety, that *Horatio* resolv'd to make himself the Judge of that Renown she had so profusely bestow'd upon
this

this Prince; so that travelling to the nearest Port, he embark'd on the East Sea. After many Days tossing on that boisterous Element, he came to a Gulf, whence reimbarking himself upon the River *Nova*, he designed for that City, till he heard that *Theodorick*, with a small Army, was advancing to endeavour to raise the Siege which *Genferic* Emperor of the *Goths* and *Russes*, maintain'd by a numerous One. When he came within half a League of *Nova*, which was open on that side next the River, he beheld with Pleasure a Work of Nature, for the Water falling with an extraordinary Violence and Noise, forms a Precipice, and by Accident produces a wonderful Effect; for the Sun all the Morning shining thereon, causes the Appearance of a Rainbow as glorious as that which is seen in the Clouds; by reason of this Fall, the Merchants are obliged to unload in that Place all their Goods, to be Ship'd off upon the Gulph. *Horatio* resolving not to shut up himself in a besieged City, took Directions from the Mariners how he might fetch a Compass, and by avoiding the *Gothick* Army, join the King of the *Vandals*, who was, as we have said, in motion to attempt the raising of the Siege.

After he had been set on Shore, and had mounted his Horse with only two Attendants, Grief so wholly employ'd his Soul, that there was not Room for the least Ray of Joy, much less was there any Concern remain-
ing

ing in him for what the Universality of Mankind find the greatest Taste in, Pomp, Attendance, Ambition, and Pleasure. He had already wandered some Miles, when looking up to the Heavens, he saw the Winter Sun weakly shining in the West, and from thence informed himself, That it was time for him to seek some Habitation, if he did not resolve to pass the Night without any other Covering than that bleak Canopy above. He was in the midst of a wild open Country, covered here and there with Shrubs and short Bushes, with no living Creature in View: Advancing towards a lofty Pine, the only beautiful Tree of the Place, (all the rest, by the Rigour of the Season, being disrobed of their native Bloom, nothing remaining but the sapless Twigs where Leaves had formerly flourish'd;) against this Evergreen, there was leaning, in a careless Posture, a fair Woman, who seeming to be driven out of the World, no longer beheld the Light as any thing of Moment to her, as if it were no more the Object of her View; so retired into her self, so full of Contemplation from within she appear'd! Notwithstanding the Inclemency of the Season, her Head was without any Covering, save a vast Quantity of graceful fair Hair, which fell in Curls all down her Shoulders, the Whiteness not to be equal'd but by her Face; her Complexion had so dazzling a Lustre, the Vermilion upon her Cheeks and Lips in full Strength of native Bloom, unharm'd by
the

the driving Snow, or wounding Northern-Blasts, and in whose Countenance there appear'd so satisfied, so sweet a Languishment, that Joy it self was never so charming or so inviting!

Horatio approach'd very near this solitary Fair, with an Intent to inform himself of the Name of the Place where they were, what Retreat was at hand, and the Occasion of her extraordinary Manner and Garb, in so cold, so destitute a Region! a certain new-born Curiosity (which he had been a Stranger to since the Loss of his adored *Ximena*) reviving in his Breast; but she repay'd him not in Kind, nor witnessed the least Inclination to raise her Eyes or her Contemplation at the Noise his Horses might possibly make, tho' it could not be great, upon that withered grassy Carpet. *Horatio* stop'd some Moments to contemplate so satisfying a Beauty! When from that Part of the Wild that immediately faced her Eyes, he saw advance another blooming Maid, who seem'd to carry her Heart in her Hand! Her flowing Robes and Hair, as if not affected with any Season, discovered all the Charms of her Face and Person! There was no Disguise, nor the Attempt of any, all was artless, all was ravishing and heavenly! *Horatio*, seiz'd with a certain Reverence and Awe, believed himself advanced upon forbidden Ground, that these were not Mortals he beheld, but something divine; and the rather because in the Form which last appear'd, he
saw

saw the Emblem of *Sincerity* bearing her transparent Heart in her Hand! He was confirm'd in his Conjecture, when he heard the beautiful Virgin (after having, by a pressure of her Hand to her Breast, re-seated that lovely Heart in its native Throne) caress and embrace the melancholy Beauty whom he found to be *Solitude*, who then lifted up her languishing Eyes, and seemed with a satisfied Smile, to clasp, kiss, and congratulate the Arrival of her amiable Companion! Well, my Dear, said she to her, Did I not prophesy to thee aright? Did not I tell thee, thou would'st return to me again, that the World was unworthy of thee! Mankind having been so long since abandon'd by *Justice* and *Vertue*, what Employment can *Sincerity* expect? Of what Use art thou amidst a Race who never know what it is to converse with Truth? Hast thou not beheld in the greatest Courts, how little Refuge there is for thee? Interest! Corruption! Ambition! Flattery! every Thing has excluded thee from so much as the Possibility of being cherished among Them? Live then with me, my adored Companion! Here all is native Honesty and Truth! Returning to the World, thou must resolve to take up thy Habitation with the Indigent and Forlorn, for thou bringest along with thee Principles, that will make him that entertains thee poor! Principles destructive to false Glory! glittering Pomp! swelling Ambition! pretended Loves! boasted Knowledge! seem-

seeming Piety! affected Honesty! Wert thou to appear thus artless array'd in native Beauty, how wouldst thou be admired, and avoided? Oh! how faded would all their Pretences seem? How ridiculous! How unworthy the divine Original from whence they pretend to derive themselves? Hast thou not an Abhorrence at beholding their sublimest Wits, their brightest Genius's, prostituting that Brightness to those in Power? Such are to be bought and sold according to their real or imaginary Necessities, who live up to the Enjoyment of every Vice that their narrow Circumstances can reach, yet declaim against what they notoriously pursue, their whole Lives being but one continued Masquerade. These are no nearer acquainted with Vertue than by Name, which they have indeed by Rote, and apply those Attributes only to those who have Power to raise and compleat their Advancement. What generous Breast can bear, without a Glow of Indignation, to hear a Tyrant fam'd for Cruelty, one that gratifies his own specifick ill Nature, under the Appearance of publick Good, and who would rather ruin than preserve the World: To hear him, I say, commended for Religion, who never knew so much of it as the very Pretence, pursuing his Aversion to all Opinions under his Persecution of one; whose tyrannical Principles and barbarian Temper would equally lead him (were his Power equal) to the Destruction of the Whole? And who,

tho,

tho' as bold as witty Vice and native Confidence can make him, was never so hardned as to pretend the least Acquaintance with any of the Vertues, especially Religion, till the fulsome Orator had applauded him for the Extirpation of it, insomuch that he himself forced a Smile at the Report, and cry'd, till now he had never thought to have been Kalender'd for a Saint!

Again, must not *Sincerity* be cover'd with lovely Blushes and Confusion, to hear a great Man (because he has Power to reward his Flatterer) prais'd for Learning, who knows no more of it than the Name; who heaps together a valuable Library, not for what it contains (for that is never his Enquiry) but for the false, fine Reputation he may obtain by such a Collection? To hear a forward Zeal for his own mistaken Principles, term'd Steadiness, Constancy, and good Sense! A perpetual burning Desire of vindicating his Conduct by the Destruction of all Opposers, even to Imprisonment and Persecution of those who dare so much as glance upon his Errors; to have this, I say, term'd Humanity, Honesty, and a Wading thro' Prejudice and Difficulties to the desired Point; is an Impudence, an Adulation so glaring, as not to be equal'd by all the base abject Incense offer'd to the Vices of the old *Roman* Tyrants, who murder'd Nations in Sport, and set the Mistresses of the World on a Blaze, only to enlighten a fantastick and abominable Masquerade!

Dost thou not blush, dost thou not weep, adorable *Sincerity*, in pursuit of these fawning Sycophants? Who, were a Turn of Affairs to arrive, would as basely desert, as they had falsely prais'd! For Self-Interest being their true and only Motive, they know no Principles of their own, but shift as often as do their Patrons, and only wear appearing Vertues, nay, and their very Vices, but as they are fashionable Habits! To have these drawing indelible Characters of Abuse against those by whom they have been tenderly oblig'd, flourishing out in Threatnings and Self-conceited Boastings, as if Immortality, whether of Praise or Infamy, ever drop'd from a prostituted mercenary Pen, sure to fade and die reproachfully away with its Supporters; or even if they had such a Power, for vertuous Persons to be blasted by them, is still a greater Glory than to be praised.

These (who matter not to be call'd base, so their Fortunes are but establish'd) act even against the Judgment of their better Sense, and the private Beating of their own coward Hearts; they neither condemn nor applaud but as they are directed, and with their perpetual Pens are set to watch and affright whoever shall be so honest as (without Hopes or Fears) to tell the Vicious of their Vices, the too many Great of their Pride, Reserve, and Haughtiness; That Pride which causes them to conclude themselves made of another Mould than their Fellow-Crea-

Creatures, forgetting that some who are now Noble, had perhaps a Mechanick for their Ancestor ; the immortal Species being struck at a Heat by the wise Almighty Original ! Vertue only should claim that Pre-eminence which (they are so blinded as not to see) is oftentimes given to them barely by Merit of their fleeting Possessions ! Larger Banks of Gold ! The Brillancy of their Diamonds ! the Distinction of fading temporary Titles.

Hence also is the noble Debauchee alarmed ! If the Poet introduce either by Fable or any other fictitious Representation, a glowing Lover set on Fire, more by the Charms of another, than those of that beautiful Partner which first his own Choice, and then binding Laws have assigned to him alone, he resents, as a particular Reflection, what was intended but as a general ; and tho' the Vice was only meant to be arraigned, not the Person, yet is the Arraigner excruciated and exposed by all the bitter Calumnies of slanderous avenging Tongues ! And if guilty of any Fault (as if Humanity could be spotless) that Fault in the Multiplication-Table of Revenge and Malice, shall be certain, in a very little time, to amount to above a Million, and so to Infinity ! Weak, short-sighted Recriminators ! As if the Truth were less the Truth for being repeated by any Person however circumstanced ; or would the less be believed ; when as obvious and glaring as the God of Day in his meridian Force.

Despair, Despair, my lovely Companion, ever to prevail amongst Men, whilst the united World is arm'd against thee! and that these Mercenaries are ever at hand with their Thunder, to stigmatize all that shall imitate thy Purity. Who shall dare to treat of Corruptions? Those congregated Corruptions that darken the Scene of unhappy Life! Those ignoble Designs; those publick Squandrigs of Millions of wretched harmless Lives, to raise the Pride, the Ostentation, and the false, hard-laboured for, Glory of One, who drawing (as it were by Incantment, or as by Instinct the Loadstone does the Needle) the Spoils of Cities, of Provinces, of whole Nations, Foreign and Domestick, into his own Coffers, leaves the brave and suffering Soldier, (if he has not Gold,) to despair; he who has fac'd Death with a Courage almost superior to Humanity, is not permitted to fill those Vacancies (to which by the Law of War, he has an indisputed Right) without a Purse of much more Value than his Pretences.

This Sordidness of Temper, this Allay to the brightest Actions, is not only upheld, but applauded by our modish Panegyrists, for being so much akin to their own; though these Prostitutes to a Party are often odious, even to those by whom they are employ'd, scorn'd for their servile Compliance and Readiness in abusing, and in private ridicul'd for Apostacy! Since Wit (next to Vertue,
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the noblest Gift of Heaven) ought to be unbiass'd and incorruptible.

Let such have ever the deserv'd Fate of Self interested Scribblers, be always attending in Hopes of a mighty Reward, and never in Possession but of (what they shall think) a little. Let them have the same Fortune as Traitors of a larger Magnitude, the Usefulness of whose Treason is encouraged, while the Traitor generally is neglected, and always detested.

Yet further, my innocent tender Maid ! Wert thou ever so little encouraged, so much abandon'd as now ? Hitherto the glowing Lover and wishing Fair, woo'd thee as a Principal in all their Mysteries : There cou'd be no Extasie, no Joy, where thou wert not of Accord. Thou ! that little valuable spirituous Particle, that animated the Whole ! Thou ! Life of Love ! Thou ! without whose Presence there can be no Vivacity ! No Purity ! No Happiness ! Thou ! the Refuge of the trembling doubting Virgin ! Who no sooner beheld thy lovely Face ! Thy sacred Charms ! but the Roses return'd to her frightned Cheek and quivering Lip ! Thy Arms were to her a Sanctuary ! She no longer scrupled to make happy the ardent Youth ! She was secure ! She was convinced ! Her Joys were permanent where Thou wert in place ! Thou ! the inviolable Pledge of her Lover's Truth ! Thou ! the Amulet against Treachery ! False Vows ! Pretended Ardors ! And deceiving Adjurations ! Oh !
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How

How many blisful Pairs hast thou formerly beheld, when the World was young in Deceit and Love of Gold ! When there needed no Bribes, but mutual Desire ! When Interest was not so much as thought upon amongst them ! Hast thou not Indignation at reflecting upon those past, those happy Ages ? Or is the Remembrance vanished ? And art thou turn'd Apostate to thy self ? Art thou as much delighted with the pretended Adorations as the Real ? With the false Incense now offered to thee, as formerly thou wert with the true ? Thou, whose Name they never invoke but to prophane ! And make no further Use of, than till the deluded Virgin ceases to be such, or the rich and powerful Widow empties all her Store into the Arms of her Bankrupt Lover. Nay, the Neglect of thee is more and more conspicuous, since not alone confin'd to that Sex who glory to be term'd Deceivers ! Ours also is infected ! Treachery is become mutual ! They are now upon the square with one another ! They have no longer Occasion for Sincerity ! A new System of Amour wherein thou art not so much as mentioned ! Gold circulates instead of thee ! They stand in need of no other Recommendation ! The blooming beauteous Virgin sells her Charms for Gold, tho' the Purchaser be never so despicable and old ! Their impure unnatural Desires have occasion for nothing but Gold ! Gold, which accomplishes all Things ! The antiquated Maid, and fading Widow,

Widow, by help of Gold, find means to have their irregular Appetites appeas'd ! And, whilst they can buy and bribe, they prove without thee, Gold alone, to be of sufficient account to Happiness.

Sincerity thus returned, My dear *Solitude*, the lovely Companion of my Youth, with whom I have worn away so many pleasing Hours of Day and Night : Oh ! let me speak my Wonder and my Joy ! You are in some Things mistaken ! I am received, I am caress'd in the World ! I lodge in the Arms and Heart of a young Triumpher ! He is all Piety, all Justice ! He knows not what it is to equivocate or falsifie his Word ! He is all my self, so very sincere ! 'Tis *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals*, once more employ'd in endeavouring to overcome that imperial Reformer of his People, *Genfericus* ; *Genfericus*, who would be too great, cou'd he be but faithful. I took the Advantage of the Battle, to snatch a View of my dear Companion, to boast of my unexpected Reception at Court, to spread my fond Arms around thee, and so protest, that (this Scene of Novelty excepted) I never tasted any Happiness so pure, as that which I have found in thee.

Horatio, charm'd with what he had seen and heard, alighted from his Horse, and advancing with a slow Pace and graceful Mein, bowing low, began ; Will you deign, amiable Virgins, to receive a Stranger into your Habitation ? A Stranger, driven

(by the Excess of ill Fortune and Heart-breaking Anguish) to seek his Happiness in *Solitude*. Oh lovely Maid! You that have all your Pleasures pure! Neither mingled with Hopes or Fears, and are unacquainted with Crimes neither knowing nor needing Repentance, You, the Preserver of Innocence! Receive, I beseech you, with Hospitality, the forlorn *Horatio*! Persecuted by an acute Passion! A Passion unprecedented! A hopeless Desire for what no longer exists! A Love more fervent for a departed Wife, than was yet ever felt for a living Mistress! And you, amiable *Sincerity*, with whom I have ever had as great an Intimacy, as was consistent (in this bad World) with the Service of my imperial Master, and Self-Preservation! Do not reject a Votary, that in all Things relating to himself, reveres and follows what you dictate.

Alas! My Lord, (gracefully reply'd the solitary Maid) what can I promise my self, rustick as I am? What Charms, what Hopes of entertaining the polite *Horatio*, whose Renown has filled the Globe, and even extended to this forlorn Retreat? Yet such as you see, I am proud to be all yours; my two lovely Companions, *Innocence*, and *Content* are within my Call; they shall always attend your Retreat; we will make it the Business of our Hours to persuade your Lordship to Happiness, and be proud to find our selves so agreeably employ'd.

Here,

Here, a Burst of Glory from the East of Heaven, enlighten'd all the Wild ! And as they were attentively considering the Quarter from whence it arose ; Behold, the Goddess of Wisdom ! *Pallas*, the Giver of double Victory, slowly descending upon a Cloud, fixed at a convenient Distance, whence all her Charms became conspicuous ; Her blue Eyes seem'd as if they were animated with new-born Fire and additional Sweetness, darting gracious Regards upon the attentive Mortal. Having thrice call'd *Horatio* : Oh Favourite ! she continued, of me and of the Gods, I come to tear thee from the Embraces of that simple, yet enchanting Maid : It is not for such a Heroe as *Horatio* to resign up himself to Indolence and Solitude. Reject her feeble Charms, and let thy active Soul rush again into the Field of Glory : Thy Country expects thee ; thy unhappy Country, oppress'd by Faction and Favourites : The Emperor himself groans under the Tyranny, which by thy Arm and Head can only be overthrown. We prepare a double Reward ; a Crown of Valour, and of Wisdom. Our Self will attend and animate thee throughout. Pass on, *Horatio*, and implore Assistance of the *Vandal* King to transport thee to *Constantinople*, where unlimited Glory does await thee.

Horatio, in prostrate Adorations, receiv'd this Oracle from the Goddess of Wisdom, with his Eyes and Praise accompanying her

Return, till the Heavens had confess'd their former Serenity, and Fear and Awe were a little dissipated: Then turning to those two amiable Forms that had engaged his Admiration; He told them, however unwilling to forsake bewitching *Solitude*, he must obey the divine Dispensation; but it was in hopes, when the Task assign'd him by the Goddess was perform'd, to be again happy in such a Retreat, and re-united to the two lovely Bosoms of *Solitude* and *Sincerity*; that his Thoughts and Heart should not be divided from them, tho' Destiny carry'd away his Person. They caress'd him, and confirmed his Obedience; then directed him into a Road, and told him, 'twould bring him, with a little Riding, to the Entrance of *Sarmatia*; where possibly he might be better provided of a Retreat for himself and his Servants, than any that *Wild* could afford.

He had not travell'd above a League, but Night overtook him: At the same time he discover'd a sumptuous Tent, (as it is the Custom in that Country, when Persons of Quality travel, because the *Cabarets* are few and very ill provided) ostentatiously enlighten'd with a vast Number of White-wax-Flambeaux: *Horatio* sent one of his Servants to enquire to whom it belong'd; who immediately returned with another, who brought an Invitation, from the Person within that magnificent Field-Apartment, for him to repose himself, and pass the
Night

Night there. *Horatio* was satisfy'd with his good Fortune, which had in that desolate Place thrown him into the Conversation and Conveniencies of one of the politeſt, moſt refin'd Genius's of the Age; it was *Merovius*, Prior of *Orleans*, and who had been a long time Envoy from *Charles* King of the *Franks*, to the Republick of *Sarmatia*. *Horatio* was formerly of his Acquaintance at *Constantinople*, where once *Merovius's* Curioſity (which wou'd be ſatisfy'd in all Things) had led him.

Monſieur *L' Envoyé*, after he had embraced *Horatio*, whom he received at the Extremity of the Tent, led him into that Part which was his Bed-Chamber; where renewing his Careſſes and Embraces, he ſtop'd abruptly, and throwing him of a ſudden, with a gallant Air, a Step or two from him; Is it poſſible (he cry'd) that this ſhould be the mighty Man that makes all Men tremble! He! who has not only catch'd, but deſerv'd the Applauſe of the Earth. Not *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Hector*, *Achilles*, or *Ulyſſes*, with their united Exploits, perform'd half the Wonders as has *Horatio*! To you it is given both to conquer and perſuade! Whether in your Tent, or at the Head of your Army, you are alike victorious! You deſign as admirably as you perform. Whence then comes it, that I find you reduc'd with no Train, no Conveniencies, wandring and alone, in a cold, bleak, northern-Corner of the Globe? Oh! my Lord,
either

either your Fate is very fantastical and unjust, or you have grown too fast: Your Renown is too tall! You overlook the rest of Mankind! And there are, I fear, those at Home who find themselves concern'd to remove you; because your Prospect is so wonderful and fair, that it forbids us to see any other but you! But, went he on (perceiving *Horatio* silent) I am too intruding, 'tis now a time, my Lord, to refresh your self, after which I will endeavour to deserve your Confidence by giving you all mine; and if the Relation may be entertaining, as I cannot doubt, to one whom the Desire of Knowledge has made inquisitive of all Things, I'll give you a Relation, from the first Hand, of the Troubles of *Sarmatia*, and of what has occasioned them.

Here he led *Horatio* into another Room, where was prepar'd a Supper suitable to the Plenty of the Country, and the Delicacy of the grand Prior's Taste. Their Discourse during the Repast, was of *Horatio's* Design to visit *Theodorick*, his Travels from *Iberia*, and the Heart-wounding Loss of his ador'd *Ximena*, whom *Merovius* could not forget he had seen and admired at *Constantinople*. After the Linnen was remov'd, and the best *Pannonian* Wines set upon the Table, he endeavour'd to comfort *Horatio* for his Loss, observing a melancholy Deadness which obscur'd in him a great Part of his native Brightness: He began to discourse of Love;
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It is my Opinion, my Lord, continued the *Envoyé*, that one of the greatest Wonders of Love, is, That this Passion being so universal, that we may say all knowing Men, nay, and the simplest too have been touched with it; none have successfully defin'd either its Origine or Nature: And yet almost all who have wrote, have attempted it. The Philosophers have been as blind as the Poets: He who told us 'twas a Desire of Beauty, seems to have confounded two Passions in one, since Desire can only move towards what we have not, and is satisfied, and ceases when in Possession. The hopeless Passion for the admired *Ximena*, that still survives in your Lordship's Breast, explains what I advance, and shews Love not to be well defin'd when term'd a Desire of Beauty; because you cannot be thought to desire what you are in despair of, and are sure you never can possess; and yet still you feel your self to love; and love to such a height, that That one only Passion makes you dead to all Things besides. That is true, my Lord, answered *Horatio*, yet it does not forbid Love to be term'd justly a Desire of Beauty. Since there is no Possession, how full soever, where Desire may not abide! If it be only employed in wishing a Continuation of what we enjoy, 'tis enough to render it inseparable from Love. Then, reply'd the Envoy, your Possession can't be entire, because it supposes a Part yet unenjoy'd, and he who wishes the Continuation of a Good,

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considers it as what is not yet arrived, and has a different Motive to what its Presence gives, and that is enough to cause two several Passions; otherwise we should confound Love with Hope! For if Love be a Desire, it would, when in Possession, be no more Love, since we cannot desire what we enjoy! And by the same Reason, Desire would no longer be Desire.

To form then a Definition, without those Difficulties and Defects, we are at first to suppose the Difference betwixt Love, which is a Habit like yours, and that which is a real Passion! For Passion being a Motion! when that Motion ceases, the Passion is at an End; and we may say there is no more Love! But the Habit forbears not to be there still, which is nothing but the Impression the lovely beloved Object has made on the Mind, and which causes that all times, when the Thought proposes it to the Appetite, it moves and forms the Passion of Love, and because we cannot possess without (in some manner) uniting our self to it, it necessarily follows, that Love is a Motion of the Appetite, by which the Mind unites it self to that which appears to it amiable and good.

This does not seem clear to me, my Lord, answered *Horatio*, because, that in Love, the beloved Object is often dead or absent, with whom the Appetite cannot then unite it self! But, consider (interrupted Monsieur *L'Envoyé*) that Objects may be united to
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the Powers, by their Species! By their Images! or by their true Beings! That there is an intentional Union, and an Ideal; but because the true Being of Things enters not into the Imagination, it's their Image only! And this Union is that alone which naturally belongs to the Appetite; for as Imagination is the Center of all the Senses, so is the Appetite of the Inclinations.

But, reply'd *Horatio*, if Love be a Motion to unite it self to what is lovely; when united, there would be no more Motion, and consequently no more Love? And as this Union may be made in a Moment, (for that there is nothing can hinder it) it seems as if this Motion were also made in an Instant, and that therefore Love should not last any longer, which is absurd and contrary to the Truth.

Besides, it continues to agitate, and as differently as are the different Persons it possesses. There are no Disorders in the other Passions that are not found united in this! It's capable of all the Follies that can ruffle the most distracted Mind! It wears so many several Faces, that it is impossible to take their Pictures. What Colours? Nay, what Words can express all the Workings and Changes of the Heart and Eyes? How can that resplendent Humidity be represented? That modest Disquiet? That laughing Grief? That amorous Anger? Sometimes dwelling on the beloved Object as if they were fix'd, then turning away, as though
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their Sight were dazzl'd. It was well feign'd of them, who call'd Love the Son of the changing Wind, and the various colour'd *Iris*, metaphorically to explain his Nature, and shews that his Original is as much concealed from us as that of those two Meteors.

But, my Lord, we amuse the Time in a dry Dispute, a Dispute which can afford us no greater Certainty than that, whatever is the Origin of Love, he is a Tyrant whose Sway we may oppose, but must however obey; therefore if your Excellency pleases, we will forbear to discourse of what we feel, in relation to that Deity, and enter upon what you were graciously pleased to promise me before Supper, an Account of what has pass'd in *Sarmatia*, since the King of the *Franks* sent you to reside there: I must further beg your Lordship, that you will take in the Country, Genius of the People, Manner of Living, and whatever you may judge may be entertaining to one as greatly fond of Knowledge (and of all Things that your Excellency speaks) as he is a perfect Stranger to what relates to so remote a Region. Monsieur *L'Envoyé* having made a Bow to return *Horatio's* Gallantry, began his Relation thus.

Since, my Lord, there is often as great a Pleasure in being entertain'd by the several Follies of Mankind, as their several Wisdoms and Wit, why may not the Knowledge, and some of the Adventures of a bar-

barbarous Northern People, serve to amuse the Mind (at least for once) as well as that of the more polite Eastern World? At worst, I have Novelty to strengthen my Argument, and an implicate Desire of Pleasing, which shall make me forget you have been a General for the Emperor, and by your great Capacity the most formidable Enemy of my Master: I will also forbear to remember that I am Envoy from the King of the *Franks*, and only consider your Lordship in your own Person, that is to say, the most finish'd, the most accomplish'd Man upon Earth, and who has a Soul too large ever to make a dis-ingenuous Use of what is in Confidence reported to you, and which always carries with it such a tacit Implication of Trust, that I need not pre-engage your Lordship to what is either reasonable or fit.

Sarmatia is a flat fruitful Country, affording most Things necessary to happy Living; here is to be found plenty of Corn, of Fowl, Flesh, Honey, Wax, Wood, Amber, Salt, Iron, Horses valu'd for their Swiftness; it furnishes other Nations with vast Numbers of Oxen, Sheep, Hogs; but as for Trade, the *Sarmatians* are absolutely forbid it; I mean the Gentry, upon Forfeiture of their Honour; therefore what Trade they have, is generally carried on by Foreign Merchants. They exceed all Nations of *Europe* in Vivacity of Spirit, Strength of Body, and living hardily, except the Nobles, where the Luxury

ury of the East is in Request. They are generous and covetous, more apt to be deceived than deceive; not so easily provok'd as appeas'd; fond of foreign Customs, and full of Imitation, to which their Genius leads them rather than to Invention; Ingrateful, as not thinking themselves ever sufficiently recompens'd for any Service: Courageous, having never submitted to any foreign Force, no not even to the *Romans*, who once boasted themselves to be Masters of the World; running mad after Liberty, and rather driving than inviting their Kings to observe their Laws; they not only hate the Name of Slavery, but abhor a just and hereditary Monarchy. Licentious in their Morals. The People of Condition claim Privileges that will scarce give them leave to be guilty of any Crime, and when they happen to own themselves so, the Prince hardly has the Power of punishing. All the Gentry are equal by Birth; there are no Princes but what belong to the Royal Family; they refuse, and think Titles odious if bestowed by a foreign Prince, and hate that any should pretend to a Superiority among them, unless it be by Employments, which constitute them Senators. Every Province sends their Deputies, which meet and are called, The general Convention of the Estates. Here they make and defend their own Laws and Liberties, elect their Monarchs, appoint Counsellors to instruct him, and their Number far exceeding the Senate

Senate (which are constituted from their numerous dignify'd Priests, great Officers of the Army, Crown and Household) they easily keep the King and Senators in their Duty, and threaten both very often, especially in the Convention, where each Member has a Liberty to speak what he thinks, and think as he pleases; for if but one dissents, it hinders any Law from having its Force, or any Bill from passing; neither is that Person obliged to tell his Reasons any otherwise than after their usual Manner, *It is not my Pleasure it should be so*; whereupon he immediately withdraws into the Country, if he can so escape, but very often is prevented, and by their Sabres cut in Pieces upon the Spot.

Not only these excessive Privileges make the *Sarmatian* Gentlemen powerful, but the vast Territories which a great Number of them enjoy with a despotick Sway over their Subjects: Some possess thirty Leagues of Land out-right; some also are Hereditary Sovereigns of Cities which the King has nothing to do with, and these maintain six or seven thousand Horse and Foot in Pay; for when the great Men have any Difference between themselves, they scorn to submit the Determination to any Power but that of the strongest Sword; hence it is they plunder and burn each others Towns and Cities, and generally decide by a Field-Battle, while the King never declares himself for either Party.

The Peasants are born Slaves, and having no manner of Notion of Liberty, live quiet and contented; the Gentlemens Riches partly consist in Rusticks, whom they call their Subjects, and are often sold off with the Land on which they are establish'd; they have no Laws, no Judges, but their Lord's Pleasure, to whom they pay an absolute blind Obedience and Adoration, fight for them to the Death, and, which is more wonderful than all, they love them. They can enjoy nothing of their own, or ever become free without their Master's Consent, unless he debauch a Wife or Daughter, and then that Slave to whom the Woman belongs is freed by the Law; nor is she less esteem'd or valued by those poor Wretches, who do not think themselves dishonour'd by it. The Sound of Property or Glory never reaches their Ear. They often work four Days in a Week for their Lords for one that they work for themselves, who having never seen or known a better Condition (their Fathers, and so backwards, being ever Slaves before them) are well satisfy'd and contented with their Servitude; so true it is, that Custom and Education, by making any State habitual, renders it easie; whilst those only can be called wretched, who, born and nourished in Splendour and Prosperity, are reduced to descend and sit in Obscurity and Poverty; whence surely it is no Impropriety to say, that 'tis a Misfortune to such to have been happy.

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Their Religion is still that of the old *Gentile*; they will by no means hear of what they call the Christian Superstition, but worship many Deities, pay Divine Adoration to Fire, which they call sacred, and keep it always burning in particular Towns; several Priests attend to preserve it, by whose Neglect or otherwise, if ever it comes to be extinguished, they are immediately beheaded. They worship Thunder, and pray to tall-straight-Trees, set apart in several Groves, which they hold it Sacrilege but to touch: When the Sky becomes clouded, they are in Despair, and of Opinion, the Sun is angry with them, and use their utmost Art to appease him, by Musick, Prayer, and other Ceremonies. They worship the God *Esculapius*, under the Form of a Serpent, which is their Lares, or Household Deities, and therefore each Family keeps one in their House, to whom they daily sacrifice Milk, Fowls, &c. and one of which if they happen at any time to offend, they look upon it to be an Omen of Destruction to their whole Progeny. Upon their Return from War, they offer one of the Chief of their Captives, with all their Booty to the Fire. Burn their Dead drefs'd in the richest Ornaments they us'd to wear whilst living, together with one of their most faithful Servants, Horses, Arms, Dogs, and whatever the Deceas'd was fond of; whilst all the Relations bring Milk, Honey, Wine, and the like, with which they feast
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and dance about the Funeral-Pile, to Musick of various Kinds.

No Arguments cou'd ever prevail with them to make their Monarchy hereditary; though 'tis observable, that but in the last Election, they still chose one of the Royal Family, not so much as a Daughter having been excluded when there were no Sons; yet always telling them, that they were not to attribute their Accession to the Throne to any Right contracted from their Parents, and that they thought themselves no longer obliged to pay Obedience than that they kept to their Oath, reserving to themselves a Right of Deposing them whenever they broke the Laws.

Not conceiving, my Lord, that you are absolutely straitened in Time, or that it is of much Importance to your Lordship whether you depart to Morrow, or favour me with a longer Stay, I shall not find myself under a Necessity of finishing my Relation to Night, so to confine myself to the Busy, and omit the Diverting; for even in Reading (where we generally bring more Attention than in Discourse) we love a Relief, because the Mind is wearied like the Body, if it continues long upon a Bent.

Therefore, my Lord, I think it not amiss to amuse your Lordship with an Adventure of my own before I left *Gallia*; an Adventure so far singular, that neither by Reason, Reading, or Reflection, I can satisfactorily

factorily account to my self for it. I know your Lordship is as great a Philosopher as a General, and as well acquainted with *Aristotle* and *Plato*, as *Alexander*; therefore, as something curious, I will not omit it.

Charles King of the *Franks*, held then his Court at *Orleans*: I was always about his Person, and durst boast of the Honour of being sometimes heard by him. Nothing could be more shining than the Ladies that form'd the Circle; Gallantry, Luxury, and Pleasure, reign'd in full Splendour under this Monarch; but it was not to any Beauties of the Court that my Heart surrendered: So far as Amusement, and that Sort of Engagement which is necessary to gain the Character of a gallant Man, I was at their Devotion; this is a sort of Amour where a reasonable Man should rest, and not dip himself further, the Pleasing without the Painful: What though there is not that Extasie of Bliss, that transporting Pang, which the sublime Joys of Love, resulting from the Favours of a long ador'd Mistress can bestow? Yet is the Sense gratify'd, and the Heart, whilst unconcern'd, may well be at ease, and advantageously compound, by the Absence of pungent Pain, for the Loss of supreme Delight.

I stuck a long while to this Opinion, and had not departed from it, if my Reason had still been free; neither yet is my Understanding clear-sighted enough, to define the

the true Nature of that Pain which tormented me : That it was Love, is most certain, but of such a Kind that the Circumstance made it as astonishing as unhappy to me ; your Lordship, who so well understands natural Philosophy, may perhaps help to explain it.

Not longer to amuse your Lordship with Introduction, be pleased to know, That for some Years I had an Acquaintance with a Man, who, though of no higher a Degree than a *Burgeoise of Orleans*, yet was he very ingenious : What Time he had to spare from his Calling, he employed in Reading ; he had besides a Genius for Painting, and added to his own Profession, that of collecting valuable Pieces, which being to be disposed of at his House, drew thither a Resort of several Persons of Condition that delighted in that Art, and who came to buy Pictures of my Merchand ; whose Conversation was always so sensible, and above his Rank, that I pleased my self in it, and grew into such an Intimacy with him, that I sought how I might be serviceable to him, and had the Satisfaction to succeed in several Affairs relating to his Business : This gave me a free and welcome Access to the House, where I was always caress'd, as well by himself as his Wife, who was a handsome Woman, but a very Coquet ; some ill Neighbours would say, at the Expence of her Vertue, but that I leave to her own Conscience, as having never seen any thing of

of it; she was very silly, very vain, and talkative, yet very secret, which is a Talent so few of that Sex possess, even those who are most eminent for fine Qualifications, that I could never give my self a Reason why this Woman should be endowed with a Property so directly contrary to those I have named before, and which were her Ascendants in all Things where Secresie was not required.

To study Nature's Productions was always delightful to me, especially in any of her irregular Workings: This gave me to contemplate my Merchant's Wife for what I have lately told you, but much more a Daughter of hers, of whom she was very fond; this Girl was called *Agnes*; most beautifully featur'd, but an Idiot, her Eyes of the fiercest finest Black, sparkling 'till they struck again; but attentively considering them, you found no Knowledge, no Management, nothing informing in their Lustre, and yet wonderfully bright; her Eye-lashes were peculiarly full, long and charming, so that whenever she looked down, they bewitched one. Her Eye-Brows were such as *Apelles* would have chosen for his *Venus*, justly arch'd in a fair smooth Forehead, that look'd more polished than Marble; the rest of her Features were answerable, and her Complexion a Friend to all: No Vermillion was purer than that upon her Cheeks, no Coral more lively than her Lips; nor had she any Defect through her whole Limbs or Person, but something too
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large a Head, whence it is plain, that That it is no Indication of great Understanding. But now, my Lord, I am coming to the melancholy Part of fair *Agnes's* Description, her Mind; 'twas all a Blot, nor had it ever been otherways; she had no Notion of Things, no Discourse, no Memory, I have carefully minded her, had her carry'd abroad and entertain'd with all that may be supposed pleasing to a Girl of her Age, but could not get her to report the least Syllable, nor was she ever known to tell a Tale, or complain of the ill Usage of the Maids, though, by way of Experiment, I was an Encourager to one of them, naturally cruel, to use her harshly; her Mother, who doated so far upon the Girl's Out side, that she never saw the Defect within, by her kind Usage gave her Confidence enough to make any Complaint, had she been capable of it. Her Appetite was large, and rejected nothing, nor did Instinct, as far as I could perceive, carry her to distinguish in her Meats or Drink; whether it were that her Mother's Fondness seldom put her to the Choice, because she always gave her the best of every Thing, or that lovely *Agnes* in Election was even below a Brute: But she eat promiscuously of every Thing, tho' rather the Savory than the Sweet, which she might copy from her She-Parent, who loved the *Bonne-Goust*: One Thing puzzled me above the rest, that she had an Ear for Musick, she wou'd learn a Tune or a Song by

by hearing it; but the Notes could never be beat into her; to bid her sing such or such a Thing, was saying nothing to her; but if you began to sing, she immediately follow'd, and whatever was in her Power, she certainly perform'd justly and harmoniously; for her Voice was very good, though the Motion was never spontaneous in her; she would also trip about to Musick, or by an imperfect Imitation of others, but her Danceing-Master with all his Endeavours could make nothing of her. It was with a wonderful Diligence and long Application, that she was brought to know her Letters, as Parrots talk, by Rote, but could not read them, so that it was of little or no Use to her; and as to Writing, or Working with her Needle, all their Endeavours were successless; yet was her Mother so infatuated, or proud, she either did not see, or would not own these melancholy Defects in the fair *Agnes*, but never forbore to extol her Beauty, and to adorn that Beauty in all the Ornament of modish Dress, 'Tis true, her Father was more reasonable, or less prepossess'd; one could not have so much of ill Nature, or so little of Manners, to entertain a Parent upon so melancholy a Subject, or else he could not but have given us great Lights into this irregular Work of Nature, by the Observations he doubtless made of her Childhood; but how curious soever I was, I forbore to discourse him upon so ingrateful a Theme, having often found

him too sensible of his Misfortune, and at her awkward Performance of many Things, to with her dead, and laid at Rest in her Grave.

Agnes was such as I have described her ; and yet, my Lord, the malicious God of Love (that ow'd me a Revenge for having hitherto only play'd with his Bow and Darts) thought fit to give me a mortal Wound in Favour of this fair Idiot : It was a long time before I could so much as guess at what ailed me. The Court and Royal Favour became Tasteless to me ; I fell into a languishing Melancholy, a hectic State of Health, and other Marks of a violent Restlessness of Mind. I was best alone, or at my *Marchand's*, contemplating Nature in the beautiful *Agnes*. I thought Philosophy caused my Search, and that it was That which made me so nicely inquisitive of all which related to that simple Maid ; but it was the Philosophy of Love, and such a Love which prostrated my Reason, and all distinguishing Advantages, till it reduc'd me almost to as great an Incapacity of acting, as the Defect of Nature had done in *Agnes*.

The Physicians finding that visible Decay in my Person, occasioned, as they judg'd, by an entire Loss of Appetite, advis'd me to change the Air : I left the House I had in the *Fauxbourg* of *Orleance*, and transported my Moveables to one I had taken three Leagues distant from the City ; but because the Respect I ow'd his Majesty, often obliged me to be either at his Rising or his
Couchee,

Couchee, I should inconvenience my self too much if I every Night return'd Home; therefore I took the best Apartment in my *Marchand's* House, which was very handsome; and there I found more secret, unknown (to my self) Pleasures than the World besides could bestow. Dear *Agnes* was now about Thirteen, with an Air so majestick and striking, that I am still at a Loss to know what Nature meant in her Composition; so dangerous and so harmless, so lovely and so hateful, inspiring so much Admiration and Contempt, so great an Object both of Love and Pity, of Desire and of Allay.

By much Application and long Study, I gain'd this Knowledge of my fair Maid, that she could distinguish enough to Love, but shew'd no signs of Hatred: When I say Love, I ought only to say Liking, which she express'd in an extraordinary Manner, as thus: After the Absence of any that were her Favourites, at the Review, she wou'd stand as if it were to recollect her little Remembrance, seem busily employ'd, and when her Memory, as narrow as it was, had drawn from her Brain into her Mind, the Knowledge or Representation of the Idea which the Object occasion'd, she would burst out into Tears, and by Kisses and Cries, express her Joy; which uncommon Sort of Transport has foolishly given me more real Delight than the Embraces of the finest Woman I ever convers'd with in the Affairs of Nature. Love I found required no great

Store of Wisdom. Her Tears were charming, having the singular Property of adorning instead of disfiguring, and whose Motive being Joy, there was none of that Bitterness, those Lines of Distortion which Sorrow occasions. How often have I drunk those lovely Pearls with a Prodigality of Thirst? a Thirst which by indulging, increas'd the Fever of my Soul. She never forbore to distinguish me by that enchanting Rain of Love, and which indeed was the only Distinction in favour of any one that I ever observ'd her capable of.

The King, my Master, whose vast Capacity makes it a Question, whether he understands Men or Business best, did me the Honour of a gentle Reprimand, for resigning my self up to Solitude: He told me, That he design'd me for his Service, and would take the first Opportunity to employ me; that it was my own Fault if I suffer'd my self, by Absence, to be forgotten. I answer'd his Majesty, That my ill State of Health had banish'd me into the Country, the Preservation of which, could only seem to interfere with the Inclination I had of paying my Duty to his Majesty; but that I had no greater Regard in that Preservation, than by regaining my native Vivacity, to show how much I desir'd to be his most humble and dutiful Servant. The King graciously received my Excuse, and bid me continue in the Country till I was perfectly recover'd.

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I invited a Sister of mine to be with me ; one that Nature put into the World with a Design to make some honest Gentleman hereafter happy in a good Housewife, but she had little or no part in the Entertaining, or the *Belle Demoiselle* ; however, she was agreeably enough to my present Temper of Mind, which took no Pleasure in Conversation. I languish'd under so sensible a Decay, that I did not at all dispute, but that I was far gone in a Consumption, which Air could not recover ; therefore I was more at the *Marchand's* than at my *Villa*, amusing my self with Pictures, and beholding the amiable *Agnes*. Her Parents had no manner of Distrust of the Inclination I had for her (indeed it was as yet unknown to my self) and therefore did not dispute her being in my Apartment as much as I would have her : It came into my Mind to invite her Mother to bring her with her, during the fine Season, to keep my Sister Company ; she was like all Citizens, fond of the Country, so that having easily inclin'd her Husband, whose good Sense never suffer'd him to dispute her domestick Sway, she carried *Agnes* along with her, and by that means so entirely endear'd my own House to me, that during her Stay, I was but seldom at the *Marchand's*.

My Appetite began feebly to return ; I was where I would be ; that is to say, with the lovely *Agnes* : I would often reflect on the Pleasure her Contact gave me, not suspecting

pecting my Understanding could be so false as ever to betray me to become a Votary to an Idiot; but it was too true, the Cause and Knowledge of this Misfortune was so obscure and hid, even from my self, that pursuing rather Instinct than Reason, I sought what was to gratifie the former, without imparting the Result of Nature to the other: I pressed the dear little Idiot's Lips with a Tendernefs and Pleasure that set me all on Fire. I concluded at first, that 'twas only an Effect of the Sex, and therefore try'd all the other Girls that came near me in the same manner, but 'twas no such thing; *Agnes* was not there, and wanting her, I quickly found all Pleasure was wanting: I had often heard say, that loving a fair Fool, was doating upon a Picture; but whilst it was animated by Life, and such warm beautiful Colours of Flesh and Blood, as were in *Agnes*, it afforded Pleasure enough (to those who could be sway'd only by their Senses) to recompence any other Defect.

This gave me to know of what Nature was the Distemper I had so long complained: Never was any Admiration greater than mine! I began then to rally my absconded Reason, to ask what I could intend by so shameful, so destructive a Passion? *Pigmalion's* Love for a Statue (had it been true) appeared no longer a Miracle to me; I question not but the Poet took the Hint from such a beautiful Idiot as mine; but no Metamorphose

tamorphose would appear in Favour of this Image, to endue her with the Life of Reason, of which she was as utterly void (to all Uses of Conversation) as *Pigmalion's*, before it was informed from above. The dear Idiot lov'd my Fondness, whether moved by Instinct, that teaches all Animals the Desire of making themselves in some sort eternal, and vehemently incites to propagate their Species; or peculiarly by Custom inclined to me, she would give me her Ruby Lips to kiss and press as soon as ever she came near me; this I had a thousand times done, without Hesitation, before all the World, 'till convinced of my extravagant Passion, I blush'd and guiltily declin'd the Offer; but when I got her alone, I greedily devour'd her Breath, her Lips and Kisses, and had the Pleasure to see Nature was not deficient in the charming *Agnes*. Oh! what could I not have done, had I not been restrain'd by Vertue and Honour? Oh! how happy? Ah! how guilty might I have made my self? And how near (one Day) was I to forfeit both Vertue and Honour, to ruin my lovely Idiot, and render my self the greatest Villain alive? It was upon a Bank of Greens and Flowers, in a pretty retir'd Arbour, where her balmy Kisses had wrought me up to a degree of Distraction and Desire, her shining black Hair was adorn'd with yellow Ribands and Carnations; nothing oppos'd my Joys, the simple artless Maid pursuing the Dictates of Nature,

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clinging around and embracing me in a manner bewitching and enchanting, prompting me by Kisses and ardent Breathings to give what Instinct requir'd, 'till the Tears burst from her Eyes, the only Indication in her, as I before told your Lordship, of Joy and Pleasure.

Never was my Vertue put to so bold a Trial; never did I gain so noble a Conquest; yet not I alone; it could not be my Work, it was the Inspiration of that Eternal Power who restrains us in Evil, but in Goodness has no Bounds! Not, my Lord, that I have scrupled to be concerned in Gallantry with Ladies who have met my glowing Wishes half-way; but it was ever my Opinion, that he who debauches a young Creature is a Villain, and in a great measure the Author of all those Follies she afterwards becomes guilty of. But here I had been such upon a double Score, both as *Agnes* was a Virgin and an Idiot; and though I was ragingly in Love with her, and that probably nothing but Possession could cure me, yet I resolv'd to endure whatever was most painful, rather than depart from the Laws of Honour and of Justice.

To prosecute this Resolution, I would not trust my self any more alone with her; the beautiful Creature's Fondness (that incessantly pursu'd me in all Companies with her Kisses) made me conscious and ashamed: I was afraid that Action of hers might be interpreted to our Disadvantage, though I
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had not (her Mouth excepted) transgressed the sacred Laws of Vertue; nor could all my Passion or Curiosity betray me to the least Indecency, though I was sure she had never produced any Act of Memory, so as to make me fear she would be able to tell her Mother what I should offer to her.

I left the Charge of Entertaining her and her Mother to my Sister, and went back to *Orleans* to determine with my self what I should do to ease my Passion, preserve my Vertue, and not dishonour my Family, which a Marriage with the Daughter of a *Bourgeois* would consequently have done. Love that never stands upon any Interest but his own, incessantly tempted me to pass over that Disadvantage: It represented to me Monarchs who had waved their Dignity, and, when thoroughly wrought by Love, had submitted to share their Diadem, and all the Glories of a Throne, with some humble She whose Beauty was her only Merit. In that Particular I was sure my fair *Agnes* was exceeded by none; her Charms were faultless and peculiar, but her Mind was a Rock upon which my Resolution struck: Love with all his Omnipotence could never carry me over that Difficulty. I ask'd my self, what was become of my so boasted Reason, if I must unavoidably resign to Instinct, to a Love only for the Sex? What could not entertain the brighter Part, was poor and shameful. I well knew I was never to expect the Pleasures of the Mind in
suc'

such an Union; nay, those Follies, when once nearly allied to my self, would more exquisitely pain me; I should blush, I should hang the Head, expiring with Shame at my dear Idiot's Presence, which all beautiful as her Face and Person were, could never make a reasonable Man's Excuse for having so much preferr'd the sensitive, to the rational Part.

To be short, my Lord, this raging Passion was like to vanquish my Reason; but no longer to put it in my own Power to do an Action that would dishonour me by its Weakness, and procure me a whole Life's Repentance, a Thought came into my Head, which as soon as it was born, I put in Execution: You may guess at the Height of my Disease, by the Violence of its Cure; it was this, to take holy Orders, and engage my self to the Church, by which Vow I for ever incapacitated my self to marry, without the Penalty of being burnt alive. All Mankind that had known the former Gaiety of my Temper, wondered at this Resolution. Those who lov'd to hear themselves talk, prophecy'd my Repentance; the wisest contented to show their Astonishment by silent Gesture and shrugging their Shoulders. My Change was acceptable to none but the Clergy and the King, whose Approbation was worth that of a Million of the Vulgar: His Majesty, who was of late become really truly religious, told me, he was well satisfied with me, and would
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take care of my Fortune, which he so effectually did, that by his gracious Bounty, I was, as your Lordship knows, preferred to be Prior of *Orleans*.

Yet could not either Religion or Ambition, create any Absence or Alteration in my Passion: It devour'd all my Quiet, Days and Nights were but as so many wretched Turns of Time, which only served to prolong Miseries, that had the melancholy prospect of never ceasing but with my Life; neither was it in my Power to deny myself the Pleasure of seeing lovely *Agnes*, whose tender Tears and Kisses would make me transported and mad. How ridiculous and absurd was it for a Man in my Circumstances, whom all the World concluded to have some Sense, to be thus agitated? My Folly was indeed unknown to all besides myself, but even that Knowledge I could not forgive; and I am perswaded, if it were possible for Mankind to hate themselves, I had done it: But I doubt I have too long amused your Lordship with these Trifles. Therefore to conclude, I grew in Pain for any Accident that might arrive to my lovely Maid from the Charms of her Beauty; since they had so ragingly inflamed me, I dreaded their Power over some Lover who would not prove so discreet and just to her as I had been. Besides, her Mother's Gaiety led her into Conversation, which though the Daughter was insensible of, Instinct might make it terminate in her Ruin; which
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caus'd me to move her Father that she should take the Veil and become a Religious. The honest Man sincerely protested to me, that his Affairs were far from being in so good a Posture as the World believ'd them; that he could not spare such a Sum as was requisite to make *Agnes* a Nun, though it was the only Desire of his Life, because he should see her freed from a Number of Inconveniences that her Incapacity would make her liable to in a World, where, in all Probability, (if her Understanding were ever enlighten'd) she would be forced to get her own Maintenance, or else prove miserable for want of it. My poor *Marchand* made this Confession with Tears in his Eyes, and which I guess'd to be too true from his Wife's Extravagancy and Fruitfulness, having every Year presented him a Child, sometimes two. I told him, to shew the Respect I had for himself and his Family, if he would take care it should not be known whence it came, I would furnish him with two thousand Crowns, which I freely gave to dear *Agnes* to secure her from all worldly Inconveniences, in hopes of making her an acceptable Deodand to Heaven; that he shou'd order the Matter so well with his Wife (whose misplaced Fondness would possibly prevent our good Intentions) that she might suspect nothing 'till it was ready to be performed, and past her Power to prevent.

Thus

Thus was I empower'd by the Aid of a more mighty Arm than my own, to turn this Passion (so blameable in it self) to a praise-worthy Event. When we had got all Things ready, I went to take her and her Father in my own Coach, to carry her to the Monastery; which I did, and resign'd her with tender Recommendations into the Hands of the Lady Abbess, who was my Relation. Sure if Self-denial be meritorious, my Heart wore enough of it to recommend me to the Giver of all Victory. Never was *Agnes* so lovely! Never was I more sensible! I kiss'd and embraced her in the Parlor of the Monastery, with that Passion and Anguish, that I thought my Life would have fled from me upon the Place. Her Father wept by Custom, for he was really rejoyc'd at having so well resign'd her. I shew'd Transports which were not in my Power to contain; none but a Lover, who loves to the Height that I did, could guess at my Agitation: I was to see no more that innocent lovely Creature, without Grates and Bars of Iron between us! No more to embrace that beautiful Body! To gaze upon all that wondrous Harmony of Features, which had so entirely charmed me! No more to receive her wounding, healing Kisses and amiable Claspings! Oh! severe Self-denial! Oh! rigid Law of Vertue! I obey'd! I obey'd ye! then at a time when her Beauty was hastning to Perfection, when my ardent Wishes were at their most glowing Height—

Height———Forgive me, my Lord,———
 this Scene must still be touching to the Imagination; I saw her shut from my Sight for ever! I saw her conducted far away from me! And yet I surviv'd her Loss! Which shews the Heart of Man capable of mighty Sufferings, and that none but little Genius's sink under Misfortunes and Disappointments.

I will not enlarge, by dwelling upon her Mother's Impertinence; only this, she was distracted at missing the Girl, and wou'd know whence it was that her Husband, with whose little Circumstances she was acquainted, had it in his Power to make her darling Daughter a Nun, and of that Order the least severe, and where they are never received under such a Sum of Money: To quiet her, he was forced to discover me, by which he pretended to engage her Silence and her Gratitude. This mistaken Woman levelled all her Rage against me; she came to a House I had taken in Town, and never ceas'd abusing me; as if I had been guilty of the highest Act of Dishonour to her Daughter. I knew not how to deal with one upon whom Reason was lost. She would complain to the Bishop of the Diocess for making her Child a Nun without her Consent, and expressly against her Daughter's. *Agnes* was yet in her *Noviciate*, and I justly fear'd this weak Woman might tutor the simple Maid to say as she directed, by which means she could never be made to profess without her

her own Words that ought to desire the Veil. Therefore I went to the Lady Abbess, who very well saw I cou'd have no other End in it than poor *Agnes's* Good, and she readily received my Instructions. The Money I had given was no longer in my own Power, but already settled upon *Agnes*; so that if she did not like, when her Year of Probation was expir'd, it was to go along with her to maintain her, which made her Father more easily give in to his Wife's passionate Desires that she might not become a Nun, by which means he hoped to have that Sum of Money in his own Hands to further his Trade. The Lady Abbess gave me an Intimation of their Design, which I imparted to the Bishop, whom her Mother had petitioned; he was perfectly assured, that Charity could be the only Motive; and desired to see this Miracle and Irregularity of the Species. My beautiful Idiot, at this Interview, was all her self; that is to say, in her full Bloom of Charms and Folly! Not but that I find this Word very defective, and wanting of Force to explain her Defect, which properly comes under another Head. He was both ravish'd and mortify'd at this Error of Nature, this Contradiction to her self, and presently became tender and compassionate of the miserable Maid: He agreed that it was best for her to be enclosed, since she had not Understanding to guard her Beauty from the ill Effects it might produce upon Hearts unacquainted with Virtue.

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His Lordship advis'd the Lady Abbess not to let her Mother see her, and in the mean time, to win her by all Manner of good Usage, to teach her proper Words that she might demand the Veil ; which in short at the End of two Months she did, and was accordingly profess'd, beyond the Capacity not only of her Mother, but any other living Power, to recal her into the World. When it was over, I was so far easie, that now I was sure I had secured her an Establishment liable to no ill Accidents, and not only provided for the Repose of her Person, but her better Part the immortal Soul, which Casuists perhaps may think a Work of Supererogation, because in her it was protected against the Power of Crimes by native Simplicity.

Soon after this, his Majesty finding me willing to travel, asked me if I car'd to be his Envoy to the King of *Sarmatia*, who labour'd under an incureable Distemper, and in all Probability could not live long, since in the View he himself had of being made Emperor, it extreamly concern'd him that the *Sarmatian* Crown (which had ever been Elective) might fall to one who should be in his Majesty's Interest ? that he had a potent Desire to advance his Cousin, Prince *Armutius*, Son to the Duke of *Aquitain* ; but the young Gentleman seem'd insusceptible of Ambition ; however, as he did not use to be disobey'd (especially by those of his own Family) he should have time enough
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to work the Prince to a Compliance. His Majesty also complain'd of the *Sarmatian* Queen, from whose great Genius, and her Ascendant over her Husband (considering that she was a Native of *Gallia*) he had promis'd himself much better Things; but she had been for some few Years entirely in the Interest of the King of the *Almains*, since her eldest Son had married the Sister to the Queen of that Nation; whence it was that his Majesty ordered me to have a watchful Eye upon her Conduct; never to confide in her, even tho' she pretended to return to my Master's Interest, whose Principle it is, That he who trusts a Foe tho' reconcil'd, ought, unpitied, to be deceived by him.

The Uneasiness of Heart I labour'd under, made me willingly receive the Honour his Majesty design'd me: I ordered my Affairs with all possible Expedition, because I long'd to be out of a Kingdom that gave me so many Disquiets, tho' all center'd in the Passion I still had for the too lovely *Agnes*. It was not in my Power to depart without seeing her. I took my Leave at the Grate; her Charms were in Perfection! The Veil admirably became her; but this was the first time I had any Disgust against her want of Sense, it had always pain'd, but never before displeas'd me: Hence I hop'd that I was recovering my Understanding, which was so far of Use to me now, as to make me object against her whom I had

had hitherto only adored. I wanted from her that engaging Sensibility, that noble Movement proceeding from Gratitude, and not always the Effect of high Birth, a *Je ne scay quoy* of Tendernefs, arising from the Sense of Benefits, and which cannot forbear breaking forth into modest Sorrow and beautiful Distress, at being for ever separated from those who have powerfully oblig'd and serv'd us.

The dear Natural was entirely such, she knew nothing of Separation; Hopes, Fears, Distress, and Joy near her lost their omnipotent tumultuous Power: To talk of parting, was not to speak at all; 'tis true, the Compassion and Love I had for her, caus'd the Water to come into my Eyes, which Reason cou'd not restrain or hinder from falling down my Cheeks; this she intently gaz'd upon and imitated, the Tears ran from her's, as if by Sympathy. In that Burst of Sorrow I tore my self from her Presence, and immediately departed *Orleans*.

View me from henceforth, my Lord, as a Man void of all but the Pretence of Pleasures, tasteless, and alone devoted to the Service of my King, by whose masterly Instructions I was capacitated to enter upon a Scene, and to manage a considerable Part in a Nation so far remov'd, both in Customs and Manners, from that where I had been brought up.

As the *Sarmatians* love nothing more than Pomp and Shew, there is no Country where Ambassadors are oblig'd to make so great a Figure, especially if they have any Interest of the Prince they serve to carry on in the Grand Council of the States; for the noble *Sarmatians* despise all those, who either do not, or cannot make so good an Appearance as themselves; of which the first Article is, a great Train of rich Coaches, and Servants proportionable; for in this last Particular they are very profuse: Next, an open and luxurious Table, with a Sort of familiar Humility, which is there wonderfully taking, being themselves generally very civil and easie in their Conversation. He must not likewise forbear to be a good Fellow, and have Plenty of the richest Wines to entertain them; for the Coldness of the Climate, in some sort, makes that Excess necessary, so that Necessity makes their Excuse for so bad a Custom. Lastly, an Ambassador that wou'd infallibly succeed and obtain Voices in their *Divan*, must be perpetually presenting them with Gold, for a Nation so avaritious and profuse was never known; and yet that is not enough, he should be sure always to speak to their Hopes, for whatever has been receiv'd goes for nothing, the future is able to engage them even beyond the present.

I had my Audience of his *Sarmatian* Majesty, some Days before the Marriage of the Princess his Daughter.

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The King was then at *Marsovia*, his Capital City, which was crouded upon this extraordinary Occasion, by most of the Nobles of the Kingdom, together with their Ladies and Children, for there had not been a Daughter Royal marry'd in more than a hundred and fifty Years: Nothing was more shininig than that Court, the Women were gloriously habited; I may venture to assure your Lordship, that tho' I have seen *Constantinople*, *Rome*, and the Circle of the King my Master, yet I never beheld so vast a Quantity of Jewels in any Assembly as in this.

The King was old and declining, nay, he dy'd so soon after, that, however glorious had been his Reign, I shall not think fit to trouble your Lordship with a Description of either his Mind or Person, tho' both were very accomplish'd. As for the Queen, she was, of her Age, the most lovely Princess in the World, and tho' she be more than forty, in looking upon her, you wou'd not give her above thirty, which is exactly the Point of Time when Ladies first begin (unwillingly) to believe that there may be some small Alteration in their Charms. Her Birth was a Mystery; however, a *Gallick* Count and his Lady were willing to oblige her Mother (a Woman of exalted Quality) and own'd this Infant Beauty for their own Daughter. A Princess of the *Lombards*, espoused by Proxy to the then King of *Sarmatia*, in her Travels through *Gallia*, took her

her at twelve Years of Age in Quality of Maid of Honour, and carry'd her with her into this Country, where she soon after marry'd to one of the Chief of the Nobility, who did not long enjoy his good Fortune, but left his charming Princess young and very rich ; whence she fell in Love with the Captain of the King's Guard, who having at that time a Pre-engagement of the Heart, did not receive the News of such Happiness with so good a Grace as might be expected. Your Lordship may be pleas'd to know, that tho' the Ladies of *Sarmatia* are modest beyond Example (scarce a Precedent being to be found of any that have wrong'd their Husband's Bed) yet it is counted no Indecency, no Motive for their Blushes, to like any Man while they are yet unmarried, and so to like him, as to cause a Marriage to be propos'd to his nearest Relations, upon which the Person belov'd is left to his Choice, as Ladies are in other Countries , whether he will be kind or cruel.

Our young Widow had so great an Ascendant over the Queen her Mistress, whom she then serv'd in Quality of first Lady of the Bed Chamber, that through her Majesty's Favour, she influenced the King to propound her to the Captain of his Guard for a Wife, with so many Advantages, as more especially making him great General of *Sarmatia*, that he soon consented, and by that Marriage had an Opportunity of forming

ing an Interest so considerable, that upon the Death of his Master he was elected King, and had a prosperous, long and glorious Reign.

Sometime after my Day of Audience, I was upon a Visit to the great Field-Master, and most agreeably diverted, to see his beautiful Lady enter the Chamber, preceeded by a Train of twenty four Maid-Servants handsomly habited, every one carrying two White-Wax Flambeaux in Silver Candlesticks gilt; the Lady was led by an old Gentleman who officiated as Gentleman Usher, a reverend Matron march'd on the other side, in Quality of *Governante*; The Train of her Robe was born by two Dwarfs: The young fair Creatures that carried the Lights, ranged themselves on each side of their Mistress, who, after she had made her Reverence to me, with a slow and solemn Grace, made directly towards her Lord, and casting her self at his Feet, fell to embrace his Knees, to call him her Benefactor, her Sovereign, her amiable Husband, the Dispenser of Happiness, of Love, of all Things that were to her valuable and adorable.

When this beautiful Lady first kneel'd, I imagin'd her in Distress, and alarm'd as I was, ran, *Mal a propos*, to raise and pity her, but with a majestick Nod and graceful Motion of her Hand, she seem'd to forbid my Intrusion, and I contented my self to expect the Consequence. Her Lord received her

her Careſſes with ſuch an Air of Satisfaction and Tenderneſs, as encourag'd her to make known her Sute, which, after all the mighty Expectation ſhe had raiſed, ended in a Demand of a nuptial Preſent for the Princeſs of *Sarmatia*

It is a Cuſtom, in thoſe of that Nation, thus to implore their Huſbands when they have any extraordinary Expence to make; for the Women never keep the Purſe, and are forced to content themſelves to have all Things provided to their Hand; the Men are the ſole Managers, ſo that the Ladies have nothing to do but to dreſs, divert, eat, drink, and make Viſits, which are always perform'd with Oſtentation; for the *Sarmatians* love Shew, rich Equipage, and Habits: The Women ſeldom croſs the Way without a Coach, fix Horſes, and a numerous Train of Servants; yet have they no Money, but upon every Occaſion are forc'd to kneel and implore their Huſbands, who take a Pleaſure in being importun'd.

The Field-Maſter's Lady was ſo cunning as to time her Requeſt, while I was with her Lord; ſhe knew his Temper, that he was vain-glorious and covetous; in my Abſence, the latter, wou'd, ſhe fear'd, pre-dominate, and therefore gave him an Opportunity of exerting the former. It came to paſs exactly as ſhe had foreſeen, for he did not fail to tell her, that ſhe ſhould make a Preſent equal, or ſuperior to thoſe that ſhou'd go before her, not excepting what came
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from the Part of crown'd Heads ; this gave me to listen with new Attention, for as yet I knew not that all who go to any Marriages in *Sarmatia*, from those of the Princess to that of the meanest Gentlewoman, are oblig'd to give something ; that these Presents are often their only Dowry ; so that a Lover makes it his Business as well to enquire after the Number of Relations and Friends which his Bride may have, as what her Fortune is.

In pursuit of this her Lord's Compliment, the Lady caus'd a Jeweller to enter, who had brought her a World of Curiosities ; amongst which, there was a Watch set with very valuable Diamonds, yet it self more valuable for its admirable and just Performance of Time : This the Lady was pleas'd to pitch upon for the Princess, and said she desir'd nothing of greater Expence ; her Lord, to express his Generosity, order'd the *Marchand* shou'd be paid for it, and at the same time made choice of a very fine Jewel which he presented his Wife, to shew he had not been disoblig'd at her Request.

The King had for a long time labour'd under a Complication of incurable Distempers : He seem'd to have nothing at Heart but heaping up Money, and getting his eldest Son, Prince *Alexis*, elected. The Queen had not that Tenderness for him as she had for his Brothers, who were yet too young, by the *Sarmatian* Law, to pretend to the Crown.

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The Prince had some Merit, but not equal to his Father's, whom he approach'd in none of those eminent Qualities that had justly given him the Character of the most valiant, most learned Prince of his Time. Indeed he exceeded him in Liberality, which, tho' taking with the *Sarmatians*, yet Prince *Alexis* was not belov'd, principally because of the Endeavours the King had used to secure him the Promise of Voices in their Assembly, when he should be no more: They look'd upon this as a Step towards making their Monarchy hereditary, a Rock which they have carefully preserved their Constitution from splitting upon, and which of all Things they the most industriously endeavour to avoid.

I quickly found that the Queen's great Genius, her exalted Wit, Capacity for Business, her affable Demeanor, and real Sweetness of Temper, had given her a great Ascendant, not only over the King, but most of the Senators and great Officers of the Crown; no inconsiderable Step towards the Hopes she might have of her Son's Advancement. This I was oblig'd under Hand to traverse, and by force of Gold (the most powerful way of Reasoning to a *Sarmatian* Nobleman) gave them to see the Danger of Precedents, and that such a pre-engaged Election wou'd quickly make their Monarchy hereditary.

Whether the prodigious Quickness of her Majesty's Parts and Sense, caus'd her to sus-

pect that the King my Master, and consequently my self, was not in Prince *Alexis's* Interest; or that I was discovered by some of the many I was oblig'd to present and discourse: I cou'd easily find she gave but little heed to the Promises I made her on the part of King *Charles* my Master: I observ'd, notwithstanding, an exact *Decorum* as to what related to her Wit and Person; for it was impossible, all insensible as Reason and Misfortunes had made me, not to do Justice to the Charms and Graces of this lovely Queen; a certain sort of Tendernefs which knew not how to forsake, since it had once so wholly possess'd me, gave me to betray an Air of it in all I said and did, in relation to that bewitching Princess: Endeavouring to gain her Esteem and Confidence, I pursu'd my Master's Desires as well as my own Inclinations; there was nothing I outwardly omitted to be well with her Majesty: She lov'd those of her Nation, their Manners and Customs, as was apparent by her Habit, which she had not only her self retain'd, but brought in Request, and caus'd to become the Fashion and general Wear of all the Ladies; so that in beholding the *Sarmatian* Women, you wou'd believe your self in *Gallia*, tho' they have, it's confess'd, much the Advantage of ours in the bright Fairness of Hair and Delicacy of Complexion, which they enjoy to so great a Purity, as never to want any Embellishments of Art, frequent in other Countries; for here they

they always as little value as they need them.

What the Queen had done on several Occasions, in opposition to my Master, arose from the Apprehension she justly had, that he would not believe it his Interest to see her Son on the *Sarmatian* Throne, because he was married into a Family that was nearly allied to that of his most potent Enemy. However, she forbore not to be diverted and pleas'd with our People, even beyond those of which she was Queen; so that in all Things not relating to Business (there she was too wise to grant us any of her Confidence) I had the Honour of her Majesty's Conversation and Approbation, which I never failed to value, and therefore made an exact Court to her. Gallantry being so natural to the *Franks*, and my self no great Enemy to it, it did not cost me much to commend the Beauty of this lovely Queen upon all Occasions; it even came into my Head to act as if I were not insensible, because I would have her conclude she had an entire Power over me, which she cou'd no longer doubt, if but once convinced of my Adoration. It is no new Effect of Love to see him triumph over Friendship, Duty, Loyalty, Politicks, Interest, and Parties; he causes the Statesman perpetually to interfere with himself, and independent as he is, will have nothing to do with any Power but his own.

I play'd my Part with so much Address, that the Queen thought me guilty: I desir'd only to be believed by her in all I should say; and therefore affected the real, respectful, despairing Lover, who would leave his Eyes and Actions to express the Torments he endur'd, and which he durst not have the Presumption to explain by his Words.

But, my Lord, said *Horatio*, with your Excellency's Pardon for my Interruption, Why will you not let me see the Wedding of the *Sarmatian* Princess; I rais'd an agreeable Idea from the Field-Master's Lady's manner of delivering the Present she had so handsomly requested. I aim to be diverted as well as instructed, therefore pray your Excellency give not me and that Princess occasion to complain of your Neglect.

I humbly ask your Lordship's Pardon, reply'd the *Envoyé*, with a Smile, I was just step'd into Politicks, and have so many Things to say, that I may be easily excus'd in forgetting some.

That Princess, whom your Lordship do's the Honour to enquire after, very much deserves your Knowledge; she is fair, nicely made, and handsome, yet not so great a Beauty as the Queen her Mother, nor has her Wit such a Vivacity, but in return, her Sense is close; she is wise, and a perfect Mistress of four Languages; her Merit and her Modesty are invaluable; well did she deserve a more happy Fortune than she has since met with; if the Prince of *Illyria*, to whom

whom she was married, had hearken'd to her prudent Advice, her continual Remonstrances, he had not been made the fantastick Ball of Fortune, the Sport of Winds, toss'd by every Blast, a wandering Star, without Habitation, despoil'd of his Country and Power, nor her self and beauteous little Infants, reduced to Extremity, so as to possess not any Thing but what came from the Sufferance, and Part of a merciful Enemy, or the charitable Assistance of her Friends.

But before we enter upon that melancholy Scene, we will shew your Lordship a glorious Sun gilding and illuminating all the Hemisphere, the Prince of *Illyria* on the Morning of his Nuptials: He is indisputably the most gallant Prince of his Age, his Soul unbounded in all its Possessions and Desires, with a Temper truly royal, generous, magnificent, grateful even to Prodigality; his Person very lovely; he was himself a Fashion, for all Mankind were his Imitators; ambitious, a Lover of Glory and Pleasure, in the Pursuit of which he has often been more eager than consists with the Character of a Husband nicely just, and marry'd to a Lady so meritorious as the Princess of *Sarmatia*; but Custom has render'd that Liberty no Blemish in Mankind, especially Monarchs.

The Prince, the Morning of the Day that rose upon his Happiness, went three Miles out of Town, and soon after return'd

on Horse-back to make his Entry in a solemn and glorious Manner ; the two elder of the *Sarmatian* Princes rode on each side of him, preceded by a numberless Train of Coaches with six Horses, and a noble Cavalcade of the *Sarmatian* Lords; himself put on a rich *Pannonian* Habit, that had been, according to the Custom, presented him on the Part of the King, and he never appear'd more graceful. The uppermost was a long Robe of crimson Velvet lin'd with Sables, the Button Holes set with Clasps of massy Gold delicately imagin'd; his Waist-coat was a Stuff of the richest brocaded Gold, with diamond Buttons; his Girdle fine turky Leather embroider'd with Gold, and clasp'd with Diamonds; the Handle of his Sabre richly set and adorn'd with Rubies and Diamonds; an invaluable *Tiara* upon his Head. He wore a lovely emerald Ring, the present of his Princess, and a rich *Zibelin* Muff given him by the Queen.

As the King of *Sarmatia* was the richest Prince in ready Money of any Prince in *Europe*, he resolv'd nothing of Magnificence should be wanting at the Marriage of his only Daughter; all Things were splendid, shining, and expensive.

The Prince rode through the City, and alighting at the Palace-Gate, was met by the whole Court with the King, Queen, and lovely Bride, who appear'd between her royal Parents in a Habit of white Silver Stuff, so richly embroider'd with Diamonds, Rubies,

Rubies, and Emeralds, artfully cast in Shades; that it was scarce possible to distinguish what was the Ground. Her lovely fair Hair shone in great Abundance, dress'd up with Jewels and waving Carnation Feathers.

The Prince, after his graceful and becoming Manner bow'd low, almost to the Earth, first to the King, then to the Queen, and lastly to the Princess, in consequence of which he took her Hand, which, after he had respectfully put to his Lips with an Air of Desire and Delight, he began to lead her, preceded by an innumerable Cavalcade of Gentlemen, then of Ladies, who march'd two and two upon scarlet Cloth, that was spread from the Palace to the magnificent Temple of *Phæbus the Resplendent*, where the everlasting Fire is preserv'd by a Train of Priests in white and glittering Habits. I had the Honour of assisting the Queen in her Walk, which was of the Length of three hundred Paces; we immediately follow'd the Princess, after which came the King alone, with an Air of Majesty solemn and awful: Then the Princes his Sons, the great Officers of the Crown superbously habited, and to close the Parade, a Guard of the King's Body.

In conclusion of the nuptial Ceremony (which was perform'd by *Honorius*, who as he is High-Priest, is a Prince by Office, a Person learn'd and polite) we returned back to the Palace in the same Manner, and enter'd the *Grand-Salle*, to the flourish of the

King's Musick. The Bride was led to a Table, where under a State, was placed a Seat for her to sit down, and next, one for the Queen her Mother: Here the royal Bride was to wait in Expectation of all the Presents that should be made her; I had the Honour, on the Part of my Master, to be the first to make her the Compliment of Joy upon her Marriage with a Prince whom, for many Reasons, the King of the *Franks* was oblig'd to esteem and respect; my Gentlemen were ready as soon as I had done, to set upon the Table as fine a Sett as had ever been seen, of gold Plate for her Toilet and Chamber, especially recommended by the Rarity of the Workmanship, together with a Chain of large Diamonds for her Neck, and Jewels for the Ears. The Princess graciously receiv'd both what I said and what she saw, and did me the Honour of her Thanks in a few, but very gallant Words. I took my Station behind the Queen's Chair, from whom I affected never to depart: The King, the Bridegroom, and *Sarmatian* Princes, were in another Room. It extremely diverted me to see the solemn Manner with which every one made their Presents, and the Variety of them; I did not fail to observe my beautiful Lady with her diamond Watch; but what most amus'd us, was the Entrance of an amiable Child about ten Years of Age, habited like a Cupid, with Wings, a Bow and Darts; the vast Croud was so complaisant as to divide

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to make way for him to approach the Princess; even the bare Representation of the God of Love is revered by the coldest Hearts. The lovely Boy put one Knee to the Ground, and then with a melancholy graceful Air, making Signs that he cou'd not give the expected Compliment, because he was dumb, presented a Nose-gay of invaluable Jewels, which by the sparkling Approbation of her Eyes, I saw more pleas'd the Bride than any Thing had yet been given her. The Queen also was charm'd with the Novelty and Richness of the Posie; and whilst she was going to enquire who had sent it, the Child was dextrously vanish'd from the Place; such a Succession of Persons coming to present, that he found the Opportunity of slipping away much more unobserved than he had entered. I saw the Queen in some Perplexity at this Adventure, but however, staying till all had given their Gifts, which consisted of such Variety, that I can't relate to your Lordship half what they were, nor their Value; she took the Nosegay of Jewels in one Hand, and giving me the other, we follow'd the Prince of *Illyria*, who was come to take his Bride to Dinner. 'Twould be fulsome to repeat to your Lordship the Particulars of a splendid Entertainment, wrought up to all the Height of Luxury and Profuseness. As Drinking is a Quality I could never be eminent for, I led the Queen, after the Feast, to an Apartment where the Court, very fair
and

and numerous, was waiting in Expectation of a dramatical Entertainment, to be perform'd mostly by Singing and Musick.

The Queen took the Nosegay from her Bosom, where she had plac'd it during the Repast, and fell to contemplate the Lustre and Order of the Jewels, which were so artfully rang'd as to express several sorts of Flowers; when she had consider'd it for some time, she began to speak to me of the Value of it, which gave her some Pain upon her Daughter's Account; because, as she said, she did not know who the Person was that had made so rich a Present, and in so gallant a manner. I begg'd leave that her Majesty would let me view the Novelty; the Queen gave it into my Hand, and at the same time the King and Bridegroom coming with a numerous Train of the Nobles, I quitted my Seat and went out of that Chamber into another, where I had the Pleasure to find my self alone.

I easily imagin'd there must be some gallant Mystery in this Posie, both by the dumb *Cupid*, and the Owner's Care of being conceal'd, therefore endeavoured to find it out: Among the rest of the Jewels, I cast my Eyes peculiarly upon the Beauty of a flaming Ruby cut into the Shape of a Heart; the Arrows wherewith it affected to be wounded, were brilliant Diamonds. I considered it so long, so attentively, and turn'd it so many ways, that I concluded it contain'd the Arcana of the whole, because I found it was hollow;

hollow; at length my Assiduity threw me upon the invisible Spring, which being a little press'd, flew open, and discover'd a piece of Paper neatly folded, and writ in so small a Character, that at first I was puzzled to read, but my Will being exceeding good, I soon became acquainted, and from thence, at my leisure, transcrib'd it into my Pocket-Book, which if your Lordship pleases, I will give you to peruse.

The LETTER.

Only to the PRINCESS.

‘ IF this Paper ever meets your Eyes, judge
 ‘ something, Madam, in Favour of those
 ‘ extraordinary Sentiments with which you
 ‘ have agitated my Heart; Sentiments that no
 ‘ otherways concern my self, than as they
 ‘ have Relation to your serene Highness.

‘ Had not the King your Father often de-
 ‘ clar'd, he never would bestow his only
 ‘ Daughter upon a Subject, I should not
 ‘ now perhaps have the Heart-wounding
 ‘ Sorrow of seeing you in the Arms of a
 ‘ Prince, who, great as he is, can possibly
 ‘ never love like me, because he has lov'd
 ‘ before, and even now will but with Diffi-
 ‘ culty be brought to confine his Love; tho'
 ‘ in your serene Highness, there centre more
 ‘ Charms and real Merit, than ever yet
 ‘ adorn'd any other Princess.

‘ Neither

‘ Neither can this happy Husband put a
 ‘ Crown upon your Head, a Glory I would
 ‘ have contended for, and perhaps with Suc-
 ‘ cess, upon the Decease of your royal Fa-
 ‘ ther, cou’d his amiable Daughter have then
 ‘ been found unmarried.

‘ Now nothing is left for me but Thorns
 ‘ and Despair ; I am condemn’d for ever to
 ‘ be unhappy, but I incessantly implore our
 ‘ eternal Fire, that your serene Highness
 ‘ may never be so.

‘ And that you may not, Madam, have a
 ‘ severe Destiny, let the Prince of *Illyria*
 ‘ (whose Will must certainly ever be the
 ‘ Victim of your Charms) forbear to en-
 ‘ gage his Arms for the ambitious *Charles*
 ‘ King of the *Franks*, who centers all Things
 ‘ in himself alone. Oh! what do I not
 ‘ foresee of wretched to the Prince your
 ‘ Lord, ambitious as he is, if once he attends
 ‘ to the false Hopes that enticing Monarch
 ‘ will give him ! Beware of him, Madam,
 ‘ let the Prince beware, stand upon your
 ‘ Guard, repel the very first Offers, if they
 ‘ are yet to make , those Blandishments
 ‘ which *Charles* knows so well to bestow.
 ‘ How many Princes is he ordain’d to ruin !
 ‘ his Gulph of Glory sucking like a Whirl-
 ‘ pool, all that stand between himself and
 ‘ universal Empire ! If he succeeds, ’tis a
 ‘ necessary Consequence, none must be great
 ‘ but himself : But if his Arms prove un-
 ‘ successful, the Territories of the Prince
 ‘ your Lord, will of course be conquer’d,
 and

‘ and till then remain the Seat of War,
 ‘ which will no longer be an Asyle for
 ‘ the sacred Person of your serene High-
 ‘ ness.

‘ Oh! what exquisite Torment will it be
 ‘ to hear that the Princess whom I so de-
 ‘ voutly reverence, should be made a wretch-
 ‘ ed Wanderer, destitute of all Things but
 ‘ Charms and Misery?

‘ Preserve him then, Madam, from so de-
 ‘ structive an Alliance: *Charles* is even now
 ‘ busie at his Ear, his Eye, his Heart, he
 ‘ speaks to his Ambition, to his Pleasures,
 ‘ to his Generosity, to every Passion in the
 ‘ Prince your Lord.

‘ But that your serene Highness may not
 ‘ trust wholly to your Charms, omnipotent
 ‘ as they are, be pleas’d to let that imperial
 ‘ Heart and Temper bow a little, at least in
 ‘ appearance; many Victories over the
 ‘ Mind have been gain’d by seeming to yield.
 ‘ I know you are awful and majestick in all
 ‘ your Movements, conscious of native
 ‘ Worth, and that it will be hard, without
 ‘ repining, to see an undiscerning Husband,
 ‘ sometimes amusing himself with those
 ‘ who have nothing to recommend them
 ‘ but Novelty: But be blind, Madam, be
 ‘ blind upon this Failure of your Lord’s, if
 ‘ it ever happens, and he will allow you to
 ‘ see all Things besides.

‘ Let him beware, Madam, how he breaks
 ‘ Friendship with the King of the *Almains*:
 ‘ Live ever happy, and have some Good-
 ‘ ness

‘ nefs for the Memory of a wretched un-
 ‘ known Worshipper, who has not yet fin-
 ‘ ned to fo high a Pitch as to dare to
 ‘ reveal himfelf, tho’ he does his Adora-
 ‘ rations.

Your Lordfhip may be pleas’d to imagine, that I was very glad to fee a Paper of this Confequence to my Master’s Interests, in my own Hand: Whoever was the Author, I was fure he was no Friend to us, nor could I believe the Princefs was abfolutely ignorant from whom that gallant and fecret Prefent came, becaufe of the Pleafure I obferv’d in her Eyes. I put the Billet in my Pocket, and reftor’d the Noſegay to the Queen, who plac’d it in her Daughter’s Boſom; ſhe wore it during the four Days of Magnificence and Rejoicing that ſhe ſtaid at the *Sarmatian* Court; at the end of which, the Prince of *Illyria* took his Leave to return home, and carry’d his Bride along with him.

I viſited Prince *Honorius*, High-Prieſt of the Fire, which they call holy and everlaſting, and endeavour’d to gain him to the King my Maſter, becauſe he could be of uſe to me in my Deſigns: I fail’d not to inſinuate the Merit of Prince *Armutius*, and had already form’d a conſiderable Party that were ready to give their Voices for him upon the Deceafe of the preſent Monarch, who immediately after the Princeſs’s Departure, falling into a Relapſe of all his Diſtempers, took
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his Chamber, from which he departed no more.

Honorius was a Man who deserved all the Praises that can be given Humanity. He was Master of those Graces that adorn the Mind and perfect the fine Gentleman, Art being join'd to Nature? for he had pass'd his younger Years in Travel, from whence he return'd instructed in whatever was the peculiar Accomplishment of those several Nations through which he had pass'd. His paternal Estate was small, so that applying himself to Religion, which, among the *Sarmatians*, is in the highest Veneration, he obtain'd to be made High-Priest and Prince, which, upon the Decease of their Kings, till a new Election be made, gives him the Regency, with the same Marks of Royalty that are bestow'd on their greatest Monarchs.

To this Prince I ventur'd to shew the Paper I took out of the Nofegay, that he might help me to guess at the Person who had wrote it: The Richness of the Present spoke it to be of no mean Extraction; the Character was so small, that there was not any Judgment to be made of the Author; for apparently this was adapted to the Situation of the Ruby-Heart, and the little Room it was to find there, and not the usual Hand-writing of any Person, since too fine to be thought common. The Priest cast his Imaginations upon Prince *Alexis*, the King's Son, for that he was an indefatigable Enemy
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to the King of the *Franks*, and might under the Feint of a Lover, insinuate that Advice, which he durst not openly give to his Sister; tho' by the Cast of the Princess's Eyes I could not come into *Honorius's* Opinion.

His Eminence spoke with so much Bitterness against that Prince, that it was easie for me to find he was particularly prejudiced against him; which when I had observ'd, he answer'd me with an Air of Warmth and yet Disdain: Not I alone, my Lord Ambassador, but all the honest part of *Sarmatia* have no true Love for him, and will never give him our Voice to make him King: We despise him, because he has done one Injury, and put up another, and such another, that no private Man could ever forget.

Above all Things, we *Sarmatians* require that our Monarch should be brave, or else wherefore do we elect them? If we would take up with the Inglorious, Slothful, Unjust, and otherways Vicious, those Properties are so often hereditary, that we need not undergo the Fatigue and Tumult seen at an Election, to gain such Accomplishments. No, my Lord, if we are so unfortunate to chuse a Prince defective of Vertue, it shall at least be one that has taken care to keep those Defects conceal'd; for 'tis to be suppos'd, that whoever is rapacious, voluptuous, supine, or any other way blameable, will improve those Inclinations when he comes to sit at his full length upon a Throne, which has always the Property of
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being indulgent to whatever are the darling Passions. Wherefore did the Sons of all our Kings take so peculiar a Care to accomplish themselves, as knowing it was ever the *Sarmatian* Custom to elect the most worthy. This was our manner, till Gold and foreign Fashions unfortunately found an Entrance among us ! This preserved us free ! Unconquerable even by the *Roman Casars*, who subdu'd the World around us ! This has made our Diadem the Object of Desire for most of the Princes of *Europe* ! But now indeed Women in our Counsels, and Gold in our Cabinets, enervate all ; Prince *Alexis* can never hope to succeed but by them. Yet that your Excellency may not think my Aversion for his Person and Manners is without a Foundation, your self shall be the Judge, if you will permit a young Slave of Sense and Address, to give you a Relation which my Grief does not suffer me to remember with any Temper ; I will retire into my Study and cause her to be call'd. As the Confidant of her unfortunate Mistress, she is qualify'd to give your Excellency Satisfaction. I signify'd my Curiosity and willing Attention : *Muty* was introduc'd and his Eminence retired : I soon perceived the pretty Slave did not want either Ingenuity or a modest Assurance, two very good Requisites to a Story, a Story which I suppose she had been encouraged often to tell ; therefore without any impertinent Preambles, she began thus.

Honorat

Honoria, my Lord, was a Lady, to whose Mother I had the Glory to be born a Slave ; a Slave, as my Ancestors had ever been, and consequently I was bred to attend and serve the beautiful Daughter. She was Niece to my Lord, the holy Prince, now become my Master, early taken into his Family, and bred as one he designed to make his Heir ; for your Excellency must be pleas'd to know that our Priests never marry. *Honoria* grew the most charming, most accomplish'd Lady of *Sarmatia* ; her good Sense and good Education improv'd each other. She was about Sixteen when her Parents dy'd ; soon after Prince *Alexis* fell passionately in Love with her ; his Age and Quality gave him an easie Access. Your Lordship cannot but observe our Women are kept under no Restraint ; we have so few Precedents of those that are indiscreet, thar our Vertue is not so much as suspected, nor any Dishonour fear'd ; nay, scarcely can we tell how to believe the Report we hear from those of our Sex in other Nations, who abandon their Chastity as a Reward of those base Desires with which a Lover dares to importune his Mistress, tho' in good Sense and just Retaliation, they ought to be rather receiv'd with a Ponyard : For of what Value is a Lady, if once she be robb'd of her Honour ?

I smil'd at this true and pert Reflection of the little Slave, wondering in my self, that Nature being eternally the same, Customs

stoms and Countries should so powerfully vary her Effects ; hence it is that the Legislature ought to be answerable for most of the Indiscretions that are committed: Were the same Order taken throughout, would not the Result be the same? Were Vertue countenanc'd, were she introduc'd, with that admirable Beauty of hers, to the Cabinets of the Great ; were her amiable Companion *Chastity* receiv'd as an unalterable Principle into their *Ruels* ; were she more than a Name among the Young and the Fair ; should we not be freed from those Disorders which her Absence creates ? 'Tis not enough to declaim with our Mouth against what our Heart is devoted to: When the Pretence and Practice become so remote, what Esteem can they persuade? What sincere honest Man, would not avoid the Conversation of such? The open Hypocrite! The private Debauchee! A despicable Paradox! A Libeller upon himself, who in declaiming against all Mankind, sets for his own Picture, and ought to meet with Disincouragement or Reproof wherever he appears, and in whatever Forms. 'Tis this Race of People, which in our Sex are the great, the secret Corrupters, who admire and seduce the Fair: Among whom there are also to be found those who scruple not to act what they condemn, and think they have Vertue enough, if they do but talk of her with Warmth, tho' as far remov'd in their Inclinations and secret Habits, as the Northern
 from

from the Southern Pole. Should not our Laws therefore provide against such Practices? I beg your Lordship's Pardon, declaiming is not altogether so seasonable in a Story; I will therefore desire Permission to return to my little Slave.

I have heard it said, she pursu'd, that in other Countries, in Matters of Love, a Man is not always in earnest, and therefore but seldom believed when he first declares himself: Can any Thing be more preposterous? What Account can you give of this? What Sense must such a Sett of People have, to lavish away their precious Moments, their Vows, where it is not their Interest or Desire to find Credit or Approbation? How false a Relish of Gallantry is this? What can be more remote from Reason? How does a Man of Understanding answer to himself, his taking Pains to engage the Inclinations of a Lady for whom he has not any? Nay, often to carry his Pretensions to the most criminal Lengths, without consulting Consequences, whilst he is so far from adoring, that he despises? No wonder the Wary and the Wise of our Sex stay to be convinc'd by Services, not Words. We have not the least Taint of such a Malignity amongst us; at least that Vice has been so imperfectly, and so newly introduc'd in the Person of Prince *Alexis*, 'tis not to be admired, that *Honorio* was not arm'd against a Deceit she was so far from imagining, that as yet she had never heard the mention of it in *Sarmatia*.

The

The Court having not, by reason of the King's Illness, been at any of our wild Oxen-Hunting, since your Excellency's Arrival, I hope some Particulars, relating to the manner of it, because it agrees with the Business of my Narrative, will not be displeasing.

The Queen and Ladies, dress'd in the Habit of the Field, do not disdain to find their Amusement in hunting of these wild Creatures; they take a peculiar Delight in beholding the Manner how they are overcome, and even in their Deaths: Whether it proceeded from Weakness or Compassion, but, my Lord, the painful Tenderneſs *Honor*~~ia~~ always felt in behalf of those unhappy Animals, who are cruelly tortur'd to make us Sport, took away from her the Pleasure that most other Women have in those sanguinary Diversions. When a wild Ox is to be kill'd, a vast Number of Horsemen surround him, each of them throw their Arrows against him; the Beast finding himself wounded, eagerly pursues him that he imagines his greatest Enemy, while another darting him from behind, he turns with additional Rage against that Person, and so successively, as he feels himself successively darted, till the poor Creature tir'd with pursuing such a number of Assailants, falls down and is easily kill'd. When they would take them in the Woods, they cause Rusticks to enclose a great Number of them in a Place with the Trees fell'd down; thus they can
but

but seldom escape the Hunters chusing their several Posts ; the Beasts are frightned into the middle by Dogs, and the noisie Cries of the Assailants, where they are wounded by Darts and taken.

Prince *Alexis* had not declar'd himself to be the beautiful *Honorias*'s Lover, any otherwise than by his Assiduities, which always carry'd him near her Person ; therefore at one of these Huntings in the Woods, he stay'd with her at some distance from the enclosed Scene where those miserable dumb Creatures were to suffer. She had so perfect a Goodness of Temper, that she could not bear to see the fashionable Cruelty there in Practice, but leaving the Queen and Court to their Diversions, gave the Reins to her Horse, and rode farther into the Wood ; when one of those enrag'd Creatures smarting with the Darts he had received, and which were still profusely sticking in his Body, broke the Hunters Toils, and took the Wood ; they held so many more enclosed, that the escape of one could scarce be heeded.

Prince *Alexis* was that Day habited in Scarlet, a Colour to which those wild Creatures have an Antipathy, for by that means they are often taken : The Hunters carrying a Piece of red Cloth, hold it forth to the wild Beast, and by that means divert his Rage to one, who is provided for his coming, and consequently kills him.

Honorias

*Honor*a and the Prince were riding together, and pleasingly amusing themselves with every Thing but Love, when that terrible Beast, pursuing the Track thro' which he made his Escape, met them, and detesting the Colour of Prince *Alexis's* Habit ran at the poor Lady's Horse, which, immediately wounded by the Ox's Horns, threw his Rider, and gallop'd away. *Honor*a's Shrieks were the first notice the Prince had of her Danger; the furious Beast, after go-ring her Horse, drew her to him by her Garments with his Tongue, which is by Nature so rough, that if any part of the Cloaths be within Reach, it has that Power. The Prince reflecting, that if he approach'd her in that Garb, it would inevitably be the Death of his Mistress (for tho' the Beast, by Antipathy, might run away from him, he would first toss her with his Horns) divested himself in a Moment of that outward offensive Habit, then taking his Poniard, ran to the beautiful distress'd *Honor*a, just as the Ox was stooping to push her with his Horns; and arm'd as he was by Love and Rage, had the happy Dexterity to strike him into the Head, and as if it were but one Motion, at the same Instant he dis-engag'd *Honor*a, who lay so unhappily expos'd, that the Beast in falling down dead, as he did in an Instant, had she not been removed, must have crush'd her with his Weight.

Prince *Alexis's* Joy, in saving the Life of the Woman he ador'd, was extreme; he threw himself upon his Knees by her, where raising her fair Person into his Arms, he had not at first the Power of Words to enquire her Condition, 'till after some time, when he had repay'd himself for the Pains he had taken, with so many ardent repeated Kisses and Embraces, as brought back to that lovely Lady some degree of Strength, which she employ'd to rescue her self from those tender Efforts of Love and Transport; a native Principle of Modesty prevail'd even over her Gratitude and Inclination, so that, feebly repelling him, she said: Is it thus, my Lord, that we return our Acknowledgments to Heaven for our Preservation? Bruis'd and frighen'd as I am, this Condition of mine can sure be no Motive to such Endearments. If it be Compassion, If it be Joy, take another Way of expressing it; a Way, in which I may have my Share without Offence to Decency. You live! You breathe! You speak! adored *Honoria*, cry'd out the Prince. Oh! is it possible that these Things can be, after the Danger we have pass'd, and I not run wild with Profuseness of Rapture? I who have loved you since I first beheld, but durst never before declare it, that like a true, an ardent Lover, value nothing in comparison of you. Be not displeased, too cautious Maid, that I receive these Benefits with the Ragings of a youthful Heart, glowing with Desire and Delight!

Do

Do you love me, my Lord, answered the equally transported Virgin? Am I so blest? Oh! Balm to all my Sufferings! Oh! only Happiness! The pleasing Return of my hourly Adorations to *Citherea* and her irresistible Son! Yes, my Lord, I have long, long, desir'd it should be thus, but durst never presume to hope it. That awful Distance in our Quality, that real Merit abstracted from your Birth, forbade *Honor*ia to aspire after the Possession of so many Excellences! Speak again, confirm what your Highness has lately said; make me all yours, make me rich without Reserve; The mighty Cordial raises me from the Grave: This, this only could have restor'd me, mortify'd as I am by Pain, and amaz'd at the Danger from which you have rescu'd me.

Forbear, answer'd the Prince, you pain me with Excess of Pleasure; I am wound up to that Pitch, Nature can bear no more. I can't endure to be belov'd; 'tis impossible to have *Honor*ia tell me she is mine, and I calmly live to hear her——— These convulsive Graspings,——— These blissful Agonies——— can best explain my Agitations——— Oh! powerful Maid——— Thus resting on thy fragrant Bosom, let me pause upon my Happiness——— Let me make a Truce with Extasies too racking and too exquisite for frail Humanity, whose brittle Frame o'er wrought with Joy, sinks on thy lovely Breast, and dies within thy

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Arms,

Arms, resistless. ————— *Honor*ia exerted her utmost Strength in turn to support her Lover, who for some Moments was so overcome by Passion, that he was no longer sensible: At length they both recovered the Power of Kneeling, where the Prince in View of all the Hierarchy above, invoking each propitious Power, the tall straight consecrated Trees, and every listening God, swore unalterable Love, and exchange'd with her his Vows never to wed another. Thus happily engag'd by mutual Love and mutual Promises, they were suddenly surrounded by a Train of Huntsmen, who had been several Ways in the Wood in search of them, for *Honor*ia's wounded Horse was found and known, and soon after that of Prince *Alexis*; for in the instant Danger of his Mistress, he had no thought or Leisure to secure him. It was not long before one of the Queen's Chariots arriv'd, in which they placed *Honor*ia, who was so bruised by what she had undergone (when Love called not upon her to exert her force) that she had scarce the Power of removing. Prince *Alexis*, who took the late Fatigue for his pretence, placed himself by her, and in that manner they returned to Court, where they were met by the King and Queen, the High-Priest, and others, with Joy and Congratulations. Since that Day the Ladies, for fear of the like Accident, never go to these Huntings in any other Habit but Scarlet.

Prince

Prince *Alexis* and *Honorio*, though possessed of mutual Love and Happiness, had many Measures to observe. The Queen had such an Ascendant, and was made by Nature and Fortune so haughty, that she wou'd never consent to her Son's Marriage with a Subject, who had not any thing considerable but the Expectation of being her Uncle's Heir. Prince *Honorius* was so little a Friend to the King of the *Almains*, that he would never come into his Interest, though to favour that of the Prince, who aim'd at succeeding his Father; this the Lovers were well acquainted with, and therefore despaired of seeing themselves perfectly happy, 'till after the Decease of the King; however they forbore not to taste many pleasing Moments, for Love is always sufficient to itself; 'till the Prince, whose Vertue had no solid Foundation, began to be impatient himself, and to importune *Honorio* for that Rest of Happiness which she had not yet bestowed: He represented to her how miserable he was, and how impossible 'twas for him longer to consider her as his Wife, and not possess her as such, since he hourly languish'd and consumed away with Desires; that the Ceremony being nothing but a Name, few People of their Quality, among the bordering Nations, staid to expect it; that, neither Glory nor Vertue being outrag'd by it, since they were by Vows already effectually pair'd, it were Pain and Madness to Sacrifice those blissful Moments they might enjoy,

joy, to a Caprice which had no Foundation but fantastick Opinion, and Self Denial.

*Honor*a, whose Vertue was solid as her Love, received the Proposition with as great an Indignation as she could have for what came from the Part of a Man whom she regarded as her Lord. ‘ Alas! Prince *Alex-*
 ‘ is, answered she, Are these the Sentiments
 ‘ by which your Highness is agitated? How
 ‘ is Love, that noble Passion, so far dege-
 ‘ nerated? Would you prefer the deluding
 ‘ sensual Appetite to Honour? Honour!
 ‘ that faithful and unalterable Guide of
 ‘ Life; Honour! who is of such Importance
 ‘ to the well-being of every vertuous Breast,
 ‘ that there can be no just Comparison be-
 ‘ tween him and vicious Love. It is not
 ‘ possible in rejecting his Sway, to have any
 ‘ Peace of Mind within, or a Calm with-
 ‘ out. How ruffled, if you well observe, is
 ‘ the Face of every faulty Person? How
 ‘ confus’d? How apt to flush? Conscious
 ‘ of inward Crimes, especially before the
 ‘ truly Vertuous. For what would you ex-
 ‘ change this invaluable Jewel? for a mo-
 ‘ mentary Joy, a Flower that often fades
 ‘ in gathering, a reproachful Sweet, de-
 ‘ stroying all Esteem and Merit, and which
 ‘ conceals under it a deadly Bitter: Not
 ‘ but that I love, and love to such a height,
 ‘ that I cou’d undergo any Death, rather
 ‘ than see you another’s; but at the same
 ‘ time wou’d revive again, tho’ to live in
 ‘ rack.

‘ racking Miseries, rather than conceive a
 ‘ Thought that should make me unworthy
 ‘ of your Passion, or the Dignity of my
 ‘ own Vertue. I am, and will be, chaste; I
 ‘ am, and must be a Lover of Prince *Alexis*
 ‘ to my Tomb; they are such Agreeables
 ‘ as can never be separated. Mine you al-
 ‘ ready are, by binding Vows and mutual
 ‘ Inclination; take care you do not shake
 ‘ that Esteem I have hitherto had for you;
 ‘ ’tis a sure Foundation, a Rock which will
 ‘ dash the most noisy dreadful Billows. Do
 ‘ not make me cease to value you, lest I
 ‘ cease to love, or see reconciled in my self,
 ‘ the greatest of all Misfortunes, a Love
 ‘ which I cannot, must not cure, because
 ‘ you are my Lord, and at the same time, to
 ‘ find that my Lord is grown an Enemy to
 ‘ Vertue.’

These were the Sentiments of that hero-
 ick Maid, with which she never fail’d to re-
 strain Prince *Alexis* his unbounded Desires,
 ’till she had pall’d and cool’d those Ardours
 in him, once so noble and conspicuous;
 which shews that his Passion was defective
 of Vertue, and sought the Ruin, not the
 Establishment, of the Object that had cau-
 sed it.

The Queen, ever busie and full of Intrigue,
 had cast her Eyes upon a Match much more
 advantageous for him; the Spies which she
 maintained in all the great Families of *Sar-*
matia, informed her of the Prince’s Passion
 for *Honorio*: She harrangu’d him upon that
 Head,

Head, and let him see, that if he were so weak to marry a dowerless Subject, and one that was so nearly related to the most inveterate Enemy of their House, he must not expect any Part of that great Wealth the King his Father had heaped up, in which he had been so industrious, denying himself many Expences, only in prospect of continuing the Crown to his Children; that his Highness, being the First-born, had doubtless the best Pretence to it, but he must be sensible, that without Money, to purchase Voices among the States, all his Pretensions would be vain; that she durst venture to answer on the Part of his Majesty, shou'd the Prince marry *Honorio*, the King would be so entirely disobliged, as not to leave him any Thing: On the other side, if he were disposed to obey the Commands they had from him, they should be such as would render him entirely happy. Since the rich and beautiful Princess *Emely*, Relict of the King of *Pannonia*'s Brother, had consented to marry him, all things were already prepared and brought to a Conclusion, and nothing wanting but to render himself at the *Pannonian* Court, to receive from that King's Hand a Bride of so much Consideration: In short, she represented to him a thousand Advantages that Princess had over *Honorio*, whom she equalled (as she affirmed) even in the Charms of her Person; 'till the Prince's Faith began to stagger; his Passion, as I told your Excellency, having been before

fore cool'd by what ought to have increased it: In a Word, the Queen carried her Point; the Prince promis'd to obey their Majesties, and all things were immediately directed for a splendid Equipage, in order to his Journey for *Pannonia*.

Prince *Honorius* had too good Intelligence at Court to miss this, however secret the Queen and Prince affected to keep it; he had heard something of his Niece's Inclinations; but hoping it was not true, without putting her to the Pain of questioning her upon a Subject that might distress her Modesty; he contented himself by way of Confidence, to tell her of Prince *Alexis's* Marriage with the Princess *Emely*, as a Thing the Court had resolved upon, and that as soon as his Equipage cou'd be formed, his Highness would depart.

Whatever Constancy *Honorius* was Mistress of, she summon'd it all at this dangerous Juncture, that the Prince her Uncle might not read the Secret of her Soul; but when no longer restrain'd by his Presence, she gave a Loose to Sorrow and Despair: What Heart cou'd be so obdurate as to remain unmoved at her Tears and Sufferings? She ran to me with a distracted Air, throwing herself upon my Bosom, wept aloud; her Words were so interrupted by Sobs and Groans, that it was a long while before my Importunity cou'd prevail with her to tell me what had caused her Woe. To me who had been so many times a Witness of their in-

nocent Endearments, she could not scruple to impart the News of his Inconstancy. He is false! he is false! *Muty*, said she, would you believe that lovely Prince should introduce amongst the *Sarmatians* a new Sin, only to render the unfortunate *Honorio* miserable? My Life is the intended Victim; by this Novelty I am murdered. Here the Prince enter'd, who imagined not that she was acquainted with his Crime, but seeing her all in Tears, her Dress disorder'd, Despair in her Eyes, and yet never so beautiful as now when she appeared most distressed, made haste tenderly to ask the Occasion of that Scene of Woe? 'Dost thou (Traitor, she cry'd,) enquire what thus afflicts the abandoned *Honorio*? What can it be, but Prince *Alexis's* Perjury? Thy early Falseness; thy, 'till now, unpractis'd Sin of Vow-breach! Art thou not mine? Thou art, if Oaths are binding, and yet thou dost attempt, and I living, to be another's. Oh! never! That must never happen, assure thy self; my Death shall at once convince thee of my Love, and do thee the Obligation to set thee free from the Tye thou would'st in vain, without me, dispense with.'

The Prince finding himself discovered, never attempted to deny, but barely to extenuate his Fault, by telling us the positive Commands of his Majesty, and what the Queen had said to him; he begg'd *Honorio*, however, to believe, that he still lov'd her

above

above all Considerations ; and to show her that he did, if she could resolve to oblige him in her Turn, by admitting him privately, without the Nuptial Ceremony, to her Bed, he wou'd renounce all other Pretensions but those that engaged him to be a tender and unalterable Husband to her alone.

*Honor*a, however she had been broken and oppressed by Sorrow before she had heard this Proposition, in a moment returned her self to that Calm which inseparably accompanies Vertue, and with a composed and majestick Air, her Eyes full of that Fire which true Glory inspires, said, No, my Lord, if there be no other way to make your Highness Just, but by *Honor*a's becoming Base, assure your self, you shall for ever be a Criminal ; I will sink into my Tomb untainted even in my Thought or Wish ; my Innocence shall mingle with my Ashes ! My Vertue, sacred, as I thought your Vows, is not like them to be violated, but must to the last Moment adorn my Life, and make me worthy of a better Destiny ! But to show you I am so far a mortal Woman, as to love with Rage and Constancy, I must resolve to die, to free my self from Miseries I cannot bear ——— Farewel, my Lord ——— Mine ——— whilst you were Just ——— farewel, not only to your Highness, but with your Highness a last Farewel to any earthly Happiness : Here the Tears fell in such an abundance from her Eyes, that

that to conceal the too powerful Weakness, she passed into her Cabinet, and left the Prince to retire ruminating and disordered.

However, his Remorse was not powerful enough to hinder his intended Journey to *Pannonia*; he seem'd to give himself no farther Pain about the Injustice and Barbarity he was going to be guilty of, in relation to *Honor**a*, the Breach of sacred Vows sat light upon him; he pretended rather to retain Indignation against her, for refusing to sacrifice her Vertue, than to feel any Remorse in himself for breaking so solemn an Engagement, and when I attempted to tell him her Sorrows and Sufferings, that I fear'd they would be fatal to her: He answered, few died of Grief that talk'd so much of it; and received all I said with an Air so little serious, that I could not but conclude his Heart was entirely disengaged, or transferred to his new Pretensions, since he did not fail to take the minutest Care, as to whatever concerned the Magnificence of his intended Equipage.

*Honor**a* passed the Time in real Distress and Solitude; the Pretence of Indisposition favour'd her Retreat, though it was more than a Pretence. Her Love was unalterable, even by Injuries, and being as well as her Vertue fixed upon Principles, nothing but Death could remove it. When her Hopes were entirely desperate, she intended not to survive the Loss of what was so dear

dear to her : But if possible, to give the Prince some Remorse, she resolved to die before he should depart, and even in such a manner, that he might see her when dead. I was but a Slave, born to obey, and not betray her ; and though the Assistance I lent this unhappy Victim, was a Heart wounding Distress to me, yet it was my Duty to perform whatever she commanded, else I cou'd never hope a Blessing from our Gods. After having presumed, though in vain, to endeavour at overcoming her Resolves by Argument and Reason, I became her Convert instead of making her mine ; she convinced me thoroughly of the Necessity there was to rid her self of a State, where the Evil so far surmounted the Good ; Death was become incomparably, to her, more eligible than Life : Her Love, her Hopes, her Happiness, being fixed upon the Prince, it was not to be supposed she could survive the Loss of him without Horror and Loss of Sense, which would make her Frantick Being, despicable, forlorn, and much more wretched than are the Dead or Dying : Neither her Youth, Beauty, or Innocence, could persuade her to any Compassion for her self ; black Despair and hourly Anguish took entire Possession of her Soul, nor could she wish or foresee any Relief but Death : She commanded me to infuse some of that deadly Gum which grows in great abundance among the Trees in the Country of the *Alans*, which, as your Excellency cannot want to be

be informed, is a Dukedom annexed to the Republick of *Sarmatia*.

Sure none ever precipitated their own Death with a Frame of Mind so composed as was *Honorias*: After she had fixed her Resolutions, and beheld the Gum dissolving in a proper Vehicle, she wept no more, she rag'd, she grieved no more; all was calm, all was devout and heavenly: She incessantly kneeled in hopes of Pardon for that Offence she was about to commit, the greatest that human Nature, she acknowledged, could be capable of; a Sin of such a Scarlet that she must die in it, without the Power of Repentance to wash away her Pollution! But since the great Disposers of her Destiny, had submitted her Reason to the Sway of a tyrannick Passion, and that Despair succeeded the Unsuccessfulness of it, she would fall a Sacrifice to free her from its Torture, still in prospect of seeing the *Elysian* Shades, since, though her Life was made an Offering to Love, she had preserved her Chastity and her Vertue incorruptible.

Adorned with Innocence, and dressed in Robes of White an Emblem of that Innocence, with fantastick Greens, and a Garland of various Flowers to crown the lovely Victim, she seemed more charming than in all those glittering Ornaments of Court, with which she used to grace the Circle. I surveyed her o'er and o'er, with Tears that almost took away my Use of Sight, 'till

On my Allegiance, she commanded me to reach the Liquid-Death, and to weep no more for her, for that she should shortly be at Rest. She drank with eagerness the bitter Draught, whose Property it is to cause lethargick stupifying Slumbers, which overcoming all the Offices of Life, end in a lasting Sleep.

When Fate seem'd to be busie with her, and that she was become more a Part of another World than she was of this, she caus'd me to call two Men-Slaves, whose Business it was usually to attend at the Foot of the back Stairs, Them she swore to obey whatever Commands should be brought by me; She was ever so perfectly good and gracious, that not one of us all, but at her Request, would have fac'd the greatest Danger; so they did not hesitate to engage themselves as she commanded. She bade them retire and remain within her Call, but by no means to depart 'till licens'd; then taking her last Leave of me, where, to my everlasting Glory be it remembered, she wept with Tenderness! a Tenderness due to a more exalted State than that of a Slave, who could not however be termed wretched, obeying so much Goodness.

When She had once more strictly prohibited my Tears, she bade me wait without, and not on any Terms to discompose her Fate, so as to render it terrible and painful by mistaken Kindness, or unavailing Cries and Compassion, and instructed me how de-

decently to compose her lovely Limbs, to close her brilliant Eyes, and when she was no other than lifeless Clay, to throw a Covering o'er her breathless Limbs, and secretly to cause those two Slaves to bear her to the Prince's Lodging, introduced by me, where he might behold what Love on her side, and Perjury on his, had done.

I beseech your Excellency to spare all the dismal Circumstances of that wretched Day and Night; the strong Convulsions, the Agonies between Death and Life, that poor *Honor*a suffered! Yet inwardly composed and steadfast to the last. She died upon the point of Morning. I thought my self in Duty concern'd, to obey punctually her Orders, and proved so happy in the Execution, that I was admitted with my fatal Present into the Prince's Chamber, few of his People being stirring, himself being early up, with an Intent to go a Hunting.

See there, my Lord, said I to him, when the Slaves had set down the Body of *Honor*a, approach and see, what Perjury, what Breach of Vows, and Change of Love have done! The Prince intently gazing upon the cover'd Fair, knew not what it was, 'till I drew off the Embroidery, and show'd the breathless Maid, adorn'd, and charming as if she waited for the Bridal Happiness; so little terrible was Death, so reconcil'd to Innocence and Beauty, that he had no
Darts

Darts which did not seem subdued by both.

I believe the Prince never felt any Consternation like this; I had left Orders with some of the Slaves to awaken the High-Priest, and to send him to the Lodging where it was told him his Niece was dead, and had commanded her Body should be carried. *Honorius* all affrighted at the Report, entred before Prince *Alexis* could do any thing but gaze upon the departed Beauty. Then was it to be seen, that Religion, and the finest Understanding is not Proof against such extraordinary Accidents. I find my self utterly defective when I would express the Grief and Shame that possessed these two Princes; taking Advantage of their Wonder, I gave, in these Words, a short and impartial Relation of what had pass'd since the unhappy Hour that *Honor*a first engaged her self to the Prince.

View here, my Lord, said I, addressing to the High-Priest, view the Fair, but murther'd *Honor*a! *Honor*a! the Vertuous as well as charming! View her as the Trophy of Prince *Alexis*'s Victory and Inconstancy! *Honor*a dy'd by her Lover's Infidelity! A Lover! who by holy and interchangeable Vows, was sworn to become her Husband; having subdued her Heart, he would have basely profited himself of the Conquest, by triumphing over her Vertue; but finding the Heroick Maid set the Value upon it that she ought, he

' he abandoned what he should have worship-
 ' ped, and from that moment thought no
 ' longer of her, or of his Vows ! Oh ! A-
 ' postate to Love and Chastity ! Thou
 ' didst prepare thy self (after being engag'd
 ' by Oaths and solemn Imprecations to
 ' *Honor*a, in the sight of *Juno* the awful
 ' Goddess, and Queen of Marriage-Vows)
 ' thou didst prepare, as all *Sarmatia* knows,
 ' to wed the Princess *Emely* ! Oh ! unpre-
 ' cedented Perjury ! Oh ! inconsiderate
 ' Youth, to barter real Merit for glaring
 ' Titles. Oh ! capricious God of Love,
 ' How wert thou so easily disgusted ? How
 ' can'st thou be pleas'd with Trifles, at
 ' the moment that thou dost covet all
 ' Things ? Behold her a Monument of Infi-
 ' delity : It was Prince *Alexis*'s Hand, and
 ' not her own, that lifted the fatal Draught
 ' to her despairing Lip ! It was Prince
 ' *Alexis*'s Cruelty and Breach of Faith,
 ' that determined, and gave her to swal-
 ' low the stupifying Death ! *Alexis* ! who
 ' anticipated his Triumphs, and used to
 ' smile when he was told it would be thus !
 ' Revenge ! Revenge ! you immortal Pow-
 ' ers ! You that are ever excellent, Revenge
 ' upon his Name and Family *Honor*a's
 ' Wrongs ; take Possession of him all ye
 ' Furies ! Seize him ye Infernal Powers !
 ' May his Life be short and miserable, but
 ' may his Hereafter Torments be never end-
 ' ing ! Detest him ! ye chaste and blooming
 ' Maids ; detest him whilst he is among you,
 ' you

‘ you that know the Price of Vertue ! Detest
 ‘ Him, the Corrupter of Vertue ! may his
 ‘ Memory be ever detested ! Shun him all ye
 ‘ Good ! May his Walks be lonely, his
 ‘ Hours painful, and the Remainder of his
 ‘ Life one perpetual Remorse for his In-
 ‘ gratitude, Perjury, and Barbarity to *Ho-*
 ‘ *noria.*

There is something so eloquent and persuasive in Truth alone, without the Advantage of Oratory ; that there were none present (for by this time the Report of her Death had drawn a Croud) but what wept her Fate, and detested the Lover’s Injustice.

That good Prince *Honorius* forbore not to kiss the beauteous Clay, to weep over it with Tears almost of Blood, making Imprecations, in the first Transports of his Grief, for Revenge upon the Traitor who thus insulted the Honour of his Name. Some of the less prepossess’d Spectators, discovered a Writing fix’d upon her Breast, under a Stomacher of Flowers. Curiosity made them immediately press about the Corps to endeavour to read it, but Prince *Honorius* commanding them back, bade me unloose it from the Body ; I obey’d, and delivered it to him, where he read these Words.

*Thou! that would'st fill the Sarmatian Annals,
With Crimes hitherto unknown:*

*Thou! that by the inviolable Trust of Love
Wou'd'st draw the list'ning Virgin to Dishonour,
Look here, and regulate thy Desires;
Look here, and lament thy Perjuries.*

*Learn from me, a wandering Shade,
How fleeting are mortal Joys;
And that nothing can be permanent but Vertue.*

*That Life, once preserv'd by Prince Alexis's
Now falls a Sacrifice to his Injustice. (Arms,*

I find it impossible to represent to your Excellency the Tears and Tumult of the Spectators, upon the Reading of this Paper; it was so great, that probably without respect to Prince *Alexis's* being the Son of a King, they had torn him in Pieces, if the High-Priest, whose Allegiance was inviolable, had not restrained and commanded them to depart. The Prince had all this while continued silent, weeping and kneeling upon one Knee, over the breathless Beauty; but seeing they were going, by *Honorius's* Orders, to bear the Body to his own House, he gave a Vent to that Woe which had been so long pent within his Bosom, and became formidable to all by the Excess of his Ravings, his Indignation against himself, and Complaints for the untimely Fate of his once adored *Honorio*. When he cou'd no more by his Prayers, Tears, Strugglings,

glings, and Endeavours retain her, but that she was carried from his Sight, he attempted to murder himself with his Poniard; but that being wrested from him, he would have strangled himself, had he not been held; his Rage was so extream, they were forced to bind him in his Bed, and when the King and Queen were called, how did he exclaim against false Ambition, Avarice, Perjury, and those other Crimes which had occasioned *Honorias* Fate?

They left his Cure to Time, and the Care of the Physicians, and sent their Complement of Condoleance to the High-Priest, who, like a Man truly Prudent and Religious, submitted himself, with a Moderation very surprizing to all that knew how much he had valued and loved *Honorias*. The wiser Part believed he only smothered his Resentment, deferring it to an Hereafter, when he should have, upon the King's Death, a blameless Opportunity of pursuing his Revenge.

Honorias's Body was burnt with utmost Pomp, not a Virgin of any Distinction but what rendered her self with Garlands, Elegies, and Tears, about her Pile, bestowing Millions of Invectives against her perjured Lover. I begged the Glory to have been sacrificed to her *Manes*, but the High-Priest reserved me to do her Memory Justice; so that another, though less favoured than I had been, was burnt with that lovely Clay, together with those Ornaments and Mo-

Moveables that she had most valued when living.

A magnificent Tomb was erected to her Memory, a bright Repository for her invaluable Ashes! whereon the High-Priest caus'd to be engraved, in Characters of Gold, the Inscription found upon her Breast; but this did not long survive, some Agent of the Royal Family, took an unseen Opportunity to deface the Writing, which ought to have remained an everlasting Monument of Prince *Alexis's* Injustice.

Whose Grief, not founded upon right Principles, quickly passed over; but because he was ashamed immediately to appear where he had occasioned so lamentable a Catastrophe, he departed privately for *Pannonia*, in pursuit of his first Design, where his Equipage met him. The King and Princess *Emely* had given their Consent to the Nuptials, so that he was there received with great Magnificence.

The lovely Prince of *Noricum*, Brother to the Queen of the *Almains*, out of Friendship and Respect to the King of *Sarmatia*, render'd himself at the *Pannonian* Court, to give Prince *Alexis* the Meeting, and to grace the Marriage-Ceremony.

Fame, that indefatigable Goddess, had brought poor *Honorio's* Adventure to the Ears of the Princess *Emely*; she took a Resolution worthy her exalted Soul; which was, to revenge the Dishonour had been done

done one of the most meritorious of the Sex, upon the Traitor who had deceiv'd her; in order to it, she sent a Lady of Address and bright Understanding, to the Prince of *Noricum*, to ask him if he would be contented to marry her? And to convince him upon what Principles she went, the Story of Prince *Alexis's* Perjury, by her Directions, was related to him: The Princess's great Beauty, Merit, and Possessions, soon determin'd his Resolution: They were marry'd that very Evening, before the Morning design'd for her Nuptials with the *Sarmatian* Prince.

And that his Disgrace might be the more particular, it was industriously conceal'd from his Highness, till he came, in nuptial Ornaments, to take the destin'd Bride at her own Lodgings. But was then told below, by an Officer in waiting, not to make a Noise to disturb the Princess, who could not be spoken to, for that she was in Bed with her Lord, the Prince of *Noricum*, whom she had lately marry'd.

He staid not to have the Publick a Witness of his Disgrace, nor to call his false Friend to an Account for Breach of Friendship, the greatest that mortal Man could have been guilty of; and which the poorest spirited Slave would have resent'd and reveng'd. The King of *Sarmatia*, upon his Return, talked very high of the Injury and Affront that had been done him, in the Person of his Son, and pretended, that the

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Pannonian King should give him Satisfaction for the Outrage that had been committed in his Court: But an Expedient was found out, which this narrow-soul'd Prince agreed to; an Expedient that made his Littleness of Spirit more conspicuous; it was a Marriage between him and a Sister of his Rival: These Nuptials were soon after solemniz'd, and all was well again; but the *Sarmatians* secretly despise and ridicule his Conduct, which is the true Reason, that so very few of them ever desire to see him become their Monarch.

Thus, my Lord, pursu'd the Envoy, I have given you Prince *Alexis's* History, in most of the Slave *Muty's* Words, which will inform your Lordship of the true Value of that Prince: Now it was no longer a Mystery to me, why he was not beloved by the *Sarmatians*. I also observed, that *Mademoiselle Muty* expected a World of Applauses, for so handsomely acquitting her self. She was very Beautiful, and more *Eveliez* and *Spirituel*, than any I had met, among the Women of the first Distinction: Add to this her Youth, and something of an Air, which bespoke Satisfaction and Self-sufficiency, as if she more govern'd than obey'd, and rather impos'd Chains upon others, than wore them her self; which, together with the Richness of her Habit, and the Respect all the Domesticks paid her, gave me to suspect, that, the High-Priest being no more than a Man, this beautiful Slave found her

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Account near his Eminence ; nor was I deceiv'd , as afterwards I was convinced : Therefore I did not play away the Opportunity that was given me, but with all Sort of Address, and artful seeming Sincerity, I celebrated her Merit, affected to be infinitely charm'd, infinitely sensible, and render'd her Wit and Beauty some Part of what she thought their due : It was impossible to do her Charms the Justice she expected ; nor could they have so great an Allay, as her own Esteem and Knowledge of them ; tho' we must grant she took their Height, from the difficult and illustrious Conquest they had obtain'd.

I resolved to bring her into my Interest, and added Presents to my Praises. She permitted me the Favour to see her often. It was not long before she gave me the best Proof that my Money had been well bestow'd ; very faithful, and very grateful, beyond what was to be found in the Men, even among those who are call'd Noble ; She never forbore, till she brought the High Priest to declare himself, and I happily received his Promise, That he would carry on my Master's Interest the next Election, in the Person of Prince *Armutius*, to the Prejudice of all others.

Thus, by a lucky Hit, and the Help of a critical Smile from the Goddess Fortune, I obtain'd what, before, I had so many waking Hours rack'd my Brain for in vain ; so true it is, that all Men have their Foibles, and

Ascendants, even the wisest and most abstemious; the Difficulty lies only in the Discovery; for after that, there are few Favourites, but what have Favourites, or at least omnipotent Gold has a Power so extensive, that we presume we are not guilty of Hyperbole, and paint but after the Life, in representing it, as the grand Universal.

But, my Lord, the Hour grows late, permit me to wait upon your Lordship to your Repose: I have enough intruded upon your Patience for once; to Morrow, if your Curiosity continue, I will not forbear to do my self the Honour of repeating to you, whatever has since happen'd of Moment in *Sarmatia*.

Horatio return'd the Envoy his Acknowledgments, and with much Unwillingness, was oblig'd to let him attend him to his Bed-Chamber, which was the same that had before been his: *Merovius* having resigned it to him, order'd a second Field-Bed to be set up for himself in another Apartment. *Horatio* was forc'd to comply with this, and told him, that he found it was impossible to dispute, in Gallantry, with such a Master, whom he would always make it his Glory, rather to imitate and obey, than fruitlessly to contend with.

MONSIEUR *l'Envoyé* was agreeably awaken'd in the Morning by the Count *de St. Girone*, a Native of the *Celtic Gallia*; he call'd for his Cloaths, the better to receive and caress that Friend, whom he had not beheld in so long a time. When their first Indearments were over, and the Prior drest, they went both together to *Horatio's* Apartment, having sent before to know, whether he were stirring. The Prior presented his Friend to the *Roman* Heroe, and desir'd he would be pleased to consider him as a Person of Merit, well acquainted with the World, and one whose Conversation was very diverting. General Complements being over, *Merovius* enquir'd of the Count, How he came to be so happy to see him in *Sarmatia*? To whom, in return, the Count gave this following Relation.

Your Excellency knows I am a Soldier of Fortune, have a roving Head, love to see strange Customs and Countries, which caus'd me to forsake my own, just after the last Peace, which our mighty Monarch made with his Enemies. Tho' 'tis true, his Majesty did not dissolve his Army, yet I could not understand that sort of Paradox, being a Soldier with nothing to do; I lov'd Action, and therefore resolv'd to travel in pursuit of some.

I could not have more fortunately executed my Design, than in the Company of Count *Martel*, a Person of Merit and Address, who was going Ambassador from King *Charles* to the Emperor *Constantine*, or rather to the Empress *Irene*, for all Things are govern'd, in that Court and Kingdom, as she and her Favourite the General *Stauratius* please, with whom it is believed, she has contracted *une Marriage de Conscience* : The Emperor is no more minded, than a Baby in Leading strings, for so his Mother will have it. Did your Lordship make any Stay in that Court ? interrupted *Horatio*. About eighteen Months, reply'd the Count, enough to be weary of it ; tho' Part of the time was spent in a Campaign under *Stauratius* against the *Persians* ; but his Avarice was so excessive, that it disgusted even those that were not to suffer by it ; something so fordid and offensive results from that Vice, as to make the Wearer secretly despised, be his Quality never so conspicuous, or his Power extensive ; nor can any Thing atone for it, because of the Baseness of its Companions, Injustice, Extortion, Cruelty, and Ingratitude. *Constantinople* is no longer that glorious City it was ! In forsaking the old *Roman* Vertues, they have imbib'd the Vices of, and degenerated into, those Barbarians, once so contemptible in their Eyes ; a few excepted, amongst which still are to be found the Love of Glory ! Love of their Coun-

Country, and Constitution! The Rest run mad after Liberty, new Notions! new Vices! and new Religions! Which latter so entirely possess them, that if you are acceptable upon every other Account, and differ here, they hate and persecute you, and are so unjust, as not to allow you any Part of that Merit they before admired you for; and, which is more ridiculous than all, they still are thus warm for every Opinion ~~that~~ they embrace, (for I would have you to know there are few but have, and do change, and more than once) they are *Constant to nothing but Inconstancy*: Sometimes the Orthodoxy, sometimes Heterodoxy is uppermost; they have Fashions for Religions as well as Cloaths, are as fond, and new cut them as often: At present the Orthodox is discountenanc'd; the Empress *Irene* introduc'd Image-Worship, and has got a Pope to her own Heart's Desire, Dull! Stupid! and as little tenacious of the Rights of the Pontificate, as she could wish. The Patriarch of *Constantinople*, indeed, is not so passive; he asserts the Purity of the primitive Times, and opposes all Innovations; whence it is, that the Bishop of *Rome* is at perpetual Variance with him: But I forget my self, that I am speaking to a *Roman*, whose Knowledge in all Things, especially the Manners of his own Country, is confirm'd, whereas mine can be but superficial.

I assure your Lordship, answer'd *Horatio*, that I am much more ignorant than I dare

own; 'tis more than three Years since I was there, and only know, that from the time of my Departure, Affairs have often chang'd Hands. After Monsieur *L'Envoye's* Curiosity is satisfy'd, I will beg a little Information of the Measures that were in fashion, then, when your Lordship left *Constantinople*; for a Person of your Penetration, with those Lights, which the piercing and refin'd Count *Martel* could give him, can, I'm certain, be ignorant of nothing that you had a Desire to know. Your Lordship is too obliging, answered the Count, but in all Things that depend upon me, you may be sure to be obeyed.

Wearied, as I told your Lordships, with the busie Intrigues, Faction, and Dulness, of the *Constantinopolitan* Court; for Gallantry is no longer the Theme, the greatest Beauties seem to forget that they have Charms, since they have not any Lovers to put them in mind of them; all are buried in Politicks and Strugglings which Opinion shall prevail; wearied, I say, with those sort of unnatural Divisions, I went in the Train of an Ambassador, from the Emperor, to the Prince of *Rheta* in *Germany*; we happen'd to reach the Court just before his Nuptials; I had the good Fortune to carry the Prize at those Jufts and Tournaments that were held in Honour of the Bride, which so far recommended me to his Highness, that he received me into his Army, and gave me a very considerable Post there.

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I can't forbear telling your Lordships, that the Princess of *Rhetia* is a Person full of so many Attractions, that without being the greatest Beauty in the World, she can do more than the most Charming; she penetrates, she enters into the secret Wishes of her Beholders, and causes their Best to be made for Her; in short, at her Appearance at Court, not a Man but found her to his Taste; she was universally taking; her Air, her Wit, her Eyes, her Manner, her Vivacity, every Thing about her, created Admirers, even from amongst those of her own Sex; yet with all this Agreeableness, she has not been able to defend her self from becoming unhappy: The Person who was suspected to be her Favourite, is now wretched, and under my Guard, in a Tent pitched not far from your Excellency's, where we arriv'd last Night; tho' I was then ignorant of my good Fortune in being brought to be your so near Neighbour, or, late as it was, I should not have forborn to have paid my Duty to your Excellency.

And do you imagine, Monsieur le Count, reply'd the Prior of *Orleans*, observing the Count was silent, that we will compound for this? I assure your Lordship, that I am too fond of all Occasions that can make you speak, to pass by one so particular. Something I have already heard of this unhappy Gentleman, I think he is a Man of Quality of the *Vandals*; but the Distance makes Things so confus'd, that one cannot depend

upon what one hears. Pray favour the generous *Horatio* and my self, with what your Lordship knows of that Affair : *Horatio* having join'd his Endeavours to the Envoy's, the Count could no longer defend himself, but addressing to both, thus continued his Relation.

Your Excellency is well inform'd ; Count *Alarick* was born among the *Vandals*, but he has liv'd more abroad than at home ; as his Exploits have been perform'd and renown'd more under the Queen of Love than the God of War, the Ladies can give a better Account of him than those of our Sex. His Person is handsome, and did not Misfortunes preserve him sacred from Curiosity, your selves should be Judges ; but as this Intrusion is a Sort of Insulting, which no well-bred Man would be guilty of, you will be pleas'd to be contented with what I can tell your Lordships.

I have never had the Honour to enter the Count's Cabinet ; so that I do not pretend to give you a Part in any of his Thoughts ; his Actions, and those only, that have made such a Noise in the World, that none about him are ignorant of them, shall be my present Entertainment.

I think Count *Alarick* had more of Title than Estate, which caus'd him to use all his Endeavours to better it ; those which offer'd most plausibly to a Man well made, young, handsome, and gay as he was, seem'd such as he could procure from the Fair Sex. In his Travels, it was his Fortune, in the
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lower *Batavia*, to meet a Lady whose Circumstances were pretty fantastical; she was born in one of the Islands, of high Birth, and a vast Heiress. A Person of the first Distinction for Quality, tho' not Merit, a titular Prince, of which there are Numbers in that Part of the World, found her Possessions would be infinitely commodious for him, because his Estate was but little answerable to the Rank he held; but knowing the young Lady's Mother would never be for him, he contented himself with wishing some unforeseen Smile of Fortune might conduct him to his Happiness.

Mean time his Mistress is marry'd, without asking her Consent, to a Gentleman who was the Reverse of the Prince, for he had much more Estate than Title; but Lady *Isabella's* Mother, very careful and tender of her only Child, (tho' she was not too young in the Opinion of the rest of the World) capitulated with him that he should not bed her in a Year; the Bridegroom agreed to these Articles, and kept his Word: He was guilty of another Over-sight, and that was, forgetting to secure Lady *Isabella's* Woman, who had been before tamper'd with by the Needy-Prince his Rival; her Power over the old Lady was not so great as with the Young, and consequently she could not prevent the Marriage: But when she saw the Consummation was deferr'd, and that the Bridegroom was departed without Bedding her, the poison'd Lady *Isabella's* unwary Innocence

nocence against her Husband: The first Thing she did, was to bring her a Looking-glass, and asking her, as the young Charmer survey'd her self there, Who but an insensible, or diseas'd abject Wretch, or perhaps with Affections pre-engag'd, could leave so vast a Share of Youth and Beauty un-enjoy'd? That 'twas true, her Husband had capitulated so to do, but if he had lov'd as another would have done, what he had said to the old Lady to gain her, ought to have gone for nothing: He was now become the Master; all the World would therefore have been on his Side, when the Possession of a Bride so charming was in Question: His Neglect was unpardonable, affronting, cold, indifferent! That true it was, one should have been apt to have pity'd and forgiven the wretched Mortal (taking his unnatural Apathy to proceed from a Defect of Nature) had he not given guilty Proofs of his Liking and Immorality in other Places: Therefore nothing could be said for him here to his Advantage; for either he must be in an ill State of Health, perhaps one infectious, or still in Love with his Mistress; or, which was as bad, not in Love with his Wife.

Lady *Isabella*, was as full of her self as any Lady of her Birth, Fortune, and Beauty could be, had never any Liking to her Husband's Person or Address, who, because secure of her Mother, had neglected those necessary Applications by which a Lover in-

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sinuates himself into the tender Inclinations of the Fair. She, fired with Indignation at this Contempt of her Beauty, was quickly wrought up to all the Resentment that was necessary to make her resolve, never to live with a Man that held her in such despicable Estimation. Her Woman, who thought it hard, when such an Heiress as was her Lady, came to be disposed of, if she could not, in the Destiny, make her own Fortune, play'd her Part dextrously, and kept her incessantly warm, till she was determin'd to fly from that Island into *Batavia*, where the same Laws were not in Force, and nothing in place to hinder her from becoming Mistress of her own Conduct.

Accordingly she came to take the *Batavian* Ambassador's Lady one Morning, early in her Bed, and told her, if she had but half the Friendship for her which she profess'd, she should now give her a Proof of it, and fly with her beyond the Seas; that however it were, if she refused to take Part in her Destiny, she her self was determin'd, and would go, tho' it were alone; but, she conjur'd her not to deny her the Protection of her Presence; for Slander that was ever busie, would not know how to approach her under the Protection of so much Vertue and Conduct, as her Excellency had ever been Mistress of.

Lady *Isabella's* Woman was an industrious Incendiary, and did not fail to inform the Prince her Benefactor, of their Design; she ad-

advised him to follow them where-ever they should go ; but Love and Nature rais'd up for some time, an Obstacle to his Pretensions. Count *Alarick* with his Charms, Generosity, and Address, met her in her Pilgrimage, and had the Glory to touch Lady *Isabella's* Heart, who engag'd to marry him, if her former Nuptials could be set aside. She was, as I have remarked, a mighty Heiress ; and tho' the necessary Ceremony that perfects a Marriage was unaccomplished, her Possessions were too large to let her go without making all the Defence that could be made ; at best, it would be a Work of Time : Count *Alarick's* seeming Passion could not stay for that, he therefore dispatch'd a Gentleman of his Chamber, too faithful a Domestick, who hired Ruffians, and assassinated the unfortunate Gentleman in his Coach, to the Reproach of Gallantry, Humanity, or Honesty ; for since they were Masters of a Sword, he ought by that way and no other, to have pretended to *Isabella*.

Love, in spite of our selves, often carries us where we never thought of going ; we can't foresee any Passion with certainty ; Hatred, Love, Revenge, Jealousie, Anger, and Ambition, arise in our Breasts, when they are not expected ; they surprize and arbitrarily govern those of whom they become absolute Masters ; 'tis principally for this Reason, that we ought to use all our Endeavours not to be enslaved, since 'tis a Matter so difficult to defend our selves from

from the ill Effects of their tyrannick Prepossession.

Love and Riches were the Motives to this dishonest Assassination, nor did it succeed as the Count expected: *Isabella* was a Lady of too distinguishing a Quality, not to have all the World interest themselves on her side; they advis'd her to abandon him, that she might preserve, or not irreparably wound her Character, by a Marriage with the Murderer of her Husband! Her Character! which had already suffered too much, by the Kindness she had shewn the Count, and which caus'd ill-natured Censurers to conclude, he would not have been so base, and mad, as to do a Wickedness for the sake of Wickedness, if he had not been sure of his Point. But alas! what Dependance is there upon the frail Inclinations of Women? The varying Seasons! Nor the changing Winds! can but faintly represent the *April-Weather* of their Affections! Nothing in Nature, but themselves, can come up to their Caprice. Whirl-winds, and Whirl-pools! The *Crocodile* and *Hyena* have been us'd as Emblems of their Cruelty and Inconstancy! Those are indeed devouring Evils, but not comparable to Women! Who are false by Inheritance, full of native Deceit and attracting Fraud! they center in themselves the Dominion of the World! for not one of them but would angle and allure, till all Mankind were their Slaves, and as Slaves they would tyrannize over them! Impatient to
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miss the most despicable Adorations, and therefore is their own Sex hated by them: Nor are their dear, sudden, momentary Intimacies ever design'd, but to be let into each others Defects, which they unpitifully expose to us, with a Mask of Vertue dissembling their own Vices, yet transported to convict others of theirs; upon which they are inexorable, and never forgive, tho' their Repentance be never so sincere: And what is all this for? Why, truly, to gratify their first Principle Pride! For so short-sighted are their Judgments, they know not how to set a just Estimation upon themselves, or others, and as often under, as over-value both; so that generally, some lurking, worthless Wretch, is made Master of their Charms, when in turn they are themselves despis'd, even by those whom they before rejected and trampled upon. Can we use these Deceivers, by way of Reprizal, too ill? 'Tis They that have taught us Fraud, and the Dexterity of turning upon them their own Artillery; from Them we have learn'd Ingratitude, to insult Benefits, ridicule Innocence, and happy Simplicity of Manners; from Them we have learn'd false Vows, to give feign'd and flattering Hopes, to breath pretended Sighs, to despise what we have conquer'd, and yet to aim at conquering what we despise! Truth is never to be spoken to them, they think so omnipotently of themselves, that without Hyperbole, or a Magnifying Glass, you must never hope to reach them: In short, they have
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set us the Pattern, but Man has prov'd so excellent an Imitator, as to refine upon the Invention, and now we may pretend even to out-do them at their own Weapons: They may thank themselves for giving us a Sample of their Artifice; would they have been contented with simple generous Love, and a just Reverence of their human Persons, without Deification and Adorations, we might mutually have found our Account, and like humble innocent Mortals, been innocently, mutually happy.

Then, they are implacable Enemies, and never forgive any Slight or Neglect, that seems to be offered to their Persons, whether fair or not; to commend others is a mortal Crime among some of them. I remember a Case, wherein a Writer of Memoirs suffered for this: He had found a Prince of distinguishing Merit to address to, a Prince happy in his own Perfections, happy in those of the Princess his Wife, and in an Aunt, a living Pattern of Beauty and Goodness; together with a Dowager who was Mother to the Prince his Father; all meritorious, and deserving as much as the Race of Women could deserve! The Historian endeavoured, according to the Capacity Nature had given him, to do them Justice; nay, he even laboured for it: But here was the Mischief, the Prince's own Mother was not mentioned; and why? because indeed that noble Race had never intermarry'd with the City before, nor was the

she preferred, but by the Weight of her Gold, with which, she brought an excessive Love of Cards and Play, besides an insupportable Spirit of Dominion, which made all those uneasie that would not submit to it: But this was not all, the Poet had fixed a Merit to the Elder Dowager, for not admitting a second Embrace to fully the Nuptial Sheets, sacred to the Memory of the Prince her Lord; this was directly wrong; for the Lady omitted, had not only married her self twice, but was the third time in Treaty, for a third Husband; and if she goes on as she has begun, and with the same good Luck, she may possibly swell them to a Number proportionate to her Inclinations.

Not satisfied at being omitted (tho by her Birth, she could not have been mentioned to the Glory of that Illustrious Family into which she had the happy Fortune to be thrown) the Praise of another she thought a Reflection upon her self, and never ceased persecuting the Prince her Son with all the Malice and Invectives she could invent, to cause him to commit Hardships upon the Person that had dared to confine the Ubiquitary Sex, to the Pleasure of a single Embrace; though true it is, no Woman of just, of strict, of distinguishing Vertue, ever admitted a Second.

Another of Quality, not inferior, who was taken notice of for her exalted Pride, persecuted her Son-in-Law, who had had the deserved Consideration that his Merit claimed,

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ed, and would have him to reject the Author, though in the just Distribution, her own Daughter had met with the just Praise that her Youth and Beauty deserved.

Monsieur *le Count*, interrupted *Horatio*, with a Smile, has sure been very ill us'd by what he calls that undistinguishing Sex, tho' by his Form one would scarce believe it; or he would hardly have digressed so much to their Prejudice, and given us Cause to desire him to return to his Subject; whatever he says meets with such Approbation, that we cannot but be angry at the Narrowness of our Memory, which would retain all that one hears from so just a Speaker, and suffers but with Pain (as it will happen in Discourses of any length) the last still to get the Precedence of the first in our Remembrance.

I humbly stand corrected, says the Count, I was then angry, but not for my self, 'twas Lady *Isabella's* little Discernment, who was drawn to make a Choice which had been beneath an ordinary Gentlewoman, and yet it was That of a Prince, great by Title, little by Merit, one who could no more understand than deserve her Charms; fruitful in nothing but ill Nature, Spleen, and Narrowness of Soul; haughty both to his King and Mistress, obstinate and impatient even of Royal Commands, but from the Spirit of Contradiction not Principle; lewd in his Nature, low and promiscuous in his Amours, void of all Delicacy, rigid, penurious, and snarling to his Attendants, often chastizing them

them for imaginary Faults with real Blows from his own Hand ; whimsical, offensive, never to be pleased but with Novelty, and yet a Moment's time puts an end to that Novelty. How the good Temper and Prudence of his Princess has been able to wade with Cheartfulness through this Sea of stormy Discontent, is a Miracle ! but something sure of Mortification is due to her, for the Catastrophy that befel her other unhappy Husband.

Count *Alarick* having been defeated here, made his Tour of Gallantry through several Nations ; he had once like to have been surprized by a Man of Quality in his Bed-Chamber, and escaped so narrowly, that he was forced, at the hazard of his Neck, to save his Person by a Leap from a high Window ; but it did not happen so well with the poor Lady, for her angry Lord, though no longer Jealous since convinced, inhumanly cut her to Pieces upon the Spot : neither her Prayers, Repentance, Youth, or Beauty, could protect her : The other Half of his Rage had escaped, he was therefore resolved that he should suffer for the Whole, and the better to satisfy his Caprice, and to make it be thought that he had washed away the Pollution with the Villain's Blood, he caus'd it to be reported, that That was the Body of the Person who had dishonoured his Family, and stain'd his Bed ; whence the Rumour ran in most Countries, that Count *Alarick* had been discovered,

ed, murthered and hew'd to Pieces upon the Instant.

Happy had it been for *Annagild* Princess of *Dacia*, if so it had proved; then had she never found her self sensible of those Charms which have caus'd her Misfortunes: It was in the Court of the Prince her Father, that the Count refuged himself against his implacable Adversaries. I am persuaded, my Lords, that Merit is not always necessary towards subduing the most meritorious of the Fair Sex; there's a Knack, besides a lucky Hit; don't you see worthless Fellows that have nothing to recommend them, and little else to divert, always succeed in this? The Women will have a Man's whole Time, or else they have no Part in his Heart; this the Idle, and those who are not acceptable among People of Learning and Sense, can do. I have heard some Ladies confess, That they could have no real Regret, or ever regard him as a Lover, who suffer'd Interest, Devoir, Devotion, or any Avocation, to interfere with their Passion; and that 'till a Man was insensible of Property, Friends, Duty, Affection, he was not worthy to be called a Lover; nay, they scruple to confer the Dignity upon any that retains the least Share of common Sense, or the Taste of Meat and Wine; for your true Lover, say they, must neither eat nor drink; he should have an Appetite for nothing but his Mistress; and whatever is the Subject of the

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Discourse, he ought always to center it in the Person he adores.

I understand that Count *Alarick* possessed these Accomplishments in Perfection; by his Assiduity he had gain'd Princess *Annagilda's* Heart, but Destiny had not resolv'd them for each other. The Prince of *Dacia*, had just concluded with the *Rhctian* Ambassador, who was come on the Part of that Prince, to demand her in Marriage. What did she not say, to find her self made a Sacrifice of State? How did she regret her Birth, that determined her to be made an Offering to Interest, rather than tender Inclination? How did she envy the lowly Cottage-Maid, who knew no Dignity but what was conferr'd by Love? How often would she have abandon'd that Royalty, that unwieldy Air of Greatness, to have fixed in some easy, humble, safe Retreat with Count *Alarick*, her Lover and her Friend? 'Tis believed she would have fled with him away, but her Inclinations having been discovered by his Indiscretion, she was carefully guarded; yet with the utmost Secrecy, lest the Report of this unhappy Passion, should fill the Wings of the Goddess *Fame*, and fly abroad to the Prejudice of the young Princess's Glory, who, in vain, cast her self at the Prince of *Dacia's* Feet, to beg he would grant her at least, some time, to get over her Misfortune and first Inclination, that so she might by her Compliance, endeavour to render her self worthy of the

the Honour she had of being his Daughter.

Mean time the Prince of *Rhetia* was not less ingaged, though more criminally; he had a Mistress named *Rodegund*, who for a long time, had held over him a despotick Sway; but as there are very few Affections but what die of themselves, especially if unopposed, because Difficulties, like the fanning Winds, make the Flame burn fiercer, and render it more bright and towering; so the Prince finding it for the Good of his State, that he should provide them Posterity, and fated with the long and full Possession of *Rodegund*, having heard much of the Princess *Annagilda's* Charms, sent his Ambassadors to demand her: When all Matters were adjusted, and his Bride made such by Proxy, he came to his Mistress, and desired her to depart the Court, without Thoughts of a Return, 'till she had a Permission from himself; that in Compliance with his Counsel, he had been forced to marry the Princess of *Dacia*, who was a Lady too young and beautiful to receive so early a Disgust, and of such a Nature, as the Presence of a beloved Mistress would give. Nor must her self expect to make a very good Figure, amidst the Caresses he should be obliged to bestow upon a Bride so charming: That he begg'd her Pardon for not asking her Advice upon a Matter of so great Importance; that he did not do it, because either way, as a Friend, or Lover,
it

it must have given her Confusion to speak against his, or her own Interest; therefore in Tendernefs he had spared, and should always respect her, beyond every Thing but his Devoir, and not be fonder of any Interest than of giving her Testimonies of it.

Haughty *Rodegund*, who had Cunning as well as Pride, heard what the Prince of *Rhetia* said, as a definitive Sentence; she justly imagined her Blandishments would be but vainly apply'd: Her Power was departed, and of that, she assured her self by his voluntary Marriage, for whatever he had said of his Council she knew was nothing but Pretence. Who, without any Motive or Sollicitations, gives away a Jewel, that they yet are fond of? She ran over these, and several other Considerations in a Moment. Ill could she bear that Change of Scene, ill exchange the Government of a Court and Kingdom, for that Solitude, and Decline of Power, that were going to be her undoubted Companions. She was not ignorant that the Prince was the Sun which had influenced those Court-Adulations she had met with; and that when he was set to her, she should be despicable, forlorn, and no longer regarded as of any moment. What cou'd she do? Tears and Complaints were vain; this had none of the Air of those Disgusts, which in the Morning of their Love, so sweetly endear'd them to each other, and made the Pleasure of Re-

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conciliation greater than had been the Pain of Separation. The little God is so good an Oeconomist, as never to suffer those who are his Vassals, to be wanting of either Joy, or Affliction; they always reside together in the same Heart, where they subsist of themselves, and maintain alternate Sway.

Rodegund let fall some graceful Tears, which gave her an Air of tender Regret, very moving and serviceable to her, for that it left a grateful Impression upon her Lover's Heart. She told him, That as her Beauty, Vertue, and Honour, had been early Victims to his Desires, she should still be ready to sacrifice all Things, even her Life, to make his easy. Her Business had ever been to obey, and not to dispute; therefore now she would not be wanting in her Duty: Her only Request was, That he would please to remember her with some Compassion, for that she was going to be, not the most unhappy, but most despicable Woman living, only for having made him Happy: Since she well knew nothing upon Earth, was so great an Object of Reproach and Misery, as an abandoned Mistress.

His Highness told her, he would take such care of her Circumstances as should secure her against Contempt; the World was no longer rigid, to any but the Indigent. There indeed, an Offence to Vertue was Immortal; for though the Repentance of the Poor proved never so ardent and exemplary, those
others

others of the Sex, that had not yet either been guilty, or discover'd, would never countenance but condemn, and cry fie upon her for a naughty Creature, I detest the Thoughts of her, I would not for the World be seen to speak to her, or forgive her she is so wicked; and presently steps into her Coach to go to Cards, or to take the Air, or Col-lation with the Mistrefs of a King, a Prince, or any Man, who has a Mind to support His with Equipage and Expence. So that the Fault is not in the Want of Vertue, but the Want of Quality and Money, both which he had secured her against, and would always take care of her Interest as much as of his own.

Rodegund, seeing his Highness was pleas'd to turn her most serious Complaints into Raillery, grew infinitely mortify'd at it, and concluded that painful Interview, with telling him she would so punctually obey, that her Behaviour should extend even to his Thoughts, which she did not doubt were less in favour of her, than were his Words. Therefore she would speak to them, and so emphatically, as absolutely to retire, to be seen no more in any Visits; nor would she maintain Conversation at home, but in all Things that depended on her self, be what he would wish to have her. The Prince, transported at her Compliance, returned her his Thanks with such an Air, that she knew he was infinitely pleas'd; who after having embraced her in his Arms, and took a Fare-
wel

wel of her Lips, left a Kiss upon her Hand ; and as if he had gain'd a most important Victory, departed in Triumph, perhaps with as much Pleasure at foregoing, as he once had had in possessing : So humourous and changeable are those Affections that have not Virtue for their Establishment.

The Mistress retired indeed, but it was to brood over her imaginary Wrongs, and to meditate a Revenge upon that innocent Beauty, who had occasioned her Disgrace ; which if she could but effect, she thought her Return to Court and Favour, would certainly be the Consequences : A very remote View, and yet *Fortune*, that delights in Change, favoured her, even beyond her own Expectations.

Annagilda, much against her Inclinations, was forced to give her Hand to the *Rhetian* Ambassador for his Master ; but when that was done, she endeavour'd also to give the Prince her Heart. The unlucky Count was ready to die : He ! the most fortunate, unfortunate Lover, that ever had been born, always beloved, and yet never successful ! The Princess resisted his earnest Intreaties to bring her to a Rendezvous, and sent her Governess (whom with Tears, Prayers, and Presents, she had gain'd) to tell him he must no more remember *Annagilda*, but as Wife to the Prince of *Rhetia*.

Rosaline was the Lady Governess's Name, she had the Honour of bringing up the Princess, preferable to those of greater Quality.

lity and Merit ; but a Mistress of the Prince her Sovereign, had procured her that Employment, an Employment which ought to have come from any Recommendation rather than that of a Mistress. She was none of the Rigid ; her Behaviour had enough of Complaisance, to make the young Beauty rather love than fear her. Lady Governess's Inclinations to Gallantry and Assemblies, caus'd that little Court to abound in Musick, Balls, gay Conversation of the Modish, most *Spirituel* ; and in short, with whatever could divert the Mind, or accomplish the Person. *Rosaline* penetrated not so far, as to trouble her self with moral Instructions, and musty Maxims ; Requisites of a College, rather than a Court. Count *Alarick* shined in all these Amusements, and being an excellent Dancer, had the Honour often to engage the Princess, whence he gain'd those Opportunities of an entire Victory over her young and tender Inclinations.

Madam, the Governess, had often beheld him with an Eye of Approbation, but being then engaged in an Amour, that she was forc'd to leave behind her when she departed for the *Rhetian* Court, found her self under no such Necessity, as afterwards, of making Advances to the Count. She was as gay and girlish as any Lady of Fifty could be, with a Resolution in spite of Time, never to grow Old, nothing of that standing could be more amorous than was her Ladyship : She had also the Remains of a lovely

lovely Youth, but yet we all know how feeble those Remains are: Without too faithful a Memory of a Season so long since past, she thought her self as handsome as at fifteen, and if she had not the Charms of one of that Age, in Recompence, she had, at least, double the Vanity.

When she was to tell the Count, all that she ought to have done, from a young Lady solicitous of her Glory, she exchanged her Precepts for Compassion, and instead of telling him the Princess was resolved to be cruel, seem'd to wonder how she could be so to a Person of the Count's Make. He immediately clos'd in with the favourable Sentiments that *Rosaline* had for him, and besides the Complements, which those she bestowed extorted from him, he told her, That 'twas his Misfortune, in knowing a Lady of her Charms, not to have a Heart to devote to her; but if she would but sometimes honour him with the Delights of her Conversation, he would do all that was in him, to render himself worthy, and insensible to any other.

Thus circumstanced, they entered the *Rhetian* Court; the Count in Disguise and without the Princess's Knowledge, who notwithstanding the little Care the Lady Governess had taken to fix her Vertue, had from her own good Inclinations, a Fund sufficient to accomplish her. She forbid *Rosaline*, ever to deliver her any Message from the Count, nor wou'd so much as hear how

he had taken those Orders she had sent him never to approach her more. Whatever were her inward Avocations, she seem'd all resign'd, pleas'd and happy, with the Prince her Lord.

Rodegund had retired, but not into the Country, because that would be too far for the Intelligence which she wanted ; so diligent and profuse was she, that not a Person of any Consideration, that came with the Princess out of *Dacia*, or that attended about the Person of the Lady Governess, but what she had brib'd and bought. So that she quickly became acquainted with Count *Alarick's* Pretensions, knew that he was come *Incognito*, and in Disguise, to the *Rhetian* Court, and that he was often at *Rosoline's* Lodgings, contiguous to those of the Princess's.

Frequent Conversations with the Count, together with his dextrous Conduct, so inflamed the combustible Fury, that she burnt incessantly for him. He that had the fair Idea of the most lovely Princess breathing, fixed upon his Mind and Heart, could be but little sensible of the unnatural Ardors of a Beldam, who became more and more nauseous to him, the more he became charming to her : However, he did not make appear his Disgust, but wrought her up, by his Inchantments, to such a Degree of Infatuation, that there was nothing she would not have promis'd to possess him ; nay, even to have paid her own Life as the Price ; there-

therefore she did not scruple to engage her self by repeated Oaths, to give him one Opportunity of discoursing, for the last time, with the Princess alone, so to upbraid her with her Perjury, and shew her his Indignation for abandoning him ; after which, he said, he would never think of *Annagilda* more, but entirely devote himself to the Pleasures of her Arms.

Madam, the Governess, knew it would be a Work of greater length than her Impiency could brook, to win the Princess to this Interview, and therefore resolved to surprize and betray her into it. This she proposed to the Count, who would have agreed to any Conditions, to have been once more blest with the Possibility of speaking to *Annagilda*, whom he did not doubt, considering the Incantation of his Person, but to influence so far, as that she might prove willing to make him hereafter happy in a continu'd Conversation ; but since this View of his was directly opposite to what he had insinuated to Madam the Governess, he kept his Thoughts to himself, and suffered her to run what Lengths of Impertinence she pleased upon their future Happiness and present Affairs, which being long debated, ended in a Resolution, that the next Night when the Prince should be with his Cabinet-Counsel, which generally engaged him 'till late, *Rosaline* upon Pretence of Illness, should give the Princess a lonely Invitation to her Lodgings, where she would receive her

her in the Bed-Chamber; the Count should be concealed behind the Curtains, from whence, when he was come, the Governess should depart the Room, and secure the Door, that none might surprize or interrupt them.

The Scene was laid thus for *Annagilda's* Ruin; *Annagilda!* who was born vertuous, and with the very worst Education, had been able to stem the Tide of powerful Inclination when once her Duty obliged her to turn the Current. *Annagilda!* who, whatever she endured, never complain'd, nor would indulge her self in the smallest Particular, when it was contrary to that Glory which she was fond of, and that Strictness of Behaviour, which she resolv'd with her self ought to be inseparable from Women that were marryed, and had Honour. *Annagilda!* who was chaste by Nature, and not for want of Temptation. *Annagilda!* who had lov'd to such a degree, as to be willing to abandon Grandour and Ambition; and yet could resist, nay, reject that Love, when it could be no longer innocently preserved; yet, behold and pity her with never ceasing Compassion; behold her falling a Victim to Revenge and Malice!

Rodegund's accursed Gold, had made her Spies diligent: Madam the Governess's chief Woman, was upon the Watch for all Advantages, and heard the detestable Contrivance between her Lady and the Count; she

she immediately posted away with it to the revengeful Mistress who rewarded her above her Hopes, and further told her, if she would be just, and certain in her Intelligence to her, the Moment the Princess was entered the Lady Governess's Chamber, she would give her enough to make her an envy'd Fortune; and lest she should lose time by coming so far as her House, she appointed a Chamber in the Palace, which *Rodegund* had the Command of, where this Emissary should attend her with the News; and because she would free her from all Despondence, told her, she should be that moment received into her Family and Protection, or rewarded with Gold enough to give her the Choice of any Place through the whole World to reside in with Splendor.

This was doing Things to the Purpose. *Rodegund* was diligent and cruel, and her Spy too punctual; no sooner had she brought the fatal Certainty, that the Princess and the Count were alone together (for she had been so lucky to her self, to see her detestable Mistress turn the Key of the Bed-Chamber upon them) but the merciless *Rodegund* flew to the Room adjoining to the Cabinet where was the Prince: One of the Council, who had been made by her, (and was still grateful, a Vertue rarely found in Courts, when Persons have no longer the Power of obliging) attended by Appointment, and no sooner heard that all was fixed,

ed, but he scratched at the Door of the Cabinet, where as yet were but two of the Counsellors; one came to open it to him, whom he whispered to depart, for there would be no Council held that Night, and that what he said was by the Prince's Orders; in like manner he got rid of the other, and then luckily introduced *Rodegund* veil'd, himself waiting without, to prevent any one's Approach.

She had taken care to dress her fair Hair and Complexion in all the Heightnings of graceful Mourning; so that raising her Cypress Veil, the Prince was struck with the Lustre of her Eyes, and the Gloss of her Skin: Having not seen, or scarce thought of her in so long a time, she appeared almost as a new Face to him. She saw with Pleasure the delightful Blush that flushed into his Cheeks; but not to lose a Moment, more than needed, of that Time which was so precious, I hope, said she, your Highness will forgive me, for breaking your last, but cruel Commands; nothing but the Concern of your own Honour, could have introduced me. The Princess *Annagilda* is unfaithful, she is now in the most criminal Circumstances with Count *Alarick*, with whom she had an Intrigue, as all the *Dacians* know, before her Marriage; if you dare be convinced, do not stay to hesitate, but follow me without Noise to the Scene of their guilty Joys, where you shall find for whom

whom you abandoned my sincere and faithful Affections.

The Prince struck as with Thunder, said no more to her, but bid her lead on, and be sure that she made good her infamous Charge, or else her Head should certainly pay the Forfeit. That Lord of the Council, who was *Rodegund's* Friend, join'd them with the Captain and Lieutenant of the Guard. They came silently and swiftly, even to the Door of that unhappy Bed-chamber, where the accurs'd *Rosaline* was in waiting with the Key in her Hand, which the Prince commanded from her; the Door was immediately opened, he enter'd the Room with his Sword drawn, preceeded by the two Officers, and found the lovely *Annagilda* (who had apparently been weeping) alone with a Stranger, who, notwithstanding his Disguise, appeared to be a Person of no ordinary Quality.

A Deity from above scarce had been able to have clear'd the Princess's Vertue from those guilty Appearances; nothing less durst have the Presumption to endeavour it; to compleat her Ruin, she immediately, without the Power of making her own Defence, drop'd down into a Swoon. The Prince bid her Woman be called, and caused his Rival to be taken away; having commanded him to the Dungeon of the Castle, and a Guard to be set upon *Annagilda*, and the Lady-Governess, he gave his Hand to the wicked triumphant *Rodegund*, and led her to

his own Apartment, he immediately ordered his Chariot to be brought, and, late as it was, took her with him to a House of Pleasure he had three Leagues out of Town, leaving Orders that he should not be followed by any one, because he would be alone to pause upon his Misfortunes.

I hold it impossible to express the Royal *Annagilda's* Sentiments and Sorrow. Upon the Recovery of her Knowledge, she asked to speak with her Lord? she conjured those that were her Guard, to let her speak with her Husband, who had been falsely prejudiced against her. *Rosaline*, too late and too insignificantly accus'd her self as the Cause of these Misfortunes that had happened; none, or very few believed them to be innocent, unless it were the illustrious Princess Dowager, who knew Fortune and Accidents too well to judge by Appearances. Her unhappy Daughter-in-Law, sent to desire she would have the Goodness to afford her some Moments of Audience. She came, where the graceful *Annagilda* expressed her Gratitude and Acknowledgments for the Favour; then falling upon her Knees, wept the Fate of her departed Glory, and gave such a pathetick and impartial Relation of her Adventures and Misfortunes, as entirely engaged the Dowager in her Interest.

I think this Princess so worthy of both your Lordship's Admiration, that it were not to be forgiven, did I not stop a little
to

to receive the Honour of introducing her into your Acquaintance. Time may be truly said to stand still in relation to this Lady; we learn by her prodigious Knowledge of all Things, that so much Experience cannot be obtained without a long Application, or else in looking on her, you would believe she were still otherwise able to engage Hearts; nor does the Recital of her Power seem distasteful to her; for who can be truly displeased with pleasing? She is a perfect Mistress of several Languages, not only what they say, but what they mean: Her Wit is too unbounded to be confined only to the Pale of the Sex; she takes in with her prodigious Views, Nature, Philosophy, and History, which are her Intimates: Nothing can be more debonair than her Temper: She is the Life, the Soul of living; all Things seem gay, easy, and graceful near her, and she is perhaps the only Woman in the World, whose Company so infinitely pleases, that if she were younger, she could not do it more; nor has one any Desires near her, but always to see her, and still to see her such as she is.

No Lady has ever been more a Friend to Gallantry, she always inspires the nicest; whence it is, that her little Court may vie with the greatest for Politeness. She had all the Humanity and tender Compassion that was possible for the unhappy *Annagilda's* Misfortune, and never left soliciting the Prince her Son to her Advantage; whether he
were

were convinced of her Innocence, is uncertain; but as small a Heroe as he was, he had learned to speak from the Greatest, and to cry out with *Cæsar*, *That his Wife should not be so much as suspected.* Therefore concerting the Matter, as well as they could with the Prince of *Dacia*, she was privately conducted to a Castle of the Prince her Fathers, without the Permission of seeing her Husband. She remains a Sort of Royal Prisoner at large, amusing her self with what innocent Diversions she can find in the Field, and among her Domesticks; where I am afraid she will have leisure enough to regret that ever she heard the Name of Count *Alarick*

I had the Honour of often pleasing the Prince, and acquitting my self in several Services wherein he had employed me: One Evening he caused me to be introduced into his Closet, where he gave me a Warrant to receive at the Dead of the Night the Person of Count *Alarick* from the Goaler, together with a Commission which he commanded me not to open 'till I came to the first Town within the Territories of the barbarous *Huns*. A Party of Horse with all necessary Conveniences met me at the Prison-Gate; one of the Ports was kept open for us. We began our Journey, dark as it was, and travelled with Precipitation, 'till we were out of the *Rhetian* Territories: From whence we have never allowed our selves any more Refreshment than what was of absolute

solute Relief to Nature, 'till this happy Morning, which has thrown me into a Conversation so agreeable, that I may measure the World, before I can hope to find any Thing equal to it.

Thus ended Count *St. Gironne's* Memoirs. *Horatio* and his Excellency did not fail to return him their Acknowledgments, with Expressions how much they were pleas'd; at the same time tenderly regretting the Fate of the lovely Princess *Annagilda*, detesting *Rodegund's* Cunning and dextrous Malice. They amus'd themselves for some time, at guessing what could be the Result of the Count's Commission, and at the Destiny of Count *Alarick*. They did not suppose the Prince designed he should be murdered, because he could have effected that, without giving himself the Pain, and others the Fatigue of sending him to a Country so barbarous and remote. They concluded, that he was to be disposed of into some Prison, there to languish out a miserable Life never to be heard of more. Count *Gironne* told them, if it were his good Fortune to find them upon his Return, he should be able to give a more perfect Account, and that he would be as diligent as possible, since he could not hope to find any thing diverting, or even to encounter but with terrible Objects, 'till he was so fortunate to see them again.

Monsieur *L' Envoye* would not part with him 'till after Dinner; the Snow that incessantly

cessantly fell, and had done since Day-break, seem'd to favour the Inclinations of those who wish'd not to be soon divided. The Count sent a Complement to *Alarick*, and begg'd to be excused, since he must that Day deny himself the Honour of waiting upon him at Dinner, to eat with him, as had been his Custom since they began their Journey.

Horatio begg'd the Count's Excuse for his impertinent Intrusion, but he told him he cou'd not forbear to ask how the Criminal behav'd himself in ill Fortune, and the Apprehensions he seem'd to have of what was like to befall him? I wou'd know, continu'd he, with Monsieur *Le Count*'s Permission, whether his Soul be unshaken; going upon a wrong Principle I do not expect much Fortitude from him; I can never take that Man, either to have Sense, or to be brave, that is not honest? For who but a Villain can be guilty of Assassinations? unless it were to revenge some Act of foul Dishonour, where the Criminal were not worthy to find fair Play for his Life; besides his Perseverance and Persecution of the poor Princess of *Rhetia*, was something so immoral, that however it may pass in the School of Gallantry, I am sure it will be condemn'd in that of Honesty and Reason.

Doubtless your Lordship is in the right, reply'd Count *St. Gironne*; but as to the Prisoner, he does not seem to be apprehensive of a rigid Destiny, because, he say, he

was

was not guilty. I suppose he thinks this extraordinary Expedition is only to set him at Liberty; when we come to our Journey's End, he expects it, and I who am by no means fond of melancholy Complaints, do all I can to divert and keep him in those Thoughts; he expresses a World of Regret for the Princess's Disgrace, and has often assur'd me that nothing could be more undeserv'd. She was irreconcilable at their last Interview, and even wept with Anger and Rage, to find he still persisted in a Passion, which in Regard of her Marriage, was become highly criminal; nor could all that he said, win her, to suffer him to be near her any longer, but vigorously pressing his immediate Departure, he was just resolv'd upon it in that fatal Moment when the Prince enter'd upon him.

Dear obliging Count, answer'd the Envoy, did you but know the Pleasure of meeting those of our own Country, after so long an Absence from it, and who speak so well as does your self, you wou'd not wonder at my regretting every Moment of your Silence. I have ordered Dinner shou'd not be ready 'till late, that I may possess the more of you whilst 'tis preparing; forbear not to gratify this noble *Roman's* Curiosity and mine, as to what, in the East, you found worthy yours. It was in the late Emperor *Leo* the IV's time that I was at *Constantinople*, the Empress *Irene* was in Disgrace, had been expell'd the Court, and carried her Son with her

her into Exile, and of so little Consequence then, that she was scarcely spoken of. Pray let me into something of her Character and History, those of her Favourites, and particularly that of *Stauratius*.

Horatio is so much more capable, modestly reply'd the Count, that if his Lordship will but give himself the Trouble, your Satisfaction must be real; whatever comes from him, may be depended upon; whereas I only heard Things in common with other Strangers, and consequently must report at random.

I promise my self a new Sort of Satisfaction, reply'd *Horatio*, in your Discourse, because I shall be able to judge how much of it is Truth; 'tis pleasing enough to hear what Sort of a Figure we make in the Mouth of a Stranger. But to engage your Lordship more easily to oblige us, depend upon it, if your Information, as to Matter of Fact, be not just, I will do my self the Honour to set you right in your Relation.

The Count very well perceiv'd that *Horatio*'s Discretion wou'd not suffer him to say Things of the *Constantinopolitan* Court, which might reflect upon the Weakness of the Emperor, since in speaking of him, one could not forget his Indolence, and those other Weaknesses that had sufferd *Irene* and *Stauratius*, with five or six of their Creatures, to manage Affairs to the Exclusion of all

all those who were either capable of the Cabinet, Army, or who lov'd the ancient Glory of the Empire.

Therefore to oblige both, he began with telling them thus. *Irene* is a *Greek*, (the now fashionable Appellation for the Empire instead of *Roman*, a Word we very seldom hear mentioned in the imperial City) born at *Athens*; her Mother brought her young to *Constantinople*, and by her Intrigue and Management, became very well known to the whole Court, where when she had once fix'd her Daughter, she thought she had no more to manage, but gave up her self to indulge her own vicious Appetites. 'Twould have something the Air of a Priest, if I shou'd descant upon the Judgement that I have heard beset her; she was a very careless Speaker, not to say false, and at every Word us'd to reiterate and wish, she might rot, and perish alive, when the Matter in question was never so untrue; which accordingly happen'd: Before she dy'd, one half of her Body was so entirely mortify'd, that as she lay upon her Sick-Bed, the Flesh was cut away to the very Bones. She expir'd in an unlamented, stinking, loathsome Condition; a Warning to others how they make use of rash Oaths, Curses and Imprecations, as did this most abominable Woman. Lewd for the sake of Vice, her Inclinations led her to that Sin which Poverty does others, a Sin much more detestable than Prostitution. Sure none but her self, ever
made

made Procuring their Choice; her Taste that way grew so scandalously peculiar, that she was not contented to bring happy Lovers together, but she would be an Eye-Witness of their Happiness. As in particular, a certain Lady in the Empire, whose Lord was of consular Dignity, vertuous 'till first seduced by this vicious Matron's Sollicitations, and her own private Inclinations for Gold, to wrong her Husband's Bed with a Person of the first Distinction, who had been created of the *Nobilissimo's*, and was then very agreeable. *Irene's* Mother caused a Door to be made from her House into that of the Lady whom she affected to be very fond of; this Door open'd privately into a lower Room which she kept the Key of her self, where she caused a Bed to be set up: Here the Lovers met, but if the Patrician chanc'd to be too hasty, and got to Bed before she could make a third, she would cry out to his Lordship to stop—and upon his Life to stay 'till she came——generously rising as often as they wanted any Thing, and was very officious in providing at her own Cost, Cordials, Wine, Sweetmeats, or any other Refreshments; but still, upon Honour, he was not to embrace his Mistress out of her Sight. This Story I mention to you as a very peculiar one, which has something of a more vicious Taste in it than I have ever met with. I fancy this reverend Gentlewoman would have been very eminent in the Court of *Tiberius*, and served

served to have furnish'd out his Island with new invented Abominations, and Lusts more unnatural than his own.

She saw her Daughter was fair, and very well lik'd at Court: When first she came there, she gave her in Charge, to make all Things subservient to Interest, discreetly telling her, that Vertue was no more than a Name, and Chastity less, since it was much to be doubted whether there ever was such a Thing. That which went under the Appellation, was little other than Defect of Nature, Coldness of Constitution, Phlegm, and Affectation: She foresaw *Irene's* towering Genius, and upheld it, bidding her be sure, whilst her Charms were in their Bloom, to make her self Friends, the Effects of whose Services might remain to her when her Beauty was gone; that as to Fidelity to a Husband, why, 'twas a very good Thing to those whose Souls were by Nature fitted for Slavery, and who cou'd be contented to know no other Pleasures in living, than what the scanty Scraps thrown out by a tyrannical penurious Master wou'd afford; but that scarce any Lady, who had her Fortune to make, ever did it by Regularity; true it is, that many have been advantageously married, but few were long happy, or ever absolutely, unless they pass'd over Forms. That she foresaw something more great would mingle with her Character than that of being a good Wife; despicable Commendation! and to be regarded only by those

those who could not rise to a higher, or make themselves considerable another way. That Fortune, she hop'd, wou'd be more propitious to her, unless her own base, inborn Love of Money, should traverse it, which was a Vice she by no means approv'd of, since it never cou'd be of any Advantage to those who had it, and indeed was never good but to the Survivor, who happen'd to enjoy the Effects of what the Deceas'd had ignominiously scrap'd together.

The Emperor *Constantine Copronymus*, thinking *Irene's* Beauty and Wit deserv'd the imperial Purple, marry'd her to his Son *Leo Augustus*. Her reproachful Mother happen'd to die, which left her alone to manage by her own Conduct. Her Dominion over her Lord became such, as well answer'd to her own haughty Temper, and those Precepts that had been infused into her, dividing her first Years between governing her Husband, and being govern'd by her Favourites, of which she had several; but he who is now *Questor*, has retain'd his first Prerogative; a Person of as much Management as Cowardice, yet he can act every Thing, but dares own nothing, even that which it is a Fault for him to be ignorant of. *Amilius* knows excellently how to advantage himself by the Ingenuity and Invention of others, but in such a Manner, that the Honour may abide to him; generally we find the greatest Projectors are Persons of abject Fortunes; Necessity sharpens their Wit,

Wit, and puts them upon redressing the Injuries of Fortune. *Amilius* got a Reputation by hearing what could be said by others; so that when any had a Project in his Head, away he went to this States-man, who was sure to reward him if good for little; but on the contrary, if he heard any Thing that he himself desir'd the Reputation of, he would tell the unhappy Projector (after dextrously finding what were his Inventions) that 'twas strange People, not conversible with one another, should happen to think the same Thing; that he had made the like Discovery, and was already executing it: But because Ingenuity ought to be encourag'd, if any Thing else occur'd, he should be sure to let him know, and he would take care to see him rewarded.

Amilius once found a Projector as vain as he was inventive; he would not resign his Glory tho' for Gold, which he needed more than Fame: He had hit on an Expedient to enlarge the Funds of the royal Treasury, and he might have been very well paid for his Silence, if he could have kept it, and left the Honour to *Amilius*, who was that Year Consul; but seeing his offensive Vanity prevail'd, the Patron took the Invention to himself, and threw off the Projector, who became so mortify'd by his ill Usage at Court, and so reduc'd by Poverty, that he perish'd miserably in a Prison, his very Bed was taken from under him, without the Relief of a single *Denary*, either
from

from *Emilius*, or *Sergius*, another Sur-Intendant of the royal Revenue, tho' the Advantage of his Projects remain'd to them, as well as the Reputation.

In the Reign of *Leo IV*, the King of the *Bulgari* made a troublesome, uncertain War upon the Empire, which sometimes had the better, oftentimes the worst. The *Barbarian* Monarch found Means, by the Prevalency of his Gold, to have many Pensioners, even in the Senate and Court of *Constantinople*. *Irene* her self, tho' styl'd Mistress of the World, and in Possession of all Things, was made his Spy upon her Husband's Designs by Virtue of that corrupting Metal. *Leo* had Intelligence with one of the King of *Bulgaria's* Captains, who commanded a strong Frontier Cittadel, that had formerly belonged to the Emperor: *Irene*, by her Wiles, made her self Mistress of this Secret, which she sold to a *Barbarian* King for twenty Talents of Gold, and a Set of Jewels for her Person. Infamous Treachery! to betray the Secrets of the Nuptial Bed when she was in no Necessity: Her unbounded Avarice could have no Equivalents, but her own Pride and haughty ill Nature; yet she gloss'd them over with an Air of Pleasure and Gallantry, which whilst she was yet young, agreed admirably with her Face and Manner.

The Emperor was well-assur'd that Treachery had been employ'd, he knew his Designs were discover'd, in hearing the Dis-
grace

grace and Death of the Governour, who had engag'd to deliver him the Cittadel, without any Crime objected against him; this was a Blow that was felt before it was seen. He well knew he had trusted but one with it, besides his Wife, whom he unwillingly suspected, and therefore tax'd her the last. Truth has something so noble and conspicuous, that it seldom fails of manifesting it self, especially when urged to speak in its own Defence: The Minister acquitted himself, and the Empress was expelled the Court; but working upon her Son *Constantine Augustus's* Youth and native Temper, which inclin'd him rather to be led by others, than to go of himself, she inveigled him so far as to make him withdraw from Court, and accompany her in her Disgrace.

Leo the Emperor us'd every Argument but Force, to persuade his Son to return to Court, and abandon his Mother. *Irene's* disorderly Life was now the publick Theme, her Gallantry became the more notorious, because she could not resolve with her self to part with any Money, so necessary in secret Services; they who are brib'd never so high, sometimes will talk, but those who are never brib'd, will always do it. The Empress believed her self above the Tattle of the World, and therefore apply'd her self only to make an absolute Conquest of *Constantine*, which was not very difficult. The Emperor seeming to forget he was to succeed

succeed him, abandon'd the Youth to a total Neglect as unworthy, in some sort despising him, when once he found he could not divide him from *Irene*; the Ministers and Courtiers were too much so, not to follow their Monarch's Example, so that the Empress and her Son seem'd to be forsaken by all but themselves.

Here the Empress laid the sure Foundation of her future Greatness: Here she applyed her self, not to instruct, but to pervert the young Prince: He was, what may be term'd good-natur'd, but no Conjuror. His Inclinations unactive, soft and supine: How far a liberal Education might have better'd them, we must not pretend to judge; because under *Irene's* Care, he happened upon the very worst: She got an insensible Ascendant over him, never speaking to his Reason, but his Pleasures, never giving him to consider he was one Day to reign for the Benefit of Mankind, but to indulge himself: 'Tis well he was not cruel, voluptuous, or actually evil, since the Empire has suffer'd so much by his not being actually good; the Encouragement all his Desires met with by this artful Mother, wou'd have then made him another *Nero*, and caus'd *Constantinople* to blaze with Fires, obscene as those by which *Rome* was once destroy'd.

Here, the then submissive *Stauracius*, was introduced to his Favour, being the only Man of the Emperor *Leo's* Court, who paid his Duty to *Constantine*, and could bring him

him Intelligence of what was done there. He insensibly indear'd himself, and became necessary to their Conversation: Fraught with Instructions from *Irene*, his only Business was to establish *Constantine's* good Opinion of his Mother, and to confirm him in his Resolutions not to abandon the Empress, who every Day suffered so much for the Love of him. *Stauracius* continually advised him against submitting himself to the Emperor, by which means he might have regain'd his Favour, telling him, That the People, who never are acquainted with the Spring of Actions, examine only the Actions themselves, and from thence form their own Sentiments, whether of Resentment or Approbation; that they being by Nature more pitiful than otherwise, were always to be found on the Part of the Distress'd, and consequently compassionated *Constantine's* Sufferings, his melancholy Exile, his being excluded from any Part of Government, or the Imperial Ornaments and Attendance that was due to his Person, as he was *Cæsar*, and the undoubted Heir of the Empire: That nothing could make him more popular than did his Disgrace, or cause the Emperor so much to be hated. That whenever he should happen to die (as his accumulated Distempers gave them Assurance it would not be long first) what an Advantage would it be to step into the Throne, with the unanimous Prayers, good Wishes, Rejoicing and Acclamations of all his Subjects,

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who

who so eagerly desired he might find the End of his Sufferings, and the Reward his Vertue and religious Life deserved? For the Empress had taught him an outward Habit of Devotion, by which he never fail'd of being present at all the Duties of the Church, and showed an exact Conformity, interpreted Love, to the Orthodox, which had long made him the incessant Wish and Desire of that Party.

Nor were there any Servants about his Person, even in the most menial Offices, but what had been placed there by *Irene*, though 'tis true they had bought their Places, for she was never one of those that did something for nothing; yet Money that way is well laid out let the Extortion be never so high, so that they all aim'd at preserving them when bought, which was only to be done by a dutiful Application to her, from whence their Interest was deriv'd; they look'd no further than the Power of her who placed them there, contented to worship *Irene* as their Sun, without troubling themselves with Recourse to the Omnipotence that formed her.

Unactive in his Constitution, indolent by Nature, easy of Temper, soft in his Humour, and generally obliging, he lived with *Mary the Armenian* his Wife, in an accord that had given him the Reputation of being an uxurious tender Husband. There was also an amorous Ingredient in *Constantine's* Sweetness of Blood, which made him find
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in the Nuptial Joy a peculiar Relish, and as he sought no Variety, his Caresses to his Wife, and the Number of Children she bore him, who all died almost as soon as born, destroyed her Health, and made her yet a living weakly Monument of Affection to the conjugal State.

Lest this might disgust her Son, *Irene*, who work'd upon his Appetite, and trembled for fear he should make a Choice that did not immediately depend upon her self, continually extolled to him the Charms *Stauracius's* Wife was Mistress of; had she not been tall, well-made, graceful, handsome, and engaging, it had proved much the same Thing to easie *Constantine*, who loved not to go far in search of Agreeables; his Temper was such, that whatever did not give him Pain gave him Pleasure; whereas (contrary to the general Taste) nothing could give him Pleasure that gave him Pain.

Irene could depend upon her Favourite *Stauracius*, who was then of *Constantine Caesar's* Bed-chamber, and *Stauracius* upon his Wife: Wou'd any dare to mingle their Censure in a Commerce where a Husband ever made a Third? When *Mary* us'd to rise from *Augustus's* Bed, to go into her dressing Room, Affairs of State (into which she never intruded) were to succeed the Marriage Endearments; and because *Constantine's* Delicacy of Constitution, would not always suffer him to be early, and the Exigency of State sometimes called upon him to debate

Matters before he was up, his chief Counsellor, *Stauracius's* Wife, was usually introduced by her Husband to his Bed-side, who, leaving them together, withdrew at a convenient waiting Distance, to take care none should intrude to disturb their important Communication.

Tender *Irene*, who watched over the Health of her Son, was ever at hand to strengthen it with Imperial Cordials, Water of Life, and other Requisites to support weak Constitutions. This upheld their Spirits for the Fatigue of State-Conferences; after which, a luxurious Breakfast was introduced to the Bed-side of the young *Cæsar*, *Mary* his Wife (an exact Tally of his Indolence) was generally employed in Affairs much of the same Importance, with her own People of her own side.

After the Incumbrance of Dress, a Thing the easie *Constantine* always slip'd over, with as much Precipitation, as Fashion and Decorum would permit, Cards and Dice were call'd for; where, though he had nothing to pay, he must still lose, as knowing his Credit was good, and he might take up what Sums he pleas'd upon Trust of the coming Empire.

By this time, a profuse Dinner, cram'd with Rarities, and the Produce of every early Season, was serv'd up; the Prince had inherited a good Appetite from his Mother, and 'twas not the most unsuccessful way of making one's Court to him: These Repasts,

past, together with the generous Wines that attended, and succeeded, us'd to be prolonged to such a convenient Length, as the better fitted *Cæsar* to sign, tho' not to read, the Dispatches that *Irene* and her Favourites continually brought him.

Thus insensibly she gained, and has by Custom preserved the Art of even preventing his Desires towards looking into any Papers that were thought of never so great Consequence; she taught her Son this admirable Lesson of Government, What, should a Monarch load himself with dirty Business? Should he fatigue his Pleasures, embarrass his Amusements, confound and bury himself in Speculations so far below him, as was the Good of the Empire; his Creature! his Slave! Let those born with drudging Souls, Wretches! fed and cloath'd, for such abject Uses, charge themselves with Business, and answer for the Consequence; They, whose Duty it was to relieve royal Care, and fit every Thing for the Dash of the Imperial Pen: *Cæsar* was form'd for nobler Uses! The Enjoyment of Empire! of Pleasure, without the Pain! For the Delights of Dignity, without the Weight and Toil! to which if he should apply himself, with never so great, though unnecessary an Industry, there would be still found those that could out-do him; Creatures fitted by Birth and Clay, to so coarse a Mould, with well-formed Allay, unknowing the noble Composition of which the *Cæsars* were made;

made; the *Cæsars*! who were never required to do Things so far below them, and which, if performed, seem'd as if done directly in opposition to the Will of their wise Creator, who, as he had made them greatest, designed them to be the happiest! which they could never be, if not abstracted from the unweildy, unnecessary Cares, or rather Burthen of the Empire.

Nor was it the least of *Irene's* Study, to keep *Cæsar* from bettering his Inclinations, or awakning his Mind by the Conversation of Persons of Prudence, Fortitude, Capacity, and Probity, who might lead him to an Enlargement of his Understanding; she signify'd the Delicacy of his Constitution, that could not submit to Speculations, and the Sophistry of the Schools, and openly ridicul'd all those Wits who rose higher than *Plautus's* obscene Comedies, as pedantick and beneath the Knowledge and Soul of one born to universal Empire; hence in compliance with Court-Taste, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* began to be generally exploded, and only Farce and Buffoon'ry introduced with the Approbation of the unthinking Many.

Religion! or the Pretence of it (which has ever employ'd and embroil'd the Empire, since it became Christian, with perpetual Division of Opinions, and the never dying War of Pen and Tongue) was the only Point wherein *Irene* was contented to have her Son preserve Appearances; but be-

because their Manner of living was little acquainted with Vigils and Fasting-Days; the Empress took care always to have an early private Dinner, secretly provided for him in her Cabinet, from whence he issued out with as mortify'd an Air as he could assume; which very well satisfy'd and pleased the People, who look no further than they can see, and beheld, that according to the Text, he *appeared unto Men to fast.*

Whilst she was thus preparing him for the Imperial Purple, loading his Appetite with unnecessary Pleasures, and unloading his Mind of any Acquirements necessary to Government, the Emperor *Leo* fell ill of a burning Fever; immediately the Eyes of the whole Empire were turned towards the rising *Cæsar*; they began, but of the latest, to make their Court to him, who now neither saw nor heard any thing but through *Irene* and *Stauracius*, the two Confidents of his Thoughts, and Witnessees of all his secret Actions.

Leo the Fourth departed this Life, and *Constantine* the Fifth was proclaimed with so universal an Approbation, that whatever were the Reports of his Excesses before, they all vanished upon his assuming the Imperial Purple.

The Patriarch of *Constantinople*, and the rest of the orthodox Clergy, who were not inclin'd to Idol-Worship, according to the Custom of that Party, bore their triumphant

phant Joy in their Faces, letting their Satisfaction boil over in tumultuous Congratulations of each other, and insulting the abject fallen Interest of the Hereticks, amusing themselves with boasting of their own Success, and as if all were well-assured, and mortal Affairs not subject to Vicissitudes, they triumph'd before the Conquest was certain, and without seeking wisely to secure it, gave their Enemies (who were Masters of Cunning, and a lurking Foresight) an Opportunity to turn the Tables upon them, and get the better of a Game, which had been more than once already lost, and gain'd.

Irene's haughty Mind, that never knew how to stoop to any Thing, unless the getting of Money, which yet however she found Ways to have brought to her, felt little Mortification in complying with every Thing that she believ'd was her Son's Inclination, because his Temper was so sweet, that it suffer'd it self to be managed without Contradiction or Disgust; hence what was call'd *Irene's* Cunning, might more properly have been termed *Constantine's* Easiness; tho' she did not want ready Wit enough to say, and do many Things off hand, agreeable to her Purpose. That Night wherein her Husband *Leo* the Emperor was departing, rather than to go and weep with him, she sat up to condole with her Son, expecting every Moment the News of her Lord's Death: When Morning was well advanced, a Person

son of consular Dignity, who had seen him breathe his Last, posted away, as for his Life, to be the first to salute the new *Cæsar*: *Irene* kept the Door carefully, that none might carry the News sooner than her self; when this Person scratch'd, she let him in, stopping him to enquire of the Emperor, he gently put her by, and pass'd on to find *Constantine*. The Empress reading his Business in his Face, enter'd as soon as he, and whilst he was making his Introduction and formal Bow, she took up a sparkling Bowl of Wine ready fill'd, Part of that generous God with which they had been endeavouring to lessen the Fatigues of the Night, and the Excess of their Sorrow, and kneeling upon one Knee, cry'd out with Joy and Assurance, *Long live the Emperor Constantine the Fifth, Life to mighty Cæsar!* which quickly brought the Courtier out of his Forms, to turn and ask her imperial Majesty, with Amazement, How she came so soon to hear of *Leo's* Departure, since he thought himself had been the first, to bring the Emperor the News?

Constantine's Access to the Crown was so universally acceptable, that *Irene* had nothing to manage, unless it were still to keep him in the same State of Tranquillity, and to prevent him from enlarging his Understanding; Things play'd themselves, and they had little more to do than to receive the Congratulations of their People, and indulge in all the Sweets of Power and the Luxurious-

ness of Empire: Her first Step was to get *Stauracius* declared Commander of the *Thracian* Legions, and Father of the Empire, and as it is believ'd, privately to marry him, his Wife dying opportunely, as if out of Complaisance. None disputes their Familiarity, and therefore those who are most consciencious, give it the Sanction of the Church.

Pray, Monsieur *le Count*, interrupted the Envoy, let me a little into the Character of the Person you call *Stauracius*, I already know he pleases the Empress: But is he so happy as to please you, or even to deserve her Approbation?

Stauracius, answer'd the Count, is the Son of (what they call) a *Roman Knight*, a Dignity your Excellency can't be ignorant of: It is only a Name of Honour, for all who possess it are not rich: As for Example, *Stauracius's* Father, unable to make better Provision for him, put his Son into the *Pretorian Bands*, in one of the most inferior Posts, such as he could then arrive at; his Person was very handsome, whence a Lady, one whose Husband was what they call *Nobilissimus*, fell in Love with him. This Court-Messalina, had Interest enough to raise him to a *Centurion*, and thence got him recommended to *Constantine* the Fourth, who made him of his Household. She lavished away a prodigious Treasure upon him, sold her very Jewels to enrich him, but coming into the Empress *Irene's* Favour, he grew
weary

weary of that Lady, knowing he could not keep them both, because they were equally jealous and termagant; he sacrific'd Her that rais'd him, to endear himself to the Empress, and betray'd her Amours to her own Lord, who never would have any further Regard for her: So that she languish'd out the rest of her infamous and necessitous Life; necessitous, when we compare her to her self, and the glorious Circumstances from whence *Stauracius's* Ingratitude precipitated her: Soon after he betray'd a Prince who made him his Favourite, and had done prodigious Things for him; a Prince! who, with his own Hand, sav'd his Life; yet *Stauracius's* Greediness of Money, made him take a Sum, first to pervert, then to betray his Counsel, and afterwards, when his Subjects rose against him, upon Pretence of Remorse, he abandon'd him; so that the Prince was driven out, and perish'd miserably; lamented by his very Enemies! tho' not so happy as to have Pity shewn him by those who ought to have been his Friends.

Irene never could have found a Favourite, whose Love of Money, contempt Gratitude, Sincerity, Morality, and Religion equal'd her own, unless *Stauracius*; this endear'd them to each other, not that her old and true Friend *Amilius* was forgot by her, she caus'd her Son to create him *Questor*, first Minister, and Favourite, so far as to perform what she wou'd contemptibly call, the Drudgery of State; and she even made the Em-
peror

peror believe he was oblig'd to him for accepting that servile fatiguing Office; so that *Amilius* upon the Carpet, and *Stauracius* in the Camp, totally managed Affairs, much to the Regret of the Schismatics, who were sunk in all their Expectations, whilst they beheld the orthodox triumphant, in the Persons of the Emperor, Empress, Minister, and General.

Amilius had as much Artifice and Experience in Affairs, as was requisite to his Post; had he had but half the Honesty and Courage, he would have been deservedly eminent. Concern'd as he was in four or five Reigns, and changing in them all, he resolv'd he wou'd lose nothing that he cou'd keep, if turning could preserve him. Lamented Ingenuity! Can that Man be said to have Understanding and Capacity, who has not enough to be honest? All his boasted Wit, wanting of Principles, is but tinsel Merit, like the false glittering Ornaments of a common Prostitute, unworthy the Wear and Name of a Lady of Dignity or true Vertue.

In the third Year of the Emperor *Constantine's* Reign (his Spirit not yet rais'd from that Lethargy in which he lay intranc'd by the Artifice of the Empress *Irene*, his own Inclinations, and the new Pleasures of an imperial Crown) the *Sclavi* invading *Thessaly* and *Macedonia*, *Stauracius* was sent against them. The late Reigns had been more upon the Defensive than Offensive; they us'd to reckon

reckon themselves victorious if they were not beaten, so that it was intoxicating Matter of Triumph to the Empire, to hear *Stauracius* had not only vanquish'd the Enemy, but retook several Places of more *Eclat* than Importance. *Æmilius* and the Surintendants of the royal Treasury, by *Irene's* Influence, took Care that nothing should be wanting to supply the Army that was under his Command; the whole Funds of the Revenue lean'd that way, he lack'd nothing, either to pay, to bribe, to buy, in short, to make himself as absolute as he could desire; whereas those other numerous Forces, with the Navy that were dispers'd throughout the Provinces and Islands, for the Defence of the Empire, were destitute of Cloaths, Food, Ammunition, and in such vast Arrear, that they who defended, prov'd the most miserable Part of the Empire: Under this partial Dispensation of *Æmilius*, he yet met the good Luck to have all his other Neglects buried in his noisie Assiduities and unwearied Diligence of supplying *Stauracius*, now beginning to be consider'd as the good and glorious Genius of the Empire, who had Conduct and Success enough to reconcile them to their once so propitious Deity, Fortune, and capable of raising the eastern Throne to that ancient Splendor and Figure it had made under the first *Constantine*, or rather first *Augustus*.

Irene and her Partisans, were not wanting perpetually to found his Praise in the
Ears

Ears of *Cæsar* ; *Stauracius* was triumphant ! *Stauracius* had drove back the invading *Barbarians*, retook the Booty they had pillag'd from the Empire, and the Towns they were unjustly possess'd of ! *Stauracius* ! who had again reconciled Victory to the *Roman* Legions, and caus'd the imperial Eagles, so long dishearten'd, to rouse and flutter their Wings with new and almost forgotten Victory, therefore *Stauracius* must be rewarded ! Ouations ! and Triumphs ought not only to be decreed him ! but something shou'd be found out more substantial than airy Fame, to reward those real Benefits which the Empire possess'd by his Conduct and Courage.

This was the Tone of the Empress ; the fawning Courtiers eccho'd an Applause, which from thence dispers'd to the lighter Part of the People, fond of Bruit and the least Glare of Brightness. *Constantine's* Inclinations towards *Stauracius*, were more favourable, if possible, than *Irene's*, so that nothing oppos'd the Reward that was thought his due, but the Impotence of the imperial Power, which tho' it had decreed him Ouations and Thanksgiving, yet something more solid was still remaining to crown his Expectations ; a Statue was no longer the Fashion since the Empire was become Christian, and not yet a thorough Friend to Idol-Worship ! Nor would That add the least Tittle to his Possessions, whatever it did to his Glory. The Bounty of
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the former Emperors to Favourites, lavishing away the royal Domain in imperial Grants, had left the present *Cæsar* nothing to bestow, therefore a Demand must be made to the Senate, of a certain Portion of the new conquer'd Territories, to reward the Conqueror of them, *Stauracius*.

This, as a Violation of the *Agrarian* Law, was rejected; the Senate were ungrateful Wretches, saw not with *Constantine* and *Irene's* Eyes, nor heard with their Ears, and which was worst, those who were loudest against it were such of the Orthodox, who trusting to the Merit of their Cause, thought That alone would support them, without having recourse to those expedient Policies that should have maintain'd their Posts, from whence they could not foresee they should ever be thrown, because they thought, they so well sustain'd, and always deserv'd to fill them.

Haughty and revengeful *Irene*! who never knew what was Religion but to ridicule it, bore this Repulse as an Affront offer'd to her own imperial Person, and so in her Heart she wished *Constantine* might resent it: But she had so totally subverted, or entirely laid asleep (with powerful lethargick Dormitives) the resentive Faculty in him, that she knew not how to infuse, or awaken the necessary Sting with which she had occasion to wound; all that she could do was to take him by his Fears, and thence to insinuate that the Orthodox were his Enemies, for in them who

op.

opposed the imperial Purple, their next Step was to endeavour to divest those that wore it, since none who had a Disposition to obey, ever disputed the Commands of a Prince, no not even Rebels in their Hearts, till they were well assured they had Power to vindicate their Disobedience.

Constantine's noble Faculties (enfeebled by Neglect and Indolence) presently absconded at a Scene of Terror, and all pale and dastardly, shrunk behind the Representation his Mother had made. The Race of *Leo Isauricus*, was never fam'd for Courage; this *Cesar* did not degenerate; his Education had not taught him to do it, therefore trembling and apprehensive of the future, with Tears he conjur'd *Irene* to advise him for the present.

Stauracius, wounded in Property his greatest Darling, as well as piqu'd in Pride, was chief at this Consultation; he even condemn'd the Mediocrity of his own Temper, in hearing the exalted Impudence of his Wife's: She, without any Hesitation or Remorse (as Women are generally for having Business thoroughly done, and to the purpose) advis'd them to throw off, at once, the Shackles of the *Greek Church*, punish the Orthodox, by reconciling the Empire to *Rome*, and the better to please the Pope, by introducing Image-Worship, she bad her Son publish an Edict for so doing. But how, my dear *Mamma*, answer'd the trembling

Cesar,

Cæsar, shall we excuse our selves to the Legions, who are generally Orthodox, and have always thought me such? You know they are yet the greatest Party, and should not be irritated, at least till they are disarm'd.

Cæsar spake Volumes in these few Words; *Irene's* Revenge could not but stop to consider the adventitious Sentence which she thought Inspiration rather than Reason, having so little us'd *Constantine* to the Use of any. Your imperial Majesty has concluded unanswerably, she replyed; do but let us alone, we will not only effect the Business, but bear the Odium. You shall still go to Church, and still be dear to your People. I am convinc'd from your Majesty's better Sense, that this must be a Work of Time; *Stauracius's* Reputation and Courage shall prevent our Enemies from gaining Ground; they, whose Insolence are scarce to be aw'd even by his Successes, must certainly be ripe for Mutiny; they who dare refuse that condescending Request of yours, unworthy the primitive *Cæsars*, who needed but to say it should be so, and so it was. This Way I advis'd your Majesty to move, but you were all for Lenity and Good-will, and see what you have got by it: However, remember so to act, as if you had not been provoked; and leave us to shew hereafter what are the Sentiments of a disappointed, an offend'd *Cæsar*.

Stauracius could indeed command an Army, which is not always to face an Enemy (because, unless a General please, he is not always exposed, and often abides in the Center :) He, I say, who had never felt any mighty Impulse in himself, unless to Ingratitude or Gain, was for no violent Measures: All Things, he said, were to be brought about by Time and Moderation; and tho' to Death he hated the Party that had envy'd him the Recompence of his Toils, yet he would not precipitate their Ruin, since it was but leaving them to their own changeable Passions and Disgusts, and they would quickly bring the Business of their greatest Enemies to pass, by jarring among themselves. But because in the Multiplicity of Counsellors there was Safety, he humbly moved, that *Cataline* the Patrician, might be introduced, to advise upon these new Measures they were necessitated to take.

Irene answered, He should be heard at leisure; but because *Nicephorus*, *Christopher*, and the rest of her Husband's Brothers, might be Impediments against the intended Innovation, she advised they should be honourably dispatched, by some Employments foreign from the Court. *Christopher* seeming to bury himself in the Delights of Solitude, came rarely to *Constantinople*, and therefore but little alarm'd them. *Nicephorus*! the Champion of the State and Church! tender of his Nephew *Constantine*, as of the Pu-

Purity of their Religion, was a Sun, that with his unspotted Brightness hung between them and what they called a clearer Light, therefore he must be darkned or removed. *Cæsar*, who had a native Inclination to reverence his Uncle, would have hesitated a good deal, before he could have been brought to consent that there should be any Hardship inflicted upon him: How often did haughty *Irene* curse that Lenity of Temper in her Son, to which, however, her own Authority was owing! that Lenity, which she had ever made it her Business to indulge; by which she had sweetned the Acid of his Blood, 'till it was become all soft and milky, fitted for her former Purpose; which was, to obtain an implicit Ascendant over his passive Temper; but now, that she would tyrannize as well as reign, she wished to have the Power of infusing a little more Gall, or rather some, for as yet it was a Question, Whether *Constantine-Cæsar* had any in his Composition? She was provok'd at his Tardiness, his little Comprehension of what she ambitioned; she would have had him eager and swift to obey whatever she dictated, prompt and cruel in the Execution.

But wisely considering, that if more Fire were infus'd into him, it might chance with the first to burn her; she rested in her former Maxims, of taking from him the Desire of *knowing what he saw, or of hearing what was spoke*; and therefore begging pardon

don for this Inroad into his Repose, she return'd him to his former Supineness, with a Promise to her self and his imperial Majesty, of no more disturbing his sacred Hours with the insignificant impertinent Load of Business.

Nicephorus, Brother to *Leo IV*, late Emperor of the *Greeks*, was immediately to be removed; and therefore distinguish'd by being made *Prætor* of *Mauritania*, the very best Government that was remaining in the Empire, since the *Exarchate* of *Italy* fell, which was now swallowed up in the Bishop of *Rome's* Pretences and Ambition, and thence call'd the Patrimony of *St. Peter*, or rather of the Church. *Nicephorus*, who was truly Orthodox, and saw this was only given him to draw him from about his Nephew and the Court (since the *Præfects* of *Mauritania* were obliged for at least half the Year to reside in *Africk*, from whence they could not come to *Constantinople*, without License first obtained of the Emperor) contented himself not to refuse the Honour, but proved, however, so slow in his Preparations, that it was their Opinion (whose Interest it was that he should be gone) that he never design'd to depart.

Presently the Scene was shifted, and a new Set of Court-Officers introduc'd, who really were, and believ'd themselves orthodox, but yet had a Pliancy of Temper, which was termed a *Medium* between two Extremes, such whose Principles were not loose enough
to

to come directly into the Wrong, but yet wanted Courage boldly to defend and assert the Right.

Then was *Poplicola* disgusted; equal to the first *Valerius* for Vertue, Probity, Love of his Country and Religion; who had Capacity to govern when never so strenuously oppos'd from abroad, but yet became piqu'd and aw'd by a Faction at Home; quitting the Helm at the first Omen of a tempestuous Sea; whereas, his Business should have been to have rid it out, and if he could not have prevail'd himself, he might at least (by the Post he sustain'd) have hinder'd others from prevailing.

Cataline now trod the Stage, and became an important Actor. A Man who, with a Complication of Vices, had but this one Vertue, *not pretending to any*; every way Mercurial; he would sin up to the Height of Pleasure, yet drudge on to the last Extremity of Business: Indefatigable in his Pursuits; not by Fits and Starts, but by a regular Succession: Vast was his Ambition, vast was his Artifice; mighty in Lewdness, not less in Politicks: His long Head saw beyond the Age he liv'd in, and could calculate any present Accident to an hereafter Purpose; fawn and lie, flatter and swear, seem sincere; but never be so: No View of his, tho' never so trivial, but what he bent his whole Endeavours to obtain, and always accomplish'd. His oily, deceitful, artful Tongue, could insinuate any Thing. Bold even to Impudence, mischief-

chievous even to Cruelty, base even to Cowardise, implacable to Eternity, yet acceptable even to Popularity ! Nor withheld by Reserves of Avarice, for he never mattered what he stak'd, so he could but draw the Prize ; all his Passions subsiding, 'till he had reach'd the Port whither he was bound. He knew no personal Resentment, no personal Vindication ; never to be made angry, always seemingly pleased. When foil'd in any Attempt, he fell, but to rise with the greater Force ; observing the weak Side thro' which he had mis'd his Aim, he return'd with double Vigour, and double Conduct to the Assault. Many had been his Endeavours in several Reigns to get footing at Court, but none so fitted as this (full of Divisions, Jealousies and Fears) for his intricate Purpose, introduc'd to advance the Empress *Irene's* Revenge and Designs upon the Orthodox, but bent upon accomplishing his own. The *Roman* History having furnish'd him with Precedents of such who had mounted the Steps of the imperial Throne, thro' Craft and Diffimulation, he thought, if those were Qualifications, himself as well fitted to reign as any ; his Business therefore was to jumble all Things into Anarchy and Confusion.

How did he pack the Senate ? How the Voices at any Promotion ? In his Temper an admirable Tribune of the People ; he would stoop to the meanest Office, nor lose the most despicable Vote for want of Assiduity,

duity, Promises, Rewards, Bribes, Hopes, Fears, Threatnings, or whatever could influence the Passions or Circumstances of those with whom he had to deal: He would play with the Gamester, pray with the Godly, be lewd with the Libertine, and, rather than fail, pimp for him, tho' his own Wife were the Mistress; he was drunk with the Debauchee, sober with the Abstemious; no *Proteus* so various, full of real Ambiguity, and pretended Openness: His House, his Purse, his Advice, his Interest, his Mistress, his Pains, were all at the Service of whosoever was considerable enough to be oblig'd by him; fond of giving, but hating to pay, Justice and he being at mortal Enmity: No Principles so fix'd, but what he endeavour'd to undermine; he found the weak Side of all Mankind: Those unsusceptible of Avarice, and who were only ambitious, he attack'd by Grandour, Dignities and Honour; the Covetous, or Poor, he had Pensions for; Jewels and Lovers for the Ladies he would influence; but generally speaking, as himself had observ'd, he prevailed more by Vanity, and sacrificing to that Idol, than to any other Deity; his fine Wit never wanting acceptable Eloquence, as well as Salt and Malice, to ridicule, and give Things what Turn he pleas'd.

Irene the Empress, disappointed of the Reward she expected for *Stauracius*, began to let her ill Nature work out in Invectives against others, and Spleen within her self; she

She who never knew what was Humanity, true Affection, or Love for any Thing but Money and Ambition; as her Age advanc'd, so did her Pride, Avarice, Reserve and Forwardness; only to her Husband she was not sparing of her Voice, or Favours, letting him often know, that she was not only his Wife, but his Empress; and if he ever fail'd to remember, she had an admirable Knack, a very refreshing Stroke of Memory, both with her Hands and Tongue, besides an imperial Toss of her Head, most expressive and significant.

She grew weary of that artful Submission, and implicit Compliance, with which she had, by insensible Degrees, entirely made her self Mistress of her Son's Affections; she thought, that as she had built the Machine according to Art, after the first Hand, it would still run on in the same Track and Motion; but because one must have something to do, let one be never so supine, either to laugh, or play, or talk, or eat the Time away with somebody, she bethought her self of supplying the Place, which she was weary of with one that should always be with *Cæsar*, when the Publick did not require his Appearance at Audiences, Meals, Devotion, Hunting, or at the Council-board, where *Irene* thought it requisite, how contrary soever to those Delights that inherently attended the *Cæsar's*, he should sit to declare, whatever she, and her Favourites, had resolv'd upon before.

This

This Election was to be made from one that absolutely depended upon her self, and rather a Woman than a Man; because that Sex are not only more governable, less treacherous, less busie, and more incapable: But because her Son's Inclinations were not towards robust Diversions, but soft Conversation and Amusements; whence a Lady of the Court, without any Thing else to recommend her, but a facetious Vein, and being a tolerable Droll, had a Pension allow'd her to make the Emperor laugh, which perhaps, with all her Endeavours, was not above once a Year. *Irene* fear'd lest any Favourite of the other Sex should enlarge *Cesar's* Soul, give him to hear the Name of Glory, teach him War and Ambition, which would prove destructive to her Interest; therefore a Woman was only proper; nor did she fear *Mary* the *Armenian's* Jealousie, who only busy'd her self in consulting Physicians, and in endeavouring to mend her ill, or rather desperate State of Health.

Theodecta, a Relation of the Empress, and one of the Maids, was pitch'd upon for this Choice; the Lady had a latent Ambition, Greatness of Soul, Humanity, Ingenuity, Religion, and other concealed Vertues, that she had made no Noise of for fear of alarming *Irene*, who always took it as a tacit Reproach to her self, when another deserv'd well, or was commended.

Constantine, who had hitherto seen little but what his Mother the Empress *Irene* directed,

rected, fail'd not, after her Commendations, to behold *Theodetta* with Complaisance, who being naturally sweet-temper'd and engaging, apply'd herself, with Diligence, to gain *Cæsar's* Inclinations, which was no hard Matter to do, they having been first directed by the Empress.

But when once *Theodetta* had got ground, and that *Irene's* greater Avocations had left *Constantine* more to himself than ever he had been; this Maid, who was truly Orthodox, and trembled at the Innovations they were preparing, by which Image-Worship would be for ever confirm'd, fail'd not to whisper *Cæsar*, that if he suffer'd the Schismatics thus to prevail, Religion would be overthrown, the Empire embroiled, and all Things reduced to the utmost Despondence and Confusion. *Constantine* was then in his Heart Primitive, yet aw'd by *Irene*, he ask'd the generous Maid what he should do? Who boldly answered, 'Discharge the still changing *Æmilius*; give the Command of that Army *Stauracius* has to the Duke of *Campania*; restore *Horatio* the Immortal, to the Legions in *Iberia*; *Horatio*, who was removed but to make way for the cunning, luckless *Rutilus*, who will lose or sell all, because his Business is not to contend for Fame with *Stauracius*: Call *Nicephorus* and *Poplicola* about your imperial Person; let them sit at the Head of the Board: Dismiss the schismatick Bishops, they'll exchange at any time for a Pension; confirm the Pa-

triarch

‘ triarch of *Constantinople* in his Seat ; order
 ‘ the Vacancies to be filled by those truly
 ‘ Orthodox, whose Interest and Principle it
 ‘ is, to have *Cæsar* live and reign ’till he
 ‘ shall be changed into a Saint. But because
 ‘ she was but a Woman, and not worthy
 ‘ or able to advise any further, she begged,
 ‘ that his imperial Majesty would suffer her
 ‘ to introduce *Herminius* to his Presence,
 ‘ without the Knowledge of the Empress,
 ‘ *Stauracius*, or the dastardly Statesman
 ‘ *Æmilius*.

Herminius was then an Officer of State ;
 a Man of great Capacity, Eloquence, true
 Principles, Generosity, and extreme *habile*
 in Business : But not foreseeing the destru-
 ctive Violence of the Bishop of *Rome*, and
 his Adherents, he thought, by temporizing,
 to gain ground ; ’till convinced by too dear-
 bought Experience, he found That that ob-
 stinate encroaching Sect, were not to be
 dealt with by Indulgence ; whatever you
 give, is but so many Steps for them to get
 more ; they hate and reprobate all who are
 not Fellow-Idolaters, and persecute with
 implacable, never-ending Malice : Are art-
 ful, undermining, treacherous, lurking, far-
 sighted, restless ; they pretend Religion, but
 never practise further than the Outside ; de-
 pose Kings and Saints, as fast as they create
 others ; their own Party can have no Faults,
 the rest of Mankind not any Beauty.

These were the People to whom *Hermi-
 nius* yielded some Things, in hopes of gain-

ing others ; That small Indulgence so heart-ned their unweary'd Industry, together with the Empress's Resentment and Avarice (which accepted of all they brought) that the Court and Offices, in a short time, became almost entirely filled by them.

The Duke of *Campania* had dealt the first Blow for Victory after *Constantine* was Emperor ; he had defeated the *Persians*, and taken a prodigious Booty, more wealthy than can be imagined ; 'tis true, he triumphed at his Return ; the Emperor and Empress, in one Chariot, graced the Ceremony ; but the unanimous Congratulations of the People, drunk with Love and Joy at the Duke of *Campania*'s Successes whose Person they adored, festered the proud Heart of *Irene*, who assisted with a sullen gloomy Discontent, at hearing the Praises of any but *Stauracius* ; therefore the Duke of *Campania* was but coldly thanked, and afterwards laid aside.

No Prince had ever a greater Bravery of Soul ; his Courage could be equalled by nothing but his Magnificence ; he fought as he gave, largely, or rather, without Reserve. In the late Emperor's Time, he did such Things against the *Persians*, as made him both the Love and Admiration of his Enemies : In one Battle, where he happened to be taken Prisoner, he carryed himself so undauntedly and magnificently, so much to the Reputation and Glory of the Empire, that the *Persian* asked, How many more such Heroes they had amongst the *Greeks* ? That it, was

was time for him to conclude a Peace, if there were but a few such as him; For tho' he should not be out-done in Arms, he must be conquered by superior Vertue. *Campania* lavished a mighty Revenue in Glory of the Empire; whilst a Prisoner, he knew no Property, but dealt his Treasure to the Relief of the Unhappy; That alone was Title enough to his Favour, for many of them had perished without it. But all Heroe as you see him, he is still a Mortal, that is to say, not totally without Exception; tho' his Sin is certainly the most beautiful of any, good Nature; by which his Favourites, of both Sexes, have too often imposed upon his Bounty, and made themselves, rather than him, Objects of Reproach.

Theodecta succeeded in her Suit. *Herminius* was often introduced to *Constantine's* Ear, and it's believed, if he had profited of the Occasion, laying aside his Notions of Mediocrity, and boldly, bravely struck for Religion, and the Good of the Empire, he could then have preserved, not only them, but himself; assisted, as doubtless he would have been, by *Nicephorus* the late Emperor's Brother, the Duke of *Campania*, *Poplicola*, and, in a Word, by all the Orthodox Laity, as well as Clergy.

But *Irene's* Regal Star was yet to maintain the Ascendant; she had quickly Intimation of these secret Practices; the Emperor had no Money (abstracted from the Know-

ledge of her and her Creatures) to bestow upon *Theodecta*, by which they might have over-bought the Empress, or at least preserved their Consultations private. She raved! She more than exclaim'd! She called them Traitors! *Theodecta* Traitors! And, which is more than all, and past Belief of Posterity, she took upon her to correct the Emperor, shut him up in his Chamber, and box'd him with her own Hands, calling him ungrateful to her Cares, her Toil, senseless Fool, Drone, unfit for Government and the Reins of Empire, which he had never held a Month, but by her wise Conduct and Advice, that had concealed his Incapacity behind her Perfections, and, as a Sun, cast a Glory upon his Defects. What had he to do with Politicks? Could not he eat, and sleep, and loll, and yawn, and fool away the Day unmolested? Or had he a mind to have his Weaknesses discovered and despis'd; to be shav'd and shut up in a Cloyster, whilst *Nicephorus* ascended? If those were his Designs, she desired Information, that she might take care of her own Interest, abstracted from such a Whirligig as he was.

The good Emperor, mortified by the Termagancy of his Mother, and entirely in her Hands, as to Affairs, of which he knew no more, as she had industriously contrived, than the meanest Man of the Empire, wept a good deal before she would forgive him; and that but conditionally,
That

That he should sign whatever Commissions were brought him by *Æmilius*, for those who were to supply the Posts *Herminius* and his Adherents held at Court: *Easie Constantine* compounded, upon Condition, he might still keep *Theodecta* about him; whom the Empress so severely upbraided, and so well tutor'd, that 'twas thought she would not be very much in haste to discourse *Cæsar* again about Politicks. *Cæsar*! who still remembering his Corrections, in a long time thought not fit to dispute *Irene's* Sway; going out and coming in, rising and sitting down, signing and letting alone, as her Imperial Majesty, *Stauracius*, *Æmilius*, and others of that *Funto* advised; tho' 'tis certain, after this Breach, so great a Degree of Aversion and Coldness possessed both *Irene* and her Son, that they saw one another as seldom as possible, and then with Heart-burnings and Reluctance, *Æmilius* being left to manage all with the Emperor, and the Empress with *Æmilius*.

In the mean time *Cethegus* succeeds *Herminius*; *Cethegus*! the Executioner of the *Funto*; scarce could he defer the Stroke, 'till he heard the Sentence, or received the Command! All that Fire and Fury could inspire animated his Frame! He was an Engine, not to work with, but destroy! Not fit for Consultation, but Destruction! A Bigot to Idolatry, and the Party he had embraced! relentless and remorseless, a zealous Image-worshipper and Faction-broacher! yet affected

fect'd to be thought learned and wise! But Wisdom and Learning never take up their Dwelling in a Breast, where all the Passions are sulphureous, burning and destroying to the very Root; so that merciless *Cethegus* never preserved but when he could not ruin.

Cicero next was called, not he that saved the Commonwealth from being made a Monarchy, but he that would have made the Monarchy a Commonwealth; he was advanced by *Irene* to be *Magister Officiorum*; the God of Eloquence hung upon his Tongue; *Minerva* her self inspired his Brain, and fired his Heart. His Wisdom and Sedateness of Temper, preserved and kept together the Cabal. Furious *Cethegus*! and precipitate *Cataline*! could only be restrain'd by him. He it was, that gave them their Cue, when to bellow, when to strike, when to comply, but seldom to save; for however disagreeing in other Points, they us'd all to come in to accord for Revenge and Persecution.

And which was not the least astonishing Ingredient of their Composition, these zealous Reformers! these Image-Worshippers! these pretended Devotees, who ran mad after the Out-side of Religion! were as immoral as those that had never heard of any! *Cicero* himself (an Oracle of Wisdom) was whirl'd about by his Lusts, at the Pleasure of a fantastick worn out Mistress: He prostituted his inimitable Sense, Reason and
good

good Nature, either to revenge, or reward as her Caprice directed; and what made this Commerce more detestable, this Mistress of his was a Wife! Impious Excess! Abominable Adultery! Were there not enough of the frail Race unmarried? Had not *Sergius's* immemorial Affiduities corrupted enough of that Order, but this Patrician, this Director of Nations and Imperial Assemblies, must bring his Pollutions to defile the Marriage-Bed, and corrupt a Wife? Nay, which is more execrable, the Wife of a Friend. Was it not a good Comedy, or rather Farce, when you beheld this sententious Man, this decisive Orator who, by the Enchantments of his Persuasion, left not even Destiny to her self, for Fate and Fortune were, whenever he spoke, his Slaves. To see this great, this stupendous Man, that could enchant an Empire with the Musick of his Voice, skulking in the obscene Habit of a Slave, hiding his Face in an abject Robe, as if that could conceal his Vices, waiting at a back Door to get undiscovered Entrance into his own Palace, after passing the guilty Night in Adultery with an infamous Prostitute! And this not for once or twice, but for Months and Years! 'till his Sin was become as confirmed a Habit as his Hypocrisy! The poor Husband distracted with his Wrongs, grew incapable of following the necessary Duties of his Calling, by which Neglect his Maintenance fell, and he drank the bitter Draught of Poverty! the

Adulterers rioting in all the Luxury of the East! shifting Abodes in scandalous By-Corners, from Place to Place, for fear the Cuckold's Prerogative should seize upon the Ornaments and Riches of his Wife as lawful Spoil, which when he was so lucky to do, the vindictive Patrician interposed with a thorough Revenge, first casting him into a loathsome Prison, where, when he had sufficiently languished, a Warrant was produced to the Goaler to deliver his Prisoner to some Persons, who receiving him into their Custody, disposed of him in such sort, that to this Day he has never been heard of. Let the Idolaters consider how much they ought to pride themselves in the Morality, Religion, and Vertue of this *Atlas* of their Empire.

Now dy'd Pope *Adrian*, and *Leo* the III^d was elected by the Empress's Intrigues, not for his Vivacity but his Dulness. He was so wise, as to desire to know no more than *Irene* permitted, infected with the new Contagion, and zealous for Images (if for any thing) he reconciled the Empire to the Holy See, and accepted *Heraclius's* Crown, which she, together with her Son, presented to the Church. The Holy Drone who filled *St. Peter's* Chair, rather flumbering than awake, had yet all the Obstinacy in favour of her, his Mistress, that Ignorance and good Will could inspire; he even absolved her from the Murder of her Husband's Brothers, *Nicephorus*, *Christopher*, and others that she

she caus'd to be made away at *Athens*, and then, as the *Roman* Emperors were wont to do, ordered her self to be drawn in a gilded Chariot, the Patricians attending on her like her Slaves, through *Constantinople*; in her way she scattered Money among the People, which trivial Donative, was miraculous, coming from her! And now all the Race of *Leo Isauricus* were extinct (unless her Son) she every Day gave out such Speeches as might make his Friends apprehensive, that his Life should not be long, for as yet he had never reigned! whilst *Stauracius's* Popularity and her own Audacity fitted them with Preparatives to step into the Imperial Throne, whenever she should think fit to declare it vacant.

And now she took another Air and Manner; Her Pride and Covetousness found none upon Earth so great and so rich as herself; when she entered the Cirque or Amphitheater, she forbore to sit where the Emperess's used, because that was mixing with other Ladies, whom in her haughty Soul she despised, but in the most infamous Corner, caus'd a Throne to be rais'd for herself, and three or four more of her Companions, whom she vouchsafed to suffer in her Presence, for she was grown too great for Conversation, like a Deity, self-sufficient to her self in every thing. As soon as she entered, her Custom was to turn her Back upon the Audience, after giving a Look of Disdain and Contempt around her, and in
a little

a little while (as if her mighty Soul was above those petty Amusements, and scorn'd to be so meanly entertained) she would rise and abruptly depart, without respect to the Order of the Performance, or what Confusion she must make among a Set of fawning Followers, who all watch'd her Nod, with base Adulations worshipping that triumphant Idol, equally the Representative of those two mischievous Deities, Pride and Avarice.

Then was *Tarasius* advanced to the See of *Antioch*, by his Habit only appearing to be of the Temple: *Tarasius*! who was as great an Original in his Kind as *Irene*. He had all the Pride, Ambition, Turbulency, Inconstancy, Violence, Obstinacy, and Spirit of Persecution, that is supposed to have infected the fallen Angels. Nor could a more advanced Age bring an Allay to his Fury; he would have made an excellent Pope, when what they call Heresie was to be extirpated. In his Youth he had been of the Orthodox, but finding Idol-worship was coming to be the fashionable Religion, he professed and preached it, and so was made Bishop of *Antioch*, without the least Blush or Reserve of Modesty, at hearing what were his former Opinions recited; he seem'd to have grown craftier, but not more holy; nor did he pretend to it, indulging his amorous Vein, and making as many Conquests over the Bodies of the fair Sex, as of their Souls. He was once upon his
Knees

Knees to a Lady, afterwards famous in the Altar-Service for the Sweetness and Compass of her Voice, the finest Singer of her Age; the good Priest laid about him with the Zeal of his Function, and beg'd her for Heaven's sake, and something more, to be kind and have Mercy upon him, it might be a means of saving his Soul, for he should die of Melancholy or Despair, or turn Self-Murderer, if she continued to be cruel.

The Bishop of *Galatia* also became a Convert to Idolatry, or rather to *Irene's* Power, and the Court. This holy Merchant would have made an incomparable Vender of Books; Nature fits every one with a peculiar Genius; for he understood the Value of their Editions more than the Value of Learning: He was Master of an extraordinary Library, which he had found the Art of getting, without paying Extortion; and because he would be sure to be a thorough Divine after he was made Lord of *Galatia*, he set himself to study the Cure of Bodies, the better or easier to come at that of the Soul.

These and others of the same Principle, were assigned (noted for indefatigable Industry) to manage a Council that was met at *Constantinople*, in the seventh Year of *Constantine's* Reign; but the Citizens and Soldiers understanding the Deputies were pack'd for *Irene's* Purpose, such as would restore Image-Worship, they courageously
drove

drove them out of the City, as fast as they arrived there, which obliged the Empress to adjourn to *Nice*, where the first general Council sat. Three hundred and fifty Fathers out of the East and West, met on this Occasion; the Number of the *Italian* Bishops gave the Idolaters the Majority. They decreed, That Images should be made use of, but not worshipped with *Latria*. The Pope's Agents were so rampant, that they would have as much Respect paid to the Idols, as if the Deity were visibly present, which the Fathers would not allow, though they were most of them *Irene's* Creatures, whom she had perverted to Idolatry since she came to the Administration, and had been disgusted concerning *Stauracius*. This Council was never received by the Orthodox Christians. Seven Years after *Charles* King of the *Franks* called One at *Frankfort*, where three hundred Fathers assembled, who condemned Images and the Synod of *Nice*. The good Patriarch of *Constantinople* could only give Examples of Purity, he had no Power remaining; and tho' perhaps the most learned, the most pious, the most eloquent Divines that ever adorned the East, were then Prelates of the Empire; yet Ignorance, Stupidity, Idolatry, and Persecution, under *Constantine* the Orthodox, had like to have bid fair for the Extirpation of them, and of their Worship.

It had been *Cæsar's* good Fortune still to be beloved by his People, who pity'd his unhappy motherly Infatuation, rather than expos'd it. Whatever Miscarriages happen'd, were all attributed to *Irene* and her Ministers, not to him; they would not know, That a Prince far from Evil in himself, is still answerable for all the Evil he suffers others to commit under the sacred Umbrage of his Name. *Constantine Cæsar* thought not of any, or rather thought not at all. *Æmilius* and *Irene's* Artifice kept him from Reflection: How could he believe himself in the Wrong, who was hourly applauded for being in the Right? All that approached, offered Incense to *Cæsar*! and founded *Stauracius's* Glory! The Empire, he was told, never made so great a Figure as under his Direction; the *Barbarians* trembling at his very Name: His Name! which was sufficient of it self to settle or overthrow Provinces and Kingdoms. All the known Nations of the East and West shrouded under the Wings of his Eagles for Protection: He was their only Asylum! Letters, Ambassadors, Congratulations still came cramm'd with *Cæsar's* Glory, and *Stauracius's* Success!

Does the wisest Mortal ever have Recourse to Remedies, when the whole Body of his Physicians, upon whom he depends, tells him he has no Occasion for any, or rather, that his State of Health is so well confirm'd, that whatever Alterations happens, must be to his Prejudice? This was *Constantine Cæsar's*

sar's Case : He was truly, luckily beloved by his People, and no less happy abroad. He saw none but what tickled him with the Repetition of his Praises, his Glory and Reputation ; he did not so much as dispute but that he was adored as a visible Divinity ; the real rankling Sore that lay latent, and was but skin'd over by the artful Gloss *Irene* and *Amilius* gave, was to all Intents concealed from *Cæsar*, who could not apprehend the Malignancy, when he knew of no Distemper.

But *Irene*, who now regretted even that Shadow of Empire which was yet in *Constantine*, saw, that whilst he was so beloved, she could not step into his Place with her ador'd *Stauracius* : Her first Artifice was to get him to marry *Theodecta*, *Mary* the *Armenian* his Wife being still alive, and nothing laid to her Charge reflecting on her Chastity, by which she knew he would quickly become odious, and her self be revenged for what that Maid had done against her. *Tarasius* performed the Ceremony ; for which *Plato* the Patriarch, and others, the chief of the Clergy of *Constantinople*, excommunicated *Tarasius* ; but *Constantine*, or rather *Irene*, imprisoned *Plato*, and rais'd up so furious a Persecution, against the Orthodox Clergy, that even the most sanguine of the Empire, could not but perceive they were now in good Earnest bent upon Image-Worship, and upholding the Church of *Rome*, to the Destruction of the *Greek*.

Vindictive *Irene* was resolved to take this Opportunity to vent the Envy and Malice brooding in her Heart against *Plato* Patriarch of *Constantinople* and his Adherents, for having opposed *Stauracius*, and been so forward in their Excommunications; she wou'd try her Right and Title, whether Religion or her self should reign. How durst those saucy Priests dispute what she directed? Or pretend to argue upon the Validity of the Emperor's Marriage, when she had advis'd it? Now was the Struggle, which should be mortify'd, the *Greek* or the *Roman* Church: *Irene*, that furious new Convert, who never was of any Opinion; 'till now to do Mischief, sat in nightly Councils, contriving how they might get the Patriarch condemned; not as he was a Man, but as a Priest contrary to their Worship; not for himself alone, but for his Brethren in him, who took upon them an Office that did not appertain to them. What had they to do to excommunicate for Household and State Concerns? Cou'd not a Man marry, or let it alone, but they must interpose with telling what was just and fit? Their Business was only to preach Holiness of Life, the Salvation of Souls, not to busie themselves with what Men did with their Bodies. Cou'd not every one live as they would for them? Shortly, if this was encouraged, one should not shift a Scene, or remove an Officer, but Leave must be asked of the Patriarch, good Man, who tho' he made the Care
of

of gaining Heaven his Pretence, his Aim was to come in for a Share in the Dominion of the World, else he had never dar'd to thunder his bold Reflections and Excommunications upon those who had *Cæsar's* Commission for acting, and did but what Conscience, and the Exigency of Affairs, required.

Irene, Cethegus, Cicero, Sergius, Cataline, the illustrious Prelates formerly mentioned, and others of the Junto, met in Consultation at *Emilius's*, to debate of punishing the Patriarch of *Constantinople* in the most glaring Manner : Wise *Cicero*, tho' thrown into the Idol-Party, was no great Bigot to any Religion, and therefore advis'd, ' That
' *Plato* should be set at Liberty, with severe
' Advice not to meddle in Excommunicati-
' ons, nor suffer his Brethren any more to
' concern themselves with a Thing so remote
' to them as an imperial Marriage. No-
' thing, he said, advanc'd, or made a Cause
' so considerable as Persecution, the Parent
' of Perseverance ; from whence resulted a
' Sanction that made it venerable to the
' People, and took into its Train a Sort of
' good-natur'd Animals, conscientious Fools,
' who caught the Spirit of Pity from one
' another, by way of an infectious Imita-
' tion, whence Millions had been cajolled
' into a Cause, and even out of their Lives,
' as if it were inglorious to show less Ob-
' stinacy than their Leaders had done. Con-
' temptible Beginnings could not be made
' great, but by the Apprehension they gave,
' like

like neglected Libels, or Flowers without
 Moisture, that die away of themselves,
 and never spread but when they appear of
 Importance enough to provoke the Notice
 of those to whom they are directed, An-
 swers begetting Rejoinder; whence the
 wisest Part of Mankind never permitted
 any, but silently left the Authors to ex-
 pect the Reward and Neglect which ill
 Nature merited. He further observed,
 That the Fear of Punishment, awes more
 than does the Punishment it self; many a
 Man has been known to tremble at the
 Thoughts or Prospect of Evil, that when
 it was arriv'd, bore himself couragiously
 under it. That whatever could happen of
 Hardship to the Patriarch, would but the
 more indear the People, who always com-
 passionate the Sufferers for Conscience-
 sake, and were ready to idolize as Mar-
 tyrs, such who met Persecution on that
 Account; at least it would make the Pa-
 triarch more revered and popular, since
 his Behaviour had ever been so blameless,
 that Malice it self could not assign
 him over to the Odium, even of his Ene-
 mies.

That the Innovation they were endea-
 vouring, was to be compass'd more by
 Degrees, than of a sudden; at several
 times, rather than at once; by Artifice,
 sooner than by Force; if they would but
 submit the Conduct to him, he would
 stake his Head upon the Event: Fire and
 Sword

' Sword were very good Arguments to those
 ' who had already the Majority of their side.
 ' But as he took it, that was not the Case
 ' in Question, Idol-Worship having not
 ' yet been the obtaining Religion; and
 ' tho' the Bishop of *Rome* might be Pope
 ' in *Italy*, yet at *Constantinople* *Plato* was Pa-
 ' triarch.

Cataline, the new made Prefect of *Sicily*,
 would do something meritorious of his Pro-
 motion; and tho' he had not been dispos'd
 at this time to be grateful, a Scene of Con-
 fusion and Ambiguity proved so agreeable
 to his Inclinations, that he must have very
 much cross'd them, not to have push'd it to
 the uttermost. So that rising from his Seat,
 he thus address'd the Empress.

' As there is nothing, Madam, so nearly
 ' ally'd to the Deity, as the Desire of re-
 ' venging Injuries, I humbly offer to your
 ' imperial Majesty, that you will vouchsafe,
 ' upon this Occasion, truly to appear their
 ' Representative. *Plato*, the presuming Pa-
 ' triarch of *Constantinople*, deserves to be
 ' punished, not only, as a Miscreant, in him-
 ' self, but chiefly for a Terror to others.
 ' He, Wretch! despicable in his own Ca-
 ' pacity! A Trumpet Fellow! The Tool
 ' of the Party! Halloo'd on by a full-
 ' mouthed, noisie Pack of Currs, to essay
 ' whether your imperial Majesty, and *Con-*
 ' stantine *Cesar Augustus*, your royal Son,
 ' are ripe for those Affronts and Mortifica-
 ' tions they intend to offer: Shou'd ye bear
 ' fo

' so great an Insult, to what a Height wou'd
 ' they not be encouraged to Sin? I humbly
 ' move, That both your imperial Majesties
 ' would be pleased to call a Synod to punish
 ' with Characters of indelible Infamy this
 ' audacious Man: Leave it to my Care to
 ' get the Majority; if your imperial Ma-
 ' jesty but once empowers me, it will go
 ' very hard if I prove not too strong for
 ' hereditary Opinion, *ill-bred Crossness of the*
 ' *Will*, Prejudice of Education, national Re-
 ' ligion, pretended Piety, affected Vertue,
 ' and twenty such slender Oppositions which
 ' are never so much enforced, as when the
 ' Wearers design to part with them to Ad-
 ' vantage, and consequently set the greatest
 ' Value only to inhance the Price. Have
 ' we not Gold, and Honours, and Power to
 ' reward those that shall most strenuously do
 ' their Duty? loyal and conscientious Sub-
 ' jects should be encouraged. Leave it to
 ' me to select out men of Spirit and Mettle,
 ' Mettle not to be aw'd and brow-beaten
 ' by those Bugbears with which our Patri-
 ' arch long has rid us; Men of Fire and Am-
 ' bition, bright and daring, with so happy
 ' an Eloquence, that were the Goddesses of
 ' Vertue to be arraign'd before them, their
 ' Noise and Gloss, could seemingly turn her
 ' into Vice! and give even her self to
 ' doubt whether she yet had an Entity.
 ' Madam, and my Lords, I hope you will
 ' find what I say, reasonable. Were it not
 ' hard, that we, who have waded through
 ' so

‘ so many Difficulties, and are now in Pos-
 ‘ session, should part with our Hold, for a
 ‘ Notion, or fear of Excommunications!
 ‘ No! No! We will contend! We will
 ‘ wrestle to the last Drop, before we lose
 ‘ those Images which your imperial Ma-
 ‘ jesty, and *Cæsar*’s gracious Goodness have
 ‘ entituled us to. You shall behold us
 ‘ trembling with Zeal! Yearning for Re-
 ‘ venge against that Excommunicator, vehe-
 ‘ ment for Persecution of the Persecutor!
 ‘ Stammering, and even foaming at Mouth,
 ‘ out of an unbounded Desire to acquit our
 ‘ selves, and make that sorry Fellow con-
 ‘ temptible: Will not all the Auditors be
 ‘ of our Side? Shall we not even carry Ju-
 ‘ stice before us? Will they endure to hear
 ‘ what he shall offer in his own Defence,
 ‘ or rather let us not suffer him to make any?
 ‘ *Cicero*, Madam, is wise; but the wisest
 ‘ may be mistaken: As this Scene shall be
 ‘ managed, I hope we shall force him (with
 ‘ all his Coolness) to confess he was not in-
 ‘ fallible, and that we only were in the Right,
 ‘ and himself in the Wrong. I doubt not
 ‘ but Your imperial Majesty will obtain
 ‘ from the Synod such a Sentence as shall
 ‘ for ever keep Busy bodies within their
 ‘ own Pale! They shall be glad to meddle
 ‘ no more with Marriages! and Emperors!
 ‘ with Excommunications! or Fulminati-
 ‘ ons! Should we despise, or neglect to pun-
 ‘ ish, as the noble *Cicero* advised, they would
 ‘ not interpret it our Contempt, but Fear.
 ‘ Let

' Let us proceed boldly ; let us strike sure
 ' and home ; let us even leave none to re-
 ' member they were injur'd ! *Order succeeds*
 ' *Confusion* : I prognosticate this will end in
 ' the utter Extirpation of our Enemies and
 ' their Heresie ; let us secure this Point,
 ' and we may assure our selves of the rest.
 ' Have I for seven long Years been busying
 ' my Brain to bring Things to this happy
 ' State, to have them lost by Pusillanimity
 ' or Lenity, miscalled, by the wise *Cicero*,
 ' Policy ? No ! No ! Let's dispute no fur-
 ' ther of the Fact, but hasten to ascertain a
 ' glorious Event.

' I can produce irresistible Orators ; such
 ' who always carry the *Forum* of their Side,
 ' besides the witty *Stelico* on ours. What
 ' tho' he grows dull, has recourse to Authors,
 ' and is often forced to go to the Shades for
 ' Recruit ; a Man is not obliged to hold
 ' out for ever ; we must not let him lay
 ' down, because he is ready at any Occasi-
 ' on ; tho' I must tell you, my Lord, 'tis a
 ' hard Task to be forced to be witty, be one
 ' in never so apposite an Humour ; but he
 ' has still Fire and Malice enough to do our
 ' Business : They call him in Contempt, a
 ' Bread-Writer, a sorry Sesterce Fellow ;
 ' but his Pen is generally acceptable, he plea-
 ' ses those whom he stings ; a commodious
 ' useful Hireling, stops at nothing, goes
 ' through thick and thin : He cants admi-
 ' rably, and pretends to Vertue, but is as
 ' ingrateful and unfair as one could desire.
 ' He

He'll lay on any Colours, and is so great an
 Artist, he can metamorphose, in a Twink-
 ling, the brightest Heroe into a dirty Sca-
 venger. Then as to the other Extreme ;
 has he not made a very Deity of me ?
 and given me and some of my Fellow-Pa-
 tricians, such gay Cloathing, that I defy
 our best Friends to know us in his Garb ?
 He has almost persuaded me to believe (did
 I not feel the contrary) that I am just !
 couragious ! religious ! and very near,
 merciful ! and I have rewarded him for
 it, and would have done more, but that
 'tis not Politick being too liberal, lest the
 poor Rogue shou'd get above his Necessi-
 ties, and grow too great for Business, or
 else indulge too far his native Genius to
 Laziness and being governed by his Wife.
 Where shou'd we then meet such another
 diligent, obsequious, trembling, dutiful,
 mercenary ? Many indeed are willing, but
 how few are found able ? *Stelico* shall make
 it his Care to daub and mis-represent even
 the brightest and greatest Characters, to
 threaten and stigmatize with his Pen,
 those whom we fear and disapprove ; he
 shall prepare Mens Minds for a favourable
 Approbation of our Proceedings, vilifie
 to the Life those of our Enemies, and
 when we have done our Parts, applaud us
 for the Well-Performance.

This Speech of *Cataline's*, was received with
 a *Plaudit* ; even *Cicero* himself subsided, see-
 ing it was the general Wish, and *Irene's* par-
 ticular

particular One, to have *Plato* sacrificed to her Resentment. Only hot *Cethagus* said, ‘ He knew not what Occasion they had for a Synod, their formal Paces and tedious Lengths wou’d spin out a tedious time ; His humble Opinion was, That *Cæsar* alone was sufficient to command, and for his Part, he stood forthwith resigned, ready, and willing to obey.

However, *Cethagus* his Spirit of Persecution was forced, for once, to mix with the Allay of Time, which was no little Mortification to him. Gracious *Irene* resigned all Things to the well-pleased *Cataline*. A Synod was summoned, which he took indefatigable Pains to manage, so as to get the Majority on his Side ; the holy Patriarch, together with the rest of his Brethren, that had joined with him in the Excommunication of the bold Bishop of *Antioch*, was brought out of Prison, not to hope any Thing from their Defence, but to receive their Sentence : All that ecclesiastical Zeal and Fury could suggest, was put in force against them, and Divorces justified. Never were *Barbarian* Pirates, nor a *Banditti* so unpittifully insulted. Pride and Ignorance, mixed with a wordy Eloquence, foreign to the Purpose, were made use of to condemn them for their Excommunication ; the Harangue was one perpetual Train of Invektives ; they offered nothing substantial, they had nothing to offer, and therefore were to supply the Defect of Matter of Argument,

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by bitter Satyr, and twanging hyperbolical Reproach and Contempt. Christ had positively forbidden, that any one should divorce his Wife, unless she was convicted of Adultery : *Tarasius* of *Antioch* had dar'd to remarry the Emperor, *Mary* his first Wife being yet living, for which the good Patriarch, and others of his Brethren, had excommunicated him ; which being according to the Command of Scripture, *Plato* could very well make appear, he acted but to obey That and his Conscience. He received all the haughty stinging Insults of his Enemies, their Pride, Arrogance, ill Manners, and Scorn, with a Humility truly primitive, far from recriminating ; he lowly bow'd at every Period of Reproach ; and when he was put to prove, Whence he took his Authority for Excommunication, he acquitted himself to the Applause of all his impartial Hearers : His Defence was so holy, so moving, so humble, so unaffectedly natural, so free from Ostentation or Vanity, that it drew Tears from the Eyes of the Spectators ; who reflected how he had been persecuted, imprison'd, ruin'd in Property, abandon'd to the Friendship of the Faithful, and every way an Object both of Admiration and Pity. However, all he could say, signify'd nothing to those who came prepar'd in their Hearts to condemn him, for daring to meddle with *Constantine's* second Marriage, and in that the Business of the Empire : Full of the Eloquence of those of their own Side, and deaf

deaf to his, he was convicted, and remanded back to Prison, whilst the triumphant *Irene*, and her Party, got a Decree to confirm *Constantine Caesar's* Marriage with *Theodecta*; *Caesar* himself appearing in Place, not to judge of the Merits, because they were determin'd before, but by his Presence, to invigorate and screen those who acted on the Empress his Mother's Side; tho' in regard to his double Marriage, against the Honour, Conscience, and Interest of his own. But so well they had manag'd the native Timidity of his Race, as to tell him, if double Marriages were condemn'd, he should lose his Title to his Wife *Theodecta*, and consequently her self; that if they remov'd the Foundation, the Marriage was necessarily destroy'd; which so alarm'd *Caesar*, that his former Tranquillity was no more; all gave place to his Fears, and the Desire he had still to preserve to himself the Possession of his new Empress.

Tarasius, who had marry'd *Constantine* to *Theodecta*, now translated from the See of *Antioch*, and made titular Patriarch of *Constantinople*, in the room of *Plato* (tho none acknowledged him but those on his own Side, *Plato* being still esteemed Patriarch) pretended to prove from Scripture, ' That
' tho' second Marriages (the first Wife still
' alive) were in themselves expressly forbid-
' den and unlawful; yet in Cases of great
' Necessity, such as the utter Extinction of
' the Race of *Leo Isauricus* for want of
' Heirs (which *Caesar* could not have from

‘ *Mary the Armenian*, whose Constitution
 ‘ was destroyed by Diseases) they might be
 ‘ dispensed with; or rather, Dispensations
 ‘ were lawful, as Inclination and Necessity
 ‘ suggested; expressly against *St. Paul*, who
 ‘ forbids us to do Evil that Good may come
 ‘ of it. The new Patriarch insinuating, that
 ‘ ’twas a Law and no Law, binding or not
 ‘ binding, sometimes to be broken, as Con-
 ‘ science or Desire would prompt. The Ex-
 ‘ igency of the Case could only determine
 ‘ the Point; but as to this, he boldly ven-
 ‘ tured, in regard of *Mary’s* Defects, to
 ‘ pronounce the Emperor’s Marriage with
 ‘ *Theodecta* lawful. *Plato*, and the rest of his
 ‘ Adherents, ought therefore to be condem-
 ‘ ned for speaking against it, and much
 ‘ more, for daring to excommunicate those
 ‘ that had assisted, and were the principal
 ‘ Actors in it.’

Victorious over the Patriarch, *Irene* resol-
 ved to go on, and extirpate, in favour of
 her Idols, even the Remains of the Ortho-
 dox; all Places of Trust and Profit were
 filled by the Schismaticks, there was even a
 Majority in the Senate; the Legions only
 could not be affected, for those few great
 Commanders that were made by her and
Stauracius, were forc’d to give in to the Tide
 of the Soldier; all the Empire (by Inspi-
 ration) took the Alarm, and rose as if at
 one Moment; not a Plebeian, scarce a Citi-
 zen, but became tenacious of that Religion,
 they had, seemingly so long neglected; they
 ex-

exclaimed against *Irene* as the Perverter of her Son, they counted up all her Male-Administration, her Cruelty, the Murther of her Husband's Brothers, her Extortion, her perverting *Cæsar* to Idolatry; for he now gave in to her Taste, and did little in favour of the *Greeks*, or rather all Things in favour of the *Romanists*; an universal Spirit of Mutiny seized the People, the *Armenian* Legions quarter'd in *Thrace* first began, and peremptorily required, that the Emperor would take the Administration of Affairs upon himself: they were followed by all the Legions, Provinces, and Cities of the Empire, who at first gently, and afterwards more loudly, petitioned *Cæsar*, *That he would be pleased to reign alone*: They ask'd, that his Go-Carts might be dismiss'd, to find if he were able to walk of himself, for as yet he had appeared but as a Pageant, the Representative of *Augustus*; they wanted to be introduced, and acquainted with *Constantine* their Emperor, and prayed him, that he would act without *Irene*, that they might, as it was high Time, form a Judgement of his Capacity and Temper. If he were orthodox, let him exclude Idolaters from his Person, and the Service of the Altar: If he were merciful, let it be seen, in giving Repose to the World after so lingring a War; which though it bestowed upon them the empty Name of Victory, yet forbore not to drein the Empire of its Blood and Wealth: If he were generous, let Per-

sons of Merit be preferred ; those whose only Recommendations lay not in Diffimulation, and in their Coffers : If he were just, let not *Stauracius's* Legions be the only that were paid ; let him remember the Suffering of the rest, and the long Arrear to the Mariner : If he were wise, let him himself administer to his People : But if on the contrary ; they could with Resignation, receive any Misfortunes that derived immediately from *Cesar*, and, as their Duty bound them, suffer the Will of Heaven and *Constantine's*, not requiring more than the Eternal Power had thought fit to bestow ; whereas all Things from cruel *Irene*, and those merciless Idolaters, her Favourites, were insupportable. The same said the Citizens of *Constantinople*, when they found there was no other Way to preserve the Purity of their Religion, and stop the Progress of Idolatry ; their Rage, animated by their Fears, turned into Fury ; they called to Arms : Which the Emperor (who only could) did stop the Progress of, by sending him, who had so long been term'd Father of the Empire, into Exile, with the rest of the Male-Administrators : He re-instated *Plato* in the Patriarch's Seat, and permitted the Return of his own Friends about his Person ; but they could not be appeased, whilst yet the cruel Empress remained at Court ; they clamoured louder than ever, that she might be delivered to the Soldiers with all her ill-gotten Riches, as lawful Spoil : But the Emperor

peror had a meritorious Tendernefs for his Mother, though ſhe had deſerved ſo ill of him, and of the State; therefore he required ſhe might only be baniſhed his Preſence, and to preſerve her from the Reſentment of the People that would have torn her in Pieces, in her Paſſage, he himſelf led her out of the Imperial Palace, with great Reſpect (having by her former Blandiſhments been induced to love, and by her latter haughty Severities brought to fear her) accompanying her to another more ſuperbe and coſtly, that ſhe had built at *Elutherium*, where by her own and her Favourite *Stauracius's* Griping and Extortions, ſhe had laid up an immense Treafure, which *Cæſar* out of his Sweetneſs of Temper, ſuffered her to enjoy.

Then were Mediators diſpatched, who in good earneſt intended to give Peace to the exhausted Empire, which at Heart, notwithstanding its Renown, it ſo much wanted; all Things tended under *Constantine Auguſtus's* own Conduct, to the Advantage of Religion and the People. *Poplicola*, and *Agrippa*, of whom we have not yet ſpoken, (though none can be ignorant of his high Quality, Perſeverance, Capacity, and the Share he at firſt had in *Constantine's* Favour) truly Orthodox, and the greateſt Votary of Religion that had yet ever been an Honour to the Muſe; the Prince of *Campania*, *Herminius*, and others, were reſtored to their former Poſts, from which, if they again

depart for Pique or Resentment, or any other Injury or Reproach, (as having beheld the Mischief their Desertion occasioned) they deserve to be never forgiven; for had they at first suffered boldly, and endured the Persecution of the Idolaters, even to Neglect and Contempt, 'till they had durst to have crouded others in their Places, these Calamities possibly of the Empire had never been: Then shined forth the glorious orthodox Empress *Theodecta*; (*Mary the Armenian* just before expired): Then did she meet the Reward her Vertue merited from the Approbation of the Church and People, and the Honours the Emperor, her Lord and Sovereign, so well (when not directed by *Irene*) knew how to bestow. Acclamations followed her, with the Approbation of all those who crouded about her Person, and had ever heard her Fame, and the Extent of her Deserts.

Thus miraculously was the *Greek Church* delivered from the slavish Terrors and cruel Persecution of the *Roman*, and her sacred Purity preserved from the Pollution of Hereticks and Idolaters. Nothing less than a Miracle, a Miracle due to the Prayers and Examples of those holy Prelates, that incessantly implored Heaven for Redress, and gave Examples to the Earth, could have relieved her from the Jaws of that Lion, who in his Heart had already devoured, and would have left her even without a Name, or a Memorial for any to remember that she had
 ever

ever been : The Fortitude and Resolution of the Legions and People, came not from themselves ; it was the Inspiration of that Almighty Power, who will never abandon his Church, though for the Sins of many, he may seem for a time to leave her mournful Beauties oppress'd with Grief and Despondence, 'till his interposing Goodness renews her Charms with quickning Lustre, and causes them to shine forth clear and strong, after the Dissipation of those Clouds, that had for a while obscured her Brightness.

The Count *de St. Girrone* would have rested here, but that Monsieur the Envoy, without staying to return him the Thanks that he deserved, desired him to expatiate a little upon *Stauracius's* Character, who had filled the East and West with the Report of his Victories, what he had already heard did not seem satisfactory enough ; to whom when the Count had answered, that he had little more to say of him, but by way of Repetition, or summing up what had been spoken before, which perhaps his Excellency would find tiresome and dull, he paus'd a while, and thus continued his Discourse.

Stauracius the *Thracian*, having retrieved himself from the Exigency of narrow Circumstances by ways so infamous, that no generous Man, in the last Extremity, could stoop to, found Fortune, that fantastick Goddess, (who hovered over him at his Birth, and cry'd, Thou shalt be mine,

thou art my Darling) unaccountably kind and indulgent to her Adopted, upon whom she diffused so great a Share of her Blessings, that an extraordinary Courage was by no means necessary to accomplish him, such an one as her Minion ought to be, since by her Favour alone she caus'd him to gain Victories, to gain Cities, as it were by an Impulse of Destiny, that so it must be, as if Fate and Fortune should say, You are our Agent, and nothing shall be able to prevent what we design. He came into the Field in a lucky Point of Time; at the Period of the *Persian* Empire, that had flourished long, and was grown to so gigantick a Height, as to be shaken by her own Weight, a degenerate Timidity succeeding that Courage, which under *Cyrus* had rais'd them to universal Monarchy. Kingdoms have doubtless their Bounds and Revolutions, as well as other sublunary Things, therefore would the *Persian* have fallen, though *Stauracius* had never been born, who had no occasion to contribute any one Vertue but good Luck, towards so tremendous an Event, unless it were allying himself to *Irene* and *Emilius*.

Fortune does not always choose the most Worthy, yet seldom do her Favourites prove altogether unworthy; but when a Foundation is ill laid, the Building generally proves irregular: It seems to me therefore as if *Stauracius* rather chose to establish himself by Ingratitude and Treachery, than Vertue and Fidelity, because he rejected the Means that lay
fair

fair before him to attain that End; and as our good and gracious Mother Nature, is said to send no Poison, but she provides an Antidote, the Vice of Avarice, (*Stauracius's* Darling) though so despicable in it self, doubtless preserved the *Greeks* from a more despicable Consequence; for had he had a Nobleness of Soul, or even had not been so sordidly covetous, assisted as he was by *Fortune* his Parent and his Mistress, What might he not have done? Where might he not have reign'd? But however ambitious he might be, Money still had the Ascendant. His Success in Battle he look'd upon only as a larger Means to exhaust the Conquered, and ravage with Impunity; advancing only his own Creatures, those that were Accessaries in so base a Work. Had a Man of *Cataline's* Make, had those Opportunities, he would quickly have been the most dreadful Thing upon Earth: But *Stauracius's* Mediocrity could rise no higher, or rather sink no lower, than doing all Things, without omitting the meanest, to increase his already unnumbered Store.

He was a Man governed, or rather aw'd by his Wife, to whom he durst not but submit his own Understanding, in concert with her Creatures, acting nothing abroad but what they first advis'd at home. Happy in having a Temper so complying; for it was in Consideration of that, and him, that *Pactolus* and *Ganges* gave up their shining sandy Gold, the glittering East its Riches,

Riches, and the fertile *Campania* her Fruitfulness. His Army was fed, and cloathed, and pampered, whilst the half-starved naked Legions of *Africk*, *Greece*, and *Iberia*, groan'd under a long Arrear, fed only with distant Expectation, exploring a wintry Sky, and the parching Summer Sands of *Mauritania* defenseless and expos'd! whilst *Amilius* drain'd the Empire, to prevent even *Stauracius's* Desires; the Flower of the soldiery, the Heart of the Treasury, were perpetually sent to re-inforce an Army, that could not but overcome, when Nature and Fortune were for them, Fate and Destiny against their Enemies.

His Person, Quality, and Reputation, procur'd him many Favours from the fair Sex, whose Hearts are generally the Warrior's Prize; but when he grew too old to please without any other Consideration, being fix'd to his Principle of Covetousness, he went in search of much cheaper Pleasures, and found his Account with a Reverend Matron, in a common House of Entertainment, where, as Occasion called, he used to come *Incognito*, and through a Glass-Door with a transparent Curtain, seeing and unseen, make choice among a Number of fair Ladies. The *Courtezan*, who was ordained for his Evening Diversion, had a Present of One Hundred and Twenty Nine *Sesterces* from his Highness; so despicable a Reward, that his Page or Footman, that perhaps succeeded him, would be ashamed not to give more.

more. Then for his Probity, he promis'd whatever you required, but was sure never to perform, unless you brought an Equivalent in your Hand. Owing all to his Prince, he yet arrived to that height of Insolence, as not to yield him the Disposal of any thing; complaining upon the least Attempt, that his important Services were neglected, and the Reward assigned to others: Justly an Enemy to Peace, because Peace would certainly be an Enemy to him; prolonging the *Persian* War, lest his own Power should end, never valuing the Lives of the Soldiers, so that he but preserved his own, nor weighing the exorbitant Expence of a foreign War to the People at home, whilst enriching himself abroad. His Ambition would have had no Bounds, had not his Avarice confined it; which happening to be his Ascendant, has proved not less mischievous, though the other might have been more fatal.

Monfieur le Count, answered *Horatio*, perceiving St. Girrone had done speaking, You are a bitter Enemy; I hope at least you are as good a Friend; they are generally Consequences of one another. My Lord, reply'd the Count, I beg your Lordship not to mistake me. I have no personal Quarrel to those I have been speaking of, they have done me no particular Injury; it is only because they are great and glaring Enemies to Vertue that I am an Enemy to them, and therefore I must quote Precedents;

dents ; *Xenophon, Thucydides, Plutarch, Livy, Salust,* and those other Writers, who have impartially related the Imperfections even of Heroes, are valued more particularly for their Sincerity. It is not because they were supposed to have received Injuries, or even been acquainted with all those whose Imperfections they thought fit to record, and therefore could have no personal Prejudice ; but because an honest Man is impatient to have Justice done to the Worthy and Unworthy. Who can bear to have the Oracle of an Empire live in a Course of Craft, Deceit, and known Adultery, and not detest those fine Qualifications, that want force enough to teach him this plain Lesson, That no Man has true, good, sound Sense, who is immoral ? Those very Advantages he possesses, make him more destructive to the Community. Vice is very infectious ! and will not the half-witted Man, who has not enough to be thoroughly honest, be apt to think an Imitation, after so bright an Original, very pardonable, if not laudable ? Have not vicious Habits their Fashions as well as Garments ? 'Tis the Great that make Examples, which the Little are proud to follow : Ought they not to set a double Guard upon themselves, since in Them a Nation often sins ? Methinks 'tis hard, and I have often wondered at it, why that Man should be thought uncharitable, a Satyrist, or Libeller, who but repeats with his Pen, what every Body fearlessly reports with his Tongue :

Tongue: Is it because the Reproach is more indelible? Let the Great take heed then how they give Occasion; let them beware how they sit to have the Picture of their Vices made immortal. Do you believe the Liberty suffered at *Athens* in their Dramatick Pieces, did not restrain several who were viciously inclined, fearful of seeing themselves represented? The Satyrift must be thought of use to his Country, though I can't forgive him, that betrays the Weakness of his Friend, or any Secret that he happens to be let into, of what Nature soever; or who, having been obliged, or received into Families, finds the defenceless Part, and exposes their Foible to the World: Those are Meaneſſes below Contempt, scarce any can be guilty of them. I must always condemn the Person from whom Scandal first arises; him that gives a Man or Woman (perhaps yet young in Vice) to the Ruin of Tongues, and throws their Reputation to the Winds, to be torn and scattered by malignant Fame. I would have every one tender, even how they repeat any Thing disadvantageous of another, 'till he be very well assured not only of the Truth, but that the Matter of Fact is no longer a Secret: Nay, and even then, I would have him distinguish between a Start, and a confirm'd Habit of Vice. We have all our Frailties; the Suppression of them is doubtlessly meritorious; but the Glorifying in them, by an ostentatious long Course of Evil, and refusing

ging under the Splendour of a Great Name and Quality, is something so abominable, as must give Offence to every honest Man. How likes the grateful Person the Ingrateful? Ingratitude is the vilest of all Vices! and most opposite to natural Equity, and yet it is the most common; it is never found among Brutes, not even the most savage and cruel: The Lions are to be mollify'd by Benefits; Men alone are naturally ingrateful; and yet there is something in it so shameful, that there was never yet one found, that proved an Advocate for it, or that would confess himself guilty: Therefore when we behold it in a Prince, have we not Liberty to decry, detest, and expose it? In like manner, to see unbounded Covetousness, Gripings, and Extortion croud-
 ing the Souls of those who ought to give profitable Examples to the People beneath them, is abominable! And so in respect of all those other Defects, which I have observed often in the *Constantinopolitan* Heroes, and which are so obvious and confirmed, that not a Child, who has ever heard of the Name of *Cataline*, but knows his Irreligion, Wickedness, and Artifice! of *Cethegus*, but is acquainted with his Vanity, Cruelty, and fiery Ill-nature! of *Stauracius*, but detests his Ingratitude and Avarice! and so of the rest. Therefore, my Lord, pursued he speaking to *Horatio*, 'tis not that I am unfair, but because that they are notoriously foul. If we speak of them at all, we must
 speak

ſpeak of them as they are; and tho' perhaps a great many may think, 'twere better to let the Subject alone, I ſay again, that 'tis the Duty of every particular Perſon to contribute what he can to the Service of Vertue, and is it not for her Service to decry Vice, even in the Greateſt? nay, 'tis there more particularly our Duty, becauſe it may warn others from coming into their Faſhion.

The Count has Reaſon, answered Monſieur l' Envoy; but we do not hear him ſay any Thing of *Irene's* Return to Court, and of *Conſtantine Caſar's* being more infatuated than ever. Becauſe, my Lord, modeſtly reply'd the Count, that I know no further than what paſs'd whiſt I was at *Conſtantinople*. The Empreſs-Dowager, as ſhe was beginning to be call'd, was juſt then gone to her fine Houſe in *Elutherium*, and *Stauracius* with her; Things took a new Turn at Court; the Idolaters were ſuppreſſed, and the Emperor called about him his own Friends: But this Change was not above four Days before I departed, ſo that I forbear to ſpeak of what I have ſince been only informed of by others. I'll aſſure your Lordſhip, the Abode I made at *Conſtantinople*, contrary to my Genius which has not yet took ſuch a ſerious Turn, forced me to appear a Politician in my own Defence; for there is nothing but Politicks and Religion the Mode, unleſs in *Julius Sergius's* Palace, where Luxury reigns at the height. If you would

would discourse of Love and Gallantry, you must have recourse to those antiquated Beauties, who know not how to go out of the Road of their own Time, and would still be admired, though contrary even to Nature, as well as the Fashion. Tell a young Lady she's handsome, and she'll presently stare as if she thought you mad ; 'tis not now-a-days that they hear any such Things : But ask her, who she's for, the Pope or the Patriarch ? and she'll understand you presently ; and after she has delivered her Opinion, she'll defend it with a Volley of Arguments. Implore a tempting Beauty, talk of her Cruelty, and beg her to have pity ; she'll presently ask you, Is the Patriarch, &c. in Danger ? Do they design to punish him ? and eagerly conjure you, for Heaven's sake, to let her into the Secret ? In a word, the most illiterate, the least spiritual, have a Chain and Rote of Argument, which, by hearing nothing else, they are become entire Mistresses of, and can discourse upon, to the Exclusion of their formerly adored Topicks, Scandal, Cloaths, and Gallantry ; Heavens ! how they throng'd to hear the Patriarch of *Constantinople* examin'd ! Every Day, and all the Day, they besieg'd the Assembly. I remember I once sat by a certain Lady, who had been constantly there ; she ran on mightily in the Praise of Solitude, how much she was an Admirer of that, and hated a Croud ; yet she had been forced to rise every Morning at Four a-Clock to come to that odious

odious Assembly : Then talking of what they designed to do with the Patriarch who had been the Occasion of all this Bustle, she wished he were crucify'd for it : For her part she lov'd Moderation, and did not desire any Thing worse should come to him. This, my Lords, was the Court-Strain when I was at *Constantinople*.

The greatest Pleasure I found was in an Adventure that happened to me of the *Asian* Side, where I was retired upon account of an Indisposition, thinking the Air and Solitude a better Means of Recovery than the Croud and Vapours of a Court. I left my People at my usual Residence, and took only my Valet and one Slave : I chanced into a neat House, with an agreeable Landlady ; and because I avoided Company, I paid her her Price for the whole, though much more than I had occasion for, or designed to use. I had scarce been there two Days when she came to me, and intreated me to spare her some Part for a Lady of Quality, and her three beautiful Daughters, who designed to remain *Incognito*, having some Measures to observe before they appeared at Court, and could not conveniently be any where but at her House, whom she could trust. I told her, I found the way in the East was to be mercenary ; I could do nothing without a Bribe ; but if she would promise to introduce me to their Acquaintance, the whole House, unless my own Apartment, should be at the Service
of

of the Ladies. You may be sure the Bargain was quickly struck, and, after a Nighr's Repose, I had the Honour to be admitted.

One must do the Person, who appeared the Mother, this Justice, that she looked very youthful to have three such well grown Daughters; she was perfectly fair, but infinitely affected. It had been the Fashion when her Ladyship was the Fashion, and she knew not how to depart from it. I had the good Luck, to please her, without desiring it; I don't know why I call it so, doubtless any young Fellow, of a promising Constitution, might have done the same, though my Eyes and Heart were already directed to one of her Daughters. She was as quick as Lightning, and observing my Attack, would prevent my Affections taking that Route; and therefore, by some intelligent Glances and Nods, got rid of those insupportable Companions, that would destroy her Claim to Youth and Admiration.

The first Thing she said, was to tell me, She marry'd extremely young; That there was scarce Thirteen between her self and her eldest Daughter; That her Lord was an old Man when she marry'd him, and she had suffer'd an insupportable Martyrdom, had not his Quality obliged them to be very much at Court, where the Gallantry that then reign'd, compensated for any Mortification that one met with at Home. She ran
on

on next in a long Chain of how many Lovers she had had, and, under feigned Names, gave me a Catalogue of Swarms that had suffered for her: I did not ask which way. I think she put no less than three Emperors into her List, besides a Train of Consuls, *Nobilissimi*, and Patricians: She destroyed my past Wonder every Moment with new; I thought, if ever I should suffer Martyrdom under a Female Tongue, it was now. Thus far she did me a Kindness, that not knowing very well what to say to her (resolving not to be put upon the Roll for one of her Lovers) I could scarce have furnished any Thing on my Side for Conversation; being naturally sincere, I hate, vain Oblations and Flattery, and have ever found my self at a Loss, how to begin with a Woman I was not disposed to love: A pretty young Lady has something in her Face, her Person and Manner, that gives one a thousand agreeable Hints. I would positively have some Method found out to acquaint all Women with their Decay; they should be told when they begin to be no longer charming, for they will never know it else: Nothing is so ridiculous as their carrying Things to Extremity; they would join the Spring to Autumn, *May* and *December*, the two Ends of Time, in a True-love's Knot. When a Man, Owner of either good Nature or Politeness, happens in the way of a Woman that will be taking, and finds him so, what a foolish Part must he act! I took such a Surfeit

feit that Evening of an elderly Lady's Amours, that I have run away ever since when there was the least Danger of being left alone with any of them.

At last, Heaven be praised ! a Collation relieved me: Take her out of her vain amorous Strain, and she was very good Company, understood the World, and a Court, and had seen much that way, but was poisoned with Affectation and Self-Conceit ; she had been used to those who flatter'd her Charms, and she could not be reconciled to Indifference ; it was easie to find where she had her Education. I had not the least Inclination to enquire of her, who she was ? which I believe she would not have took ill, tho' never so much against the Rules of good Breeding: Curiosity is often a Proof of liking, which I quickly found, upon the Return of the young Ladies, who fill'd their Places at Table with us. I took care to confine my Eyes, tho' I could not my Wishes, so that Supper being over, I made a Pretence to retire, tho' her Ladyship would fain have engaged me at *Chess*, a Game so sedate, that I wonder how the *Mercury* in her Temper would ever permit her to learn it.

I was so happy in an Hour after, to find the Ladies in the Garden, who were diverting themselves at my Cost ; they rallied me for the Complaisance their Mother had for me, which I had received with such an awkward Air, that as they were pleased to say, they
pity'd

pity'd me for it; we laughed good Part of the Night away in an agreeable Conversation, tho' I found they were very much upon the Watch, for fear her Ladyship should know of the Liberty they took. I was so happy to single out her that had charmed me; we began a Commerce something more tender than Gallantry; all I could learn from her that Night was, that she was marry'd more for Interest than Inclination; she even proceeded to tell me, that it was dangerous for young Ladies in her Circumstance to converse with Persons so agreeable as I was; this roused my Vanity, that had lain latent since my Departure from the Court of *Orleans*: I had heard nothing like an Amusement of that enchanting kind in the politick Air of *Constantinople*, tho' 'tis true there are the handsomest Women of the World there. The *Greeks*, your Lordships know, have the Reputation of it, but they are soured by the new Fashion *Tour* of Religion and Politicks; tho' I would not have you think that they are a Jot more holy, lead better Lives, or are grown more wise: On the contrary, their Impertinence is now in the wrong Place, and therefore a thousand times more intolerable, since we can sooner forgive an Absurdity that's natural, than one that's acquired.

I conjure your Lordships to believe, that I never found my self in such a Surprise since I was born, as the next Morning, at seeing a Coach of Hire stop at the Gate,
and

and the Empress *Irene* lighting out of it, with only one Woman of her Chamber, who lugg'd a small Cargo, which I afterwards heard was some Wine and cold Fragments of her last Night's Supper which she had caused to be set aside by way of good Husbandry, which she is perfectly acquainted with, to come and eat with those Ladies: I with Astonishment heard, that the old one was her own Sister. Madam the Princess (the Mother was so called) her Lord had been perpetual Proconsul or rather Prince in *Mauritania*, but apostatizing to the *Saracen* Religion he was expell'd the Empire, and refuged himself in the *Persian* Court; by which I could recollect how her Highness came to reckon so many Emperors in her amorous Train. She was a Widow and hated at *Constantinople*; for it was suspected, that by the force of Gold dextrously apply'd to her Sister's Foible the Secrets of the Empire were no longer such to the *Persian*; therefore she durst not publickly appear till the Way was smoothed for her, and the Inclinations of the People consulted. My beautiful Mistress was so complaisant to tell me their Quality, knowing I had seen the Empress; but she recommended the Secret to me, and suffer'd me to value my self upon the Favour she had shown me in revealing it. They yet staid a Week longer at that House, where *Irene* came in the same Manner every Day for three Hours; she used to shut her self up with the *Mauritanian*

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Princess, and was so obliging, as to allow me the Conversation of her Nieces; who were kind in their Turn, and left me no more alone with her Highness, whose Civilities I did not much pride my self upon, when I once became acquainted with her diffusive Character.

We all return'd to *Constantinople*, where yet the Princess remained incognito; the young Ladies, who had no such Things to fear, were every Day at the Empress's, by which means I came oftner on her side than before. I thought my self very happy in an agreeable tender Correspondence with that lovely Lady who had charm'd me; but being oblig'd to follow her Lord into *Sicily*, she carry'd away with her all the Taste I had for the *Constantinopolitan* Court. I could not remain in a Place which her Absence had made so disagreeable; and therefore departed without Regret, carrying her fair Image with me, which yet I have not been so unhappy to lose the Idea of.

Monfieur le Count has finished in a lucky Moment, reply'd the Envoy, I see my People coming to tell us they have served: *Allons*, my dear *St. Cirrone*, refresh your self at Dinner, and receive our Approbation and Thanks within.

NOT

Notwithstanding the splendid Entertainment, generous Wines, polite Conversation of Monsieur le Envoye, and that of the diverting Count de St. Girrone, *Horatio* was buried in so profound a Melancholy, that it was easie to see all his Regards were turned inwards, there to contemplate upon what more powerfully affected him, than outward Objects: Not that he was wanting in the least to *Decorum*, or an easie Manner of Behaviour; but that Sprightliness and Fire which us'd to enliven his Conversation, seemed exchanged for a languid Tenderness, if not quite so animating, yet not less moving. It was impossible to see him, and not take part in all his Concerns; he made it every one's Wish to contribute to his Relief, and to share in a Burthen which seem'd so oppressive.

Monsieur de St. Girrone fail'd not to say a great many sensible Things to him on the Part of *Amena*, whose Merit and Death, he had learnt from the Prior; but because he saw that returning to a Scene so doleful in it self, rather increased *Horatio's* Sorrow, he endeavour'd by changing the Subject to one more diverting, to bring if possible, though

though but for a short time, some Suspension to the Excess of it.

Speaking of the Merit of Wives, he ask'd *Horatio*, If he knew at *Constantinople* such a one, naming a Lady who had found a Method to double her Fortune by the Generosity of her Gallant? by which means her Husband became infinitely fond of her, tho' he had ever been cool till then: At the same time continuing his Discourse, he enquired of his Lordship, if he was not intimately acquainted with *Gratian* of consular Dignity? He has drank, my Lord, in Favour of *Florella* the Court-Droll, out of *Circe* and *Medea's* Cup; for 'tis certainly Infatuation that not leans but bows him that way; he's the first Man sure of Sense, that doats in spite of Nature, or even in contradiction to her. You know *Florella*; alas! can any Thing be so forbidding, not to say frightful? Yet he passes whole Days in kissing her Toes, and playing with her Ears, a new Method of Amour, and she brags of it. Will any Body pretend to dispute of Taste after this? The honest Gentleman her Husband, is the only one in the Empire that knows Them, and knows not their Intrigues; he is so jealous of his Honour, it would certainly drive him to Extremity, therefore they forbear to tell him of it, tho' the Affair has been of a long standing. How very much Sincerity, and Ignorance of what 'tis presumed we ought to know, can sometimes expose a Man? He was, a little before I left

Constantinople, at a publick Assembly, where the Consul shew'd a very fine Diamond he had lately purchas'd : Every one gave their Opinion of it, at length it came to his Turn ; Why ay ! says the poor Gentleman, with a very ingenuous Air ; 'tis very fine ; but is it not great Vanity to lay out so much Money upon Right, when Counterfeit makes as good a Shew ? There's *Bird* at Home as glorious as the Sun, you would swear she was stuck with Jewels, and all false. The whole Company had much to do to forbear laughing in his Face ; fortunately he was call'd away, and left them to do it among themselves, not forgetting to commend *Florella's* Address, who could pass the real, substantial, resplendent Diamonds given her by *Gratian*, for false glittering Imaginaries, on the Credulity of her uxorious Husband.

The indiscreet Conduct of Ladies, such as these, reflect, thro' Misapplication, upon the whole Sex. I could never give my self a Reason why the *Ephesian* Matron of *Petronius* should please so much, unless it were for the Sarcasticalness. Can any Thing be more unnatural than a beautiful Lady (who doubtless might have commanded the most lovely of the Youth) just expiring through Grief and Abstinence, tempted to dishonour her self, and that Glory she had so dearly purchased, for a despicable common Centinel ! Could the Charms of his Meat and Wine, in a Moment, make her forget what had been

been most valuable to her, so as to pass to an Extremity like her's, without a bigger Temptation; something more shining than could be supposed to adorn the Manner of such a Scoundrel Fellow? He should have at least allowed her one Night, that Gratitude might have interposed in Merit of the Benefit received from her Benefactor, and not have made so much haste unnaturally to corrupt a Vertue that seemed confirmed. *Petronius's* Design was doubtless to expose the Frailty of the Sex, shew their Passions in full force, and their Reason of no Account when compared with them; but had he lived to this Age, had he ever been at *Constantinople*, and beheld the wonderful *Porcia*, he would have been a Convert to their Vertue. Your Lordship cannot be ignorant of *Porcia's* Charms. I have never been so happy to see her, replied *Horatio*, therefore, pray Count, consider me as one who hearkens, with Pleasure, to all you can say.

Then your Lordship, answered the Count, has never surveyed what most in the Sex deserves your Admiration! Her Person has as many Charms as you would desire in a Mistress, if from all that beheld her you wanted to have your Choice confirmed and applauded. She is one of those lofty, black, and lasting Beauties, that strikes with Reverence, and yet Delight; there is no Feature in her Face, nor any Thing in her Person, her Air and Manner, that could be exchanged for any others, and she not prove a Loser: Then as to her

Mind and Conduct, her Judgment, her Sense, her Stedfastness, her Reading, her Wit and Conversation, they are admirable; so much above what is most lovely in the Sex, shut but your Eyes, (and allow for the Musick of her Voice) your Mind would be charmed, as thinking your self conversing with the most knowing, most refined of ours; free from all Levity and Superficialness, her Sense is solid and perspicuous. Lovely *Porcia* is so polite, so neat, so perfect an Oeconomist, that in taking in all the greater Beauties of Life, she does not disdain to stoop to the most inferiour; in short, she knows all that a Man can know, without despising what, as a Woman, she should not be ignorant of.

Inimitable has been her Conduct, and 'tis owing to her prodigious Modesty alone, that the whole eastern Empire does not sound her Glory. She has desired to live unknown, and has confined her self to a narrow Part of it, else her Fame had been as diffusive as her Merit; wisely declining all publick Assemblies, she is contented to possess her Soul in Tranquillity and Freedom at Home, amongst the few Happy she has honour'd with the Name of Friends.

Porcia was marry'd very young to a Gentleman, who possessed larger Territories than other fine Qualifications: Their Years were unequal as their Deserts. His Education, which had not always brought him to *Constantinople* to converse, together with a certain Mo-

Moroseness of Temper, made him rather a rigid Master, than a tender Consort to the amiable *Porcia*; yet she never complained, supporting his Excesses, both in Debauch and Ill-humour, like a Martyr, chearful under her very Sufferings.

Propitious Heaven unloos'd the rugged Chain: He dy'd, she was no longer married, left very young, very handsome, very rich, but very wise: The three former Qualifications drew Crouds of Adorers, the latter as dextrously dispers'd them.

Since her Widowhood, she has been the perpetual Mark of those who wanted Fortune, and of such who aspired at possessing Merit and Beauty; a Croud of Undeservers, a Train of Deservers: The Distinguishing adore her Perfections, the Generality worship her Possessions. Many are her personal Lovers, and who even deserve to be beloved; but her Resolution no more to inflave her self, has left them small Part to hope in her Favour, all in her Esteem.

Certain of being Heiress to her Father, a Gentleman of great Riches, together with her own large Possessions, had she been influenced by her Passions, might not some tender Sentiment at an unguarded Moment, given her to have made a Choice from out of the Croud that importuned her, a Choice worthy the Name of Happiness?

Porcia shining in true Merit, and possessed of all things glorious when possessed of her self, has in every minute Particular

fulfill'd the Character of a Woman of nice Honour and strict Vertue, joining in Opinion with those, who think all Women of Fortune ought to marry once; and fix'd to her own, that Glory permits none of the true Possessors of it, without some undeniable Consideration, to marry twice.

Strictly Orthodox, *Porcia* has bent her Fortune and Applications to the Advantage of the true Religion. In a Word, no Perfection is feeble, or shines dim in *Porcia*; all is strenuous, bright, confirmed, and unexceptionable. She only is worthy to supply the Loss of *Ximena*, in so great a Breast as *Horatio's*, were Fortune to do what Merit has done, would she not make the Union? Where more justly could we bestow the Charms of a Heroine, who has done all things for Vertue and Honour, than in the Arms of a Heroe, who has left nothing undone for Fame and Glory!

Horatio, with a Smile, perhaps less constrained than any that had departed from him, since the Loss of *Ximena*, told the Count de St. Girrone, He had Power to do all Things; and if ever he return'd to *Constantinople*, his first Business should be to get himself introduced to the charming, more than charming, the meritorious *Porcia*. The Ambassador said, when his Affairs were dispatched, he would beg Leave to attend his Lordship with the same Curiosity, to behold the Ornament of her own Sex, and the Desire of theirs.

Nothing

Nothing can be more my Wish, pursu'd the Count *de St. Girrone*, addressing to *Horatio*, than bringing any Diversion to that deep settled Thoughtfulness I observe in your Lordship. I hope I have at least amused you in speaking of *Porcia's* Merit. I rest expressly so long upon the *Constantinopolitan* Court, because the Adventures of those we know, are incomparably more diverting to us, than of such whom we never heard of; and in this Pursuit, my Lord Ambassador, I must have leave to forsake your Excellency for some Moments, applying mostly to *Horatio*. Your Lordship tells me, 'tis more than three Years since you were at *Constantinople*. Do not believe, that I have many such as *Porcia* to speak of; we'll change the Scene to the fair *Messalina's* of the Age. Surely you must have observed *Julius Sergius*; he began to sprout in your Time; but alas! his Growth is now past Knowledge! the tallest Dignities of the Empire are scarce worth his Acceptance! I'm sure the Sea and Shore are industriously and daily ravaged to supply his Luxury. Who would believe, beholding him dissolved in a Midnight Debauch, and the Delicacies of his own Palace, playing every Day for immense Sums of Gold, which he had scarce ever beheld before, that some time since he had hardly Sandals to his Feet? The sorry Income that he was born to, could not well afford him a Draught of Wine,

or Change of Habit, to distinguish him from a Plebeian.

Wisely, for his first Adventure, he concluded with a Reverend Matron, the Relict of a Patrician, and now settled in her Patrimony, he began to look big, and thence took it into his Head to be witty: Who can help it, if in spite of Nature? But there were a Club, especially one of them, that foreseeing the rising Sun, offered, with the *Persians*, their early Adorations, and were contented to depart even from their Wit, a Reputation all Men are peculiarly fond of, to adorn their good Friend, and Midnight Companion *Julius Sergius*. 'Twas like buying of Bargains, lumping Pennyworths, wisely laying out Money in a Purchase that you inevitably foresee will turn to Account. Neither could the lucky Rogue rest in the acquired Reputation of Poetry, but he must pass on to be a Projector, a necessary Engine, a Mechanick for Government, he was bold and forward; the Necessity of the Times, and the Exigency of some Affairs, needed such Spirits. He thriv'd in all his Pretences, whether to serve the Party he had espoused, or himself: By doubling and trebling, not dabling in small, but dealing in great, in a little Time he found himself Master of a prodigious Fortune. I will not pretend to give you the Detail how he came by it, nor does it concern us; but as the Heart of Man is restless, perpetually in Motion, to be a States-man, rich,

rich, and consequently an excellent Poet^r were not enough ; he must refine upon the Matter, and pretend to Learning, Gallantry, and Politeness : How superficial soever were these his Accomplishments, he made more Noise and Glare with them, than did those in whom they had never so sure, so deep a Foundation.

Irene and *Æmilius* contributed by a pleasant Piece of Court-Politicks to his Excesses ; there was such an Alottment, by theirs and the Junto's Appointment, out of *Constantine Caesar's* Privy-Purse of Secret Services, for *Sergius* to keep a Court and Table, to invite and entertain the Young, the Fair, the Idle, the Busy, the Wanderer, and even the Sedate ; not any could defend themselves against the Charms of his Banquets, and the Luxury of his Rewards. I had once, at *Julius Sergius's* Palace, the Honour of an Assignment, by the young Lady whom I adored, the Princess of *Mauritania's* Daughter ; but her Charms so wholly possessed me, that I had then no leisure for Reflection : I saw all was gay, enchanting, easie, and luxurious ; but having been so happily introduced, and so favourably receiv'd by *Sergius*, I ventur'd another Time alone, with an intent to make my self Master, as far as my Memory would permit, of all that occur'd. Whoever enters there, is oblig'd, like some happy Lovers, with regard to what they feel, to take an Oath never to report, whilst they are in
the

the Empire, whatever they shall see or hear in *Julius Sergius's* Court. I am now out of it, and being a Man of some Honour, am glad 'tis no longer binding, but am pleas'd to find my Tongue at liberty to entertain both your Lordships. This religious Introduction to the most nororious Freedoms, banishes all Constraint; the Young, the Old, the Gay, and the Severe, the Coquet and the Prude, seem equally satisfyed with the Assurance; the mutual Trust and Fidelity they have in one another, renders them perfectly easy; they eat, they laugh, they drink, they dance, they play, they loll, they love with less Constraint, than in their own Apartments; nay, so far are their Freedoms stretched, that a Husband, in beholding his own Wife in Company that he would no where else approve, is obliged to turn his Eyes, as if to unknow, or at least must take no notice of it here: In like manner, a Wife stuffed with Jealousie, must not give Fire to the Train in that sacred Recess, though she behold her Lord even in the Embraces of her Rival. In a Word, all the rougher Passions disappear, you are allowed to remember nothing but Pleasure and Interest, which is the true Foundation, the invisible Spring on *Julius Sergius's* Side, that moves the Machine even in this soft, this delectable Retreat.

Here your Diversions are vary'd according to the Seasons: If the Heats are extreme, *Sergius's* beautiful Palace, built upon the

Constantinopolitan Shore, has the *Asian* Side in an unlimited Prospect, with the harmonious Dash of the Sea, that runs between, and divides it from *Europe*! Along the Margin of the Water is raised a beautiful Terrass, adorned with flourishing and perpetual Greens, that preserve their Beauty thro' every Season. Resplendent Chrystal Lamps are fixed at equal Distances, in Silver and Gold Cases, as also to the Branches of these Trees, which on the side next the Sea, form a pleasing Ascent to the Palace. Fountains and Cascades make a noble Fall and Dashing, which joining to the soft Murmurs of the Trees, full of *Sabeian* Sweets, perpetually fann'd and in a gentle Agitation by those Breezes which come off the Water, adds an enchanting native Harmony to the artful Confort of Voices and Musicians. Here you shall find those who hope to be happy Lovers, extended on the Grass, their Limbs all careless and supine, resting their Head (whilst stretched with an Air of Delight, at the Feet of the consenting Fair) upon their Mistresses Knees, taking a thousand Kisses from those charming Hands, that deliciously, and as if by chance, and undesignedly often wander, and pass over their Face to oblige them to remember how magical are the Touches of the lovely Beloved.

Dissolv'd in more substantial Joys, the forward Lovers tread the conscious adjoining Groves, enlighten'd as their Charmer's
 Eyes,

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Eyes, with thousands of Lamps blazing an artificial Day, which checkered with the brown Shade beneath, cast from the lofty Trees, and mingling Branches, makes that sylvan Scene vie with the most glorious, most poetical *Elizium* for Delight, the perpetual falling Blossoms furnishing the fragrant Couch. Distant Musick, the best the East affords, is placed to Advantage, with Airs languishing, enchanting, melting, which ravishes the Ear, and fills the Vacancies of Mind (if any) that Love has left unemployed: Officious beauteous Boys, like *Cupids*, *Hylas's*, and *Ganymedes*, are placed in call to bring whatever you can imagine of Refreshing, as Wines or Collation; no Hour, no Obligation, but Inclination tempts you to depart from those Joys you are in possession of; 'tis there always the beginning of the Feast, a perpetual Supply makes no point of Time necessary to enjoy the Whole; you are not obliged to attend a supercilious Master of the Entertainment, at the unanimous Instant he expects, to hear his dull Harangue upon what he designs to treat you with; here none are at an uneasy Moment called, the Moment that perhaps confirms their Bliss; all are welcome, all are happy, and employed in those Delights, most grateful to their Taste.

You pass by an easie Ascent, through three Marble Portico's and find the first Apartment full of Bathing-Rooms, the Odours, the delicious Spikenard, and all Things

Things luxurious, as well as neat and proper, invite to the Bath when there is no Occasion; They are distinguished by those of the Ladies and the Gentlemen. In the first of these are young, charming, well-dress'd, airy Girls attending for Service; in the other, Boys with their flaxen curling Hair, as wanton and beautiful as little Cupids.

By Marble Steps next you ascend to the Grand-salle, which for height and largeness, may vie with any Dining-Chamber of the East, the noble Performances of *Zenxys*, *Protogenes*, *Apelles*, and *Phidias* are the Ornaments of it, supported with *Corinthian* Pillars, whose Foliage is admirable, as is the Painting and Carvings of the Roof that sustains this ample Building: The Beds and Furniture are such as well-chosen Magnificence could invent: Twenty noble Apartments open into the Grand-salle by Christal Doors, all those Apartments finished to such a Nicety, as to inspire Delicacy and Luxury into those that shall happen to be the Guests; the Gallery is adorned with modern Pieces of Painting, but the best in the kind, done by the most able Masters, and the Representatives of those that have been famous in the Sciences and Poetry; there are not only such of the Departed, who have been admirable, but the happy Living find themselves already secured of Immortality (in the Choice *Julius Sergius* has made) of which they are ascertain'd by
being

being placed in his Gallery : There you may behold old excellent *Cassius*, who in one Comedy has furnished out more Wit than could *Plautus* and *Terence* in their whole Compositions. *Corvino* lives in an Age unworthy of him, who in exalting the *Drama* to the Perfections of the Ancients, never considered his inimitable Performances were to be judged by the undistinguishing Moderns ; the Moderns, who have not only lost all good Taste with the very Knowledge of the true Beauties of Writing, but are grown doatingly fond of a Bad, preferring Farce, Noise, Sound and Buffoonry, before the nicest turn'd Wit, the genteelest Dialect, and even (which indeed is wonderful, because a Rustick is Judge of that) before the truest Representations of Nature, wherein *Corvino* is admirable, and in spite of their no Learning, no Breeding, and Stupidity, pleases even the Degenerate ; yet far from suffering himself to be enticed by the Applause of an ill-judging Audience, he is contented to depart and please the Many, who know not why they are pleased ; he confines all his Excellencies to the few Distinguishing, yet a Number suffers by that Partiality, who can't give an Account why his Writings gives them Pleasure, but as his Silence give them Pain, they think it hard that so excellent a Muse as *Corvino's* should upon any Terms disappear.

I, who can't be properly nam'd a Judge of the *Greek*, find yet such Inchantment in *Maro's* Strain, that feeling how I my self, a Foreigner, am ravished, must thence conclude his better Judges, the *Grecians*, entranc'd by him. I could not behold him in *Julius Sergius's* Gallery, without something of Ejaculation, an Oblation due to *Maro's* Shrine from all that can read him. O Pity! that Politicks and sordid Interest should have carryed him out of the Road of *Helicon*, snatched him from the Embraces of the *Muses*, to throw him into an old withered artificial Statesman's Arms! Why did he prefer Gain to Glory? Why chuse to be an idle Spectator, rather than a Celebrator of those Actions he so well knows how to define and adorn? *Virgil* himself, nor *Virgil's* greater Master, *Homer*, could not boast of finer Qualifications than *Maro*: *Maro*! who alone, of all the Poets, truly inspir'd, could cease to be himself; could degenerate his godlike Soul, and prostitute that inborn Genius, all those noble Accomplishments of his, for Gold; could turn away his Eyes from the delicious Gardens of *Parnassus*, of which he was already in possession, to tread the wandring Maze of Business. Farewel *Maro*, 'till you abandon your artificial Patron, Fame must abandon you!

Can *Julius Sergius* with any Modesty, or indeed without Remorse, behold the Picture of *Gallus*: *Gallus*! whose easie natural Muse and early Friendship, has made
both

both of them Immortal! Where is Gratitude? Where is Honour, in neglecting him, the first Step upon which he mounted from Obscurity? O *Sergius*! you learnt not all Things of *Gallus*: You did not effect it, else you had been acknowledging, you had been just; you would have forbore being vindictive, or revengeful, and have distinguish'd between private Acts of Friendship, and a publick conscientious Dispensation; you would never have forgot the Obligation to rest upon the Resentment: Yet shall *Gallus* live for ever in his peculiar Strain, his own immortal Numbers, and in the Reputation he has acquired to the Glory of the Empire abroad: When *Julius Sergius's* Ill-nature and Ingratitude shall be only spoken of, *Gallus* shall still be remembered with Esteem, with Pleasure, and Admiration: *Gallus*! who in raising *Sergius's* Fame, has for ever established his own.

Julius Sergius is superficially gallant, as well as polite, and would be loth to leave the Ladies Room to complain of him, for not affording them a Place in his Gallery; he has suffered *Sappho* the Younger to be exalted there, who tho' when living, was Owner of a Soul as amorous as the Elder, yet wanted much of that Delicacy, and all that nice, yet daring Spirit (of which hers is but a faint Imitation) so applauded in *Phaon's* Mistress.

Nor has another of the Sex forbore to intrude her self; *Constantinople* abounds in
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Pretenders of both Kinds. the Result of that Silence, which has invaded those who are truly Master of the Muses; but this Thing without a Name, is only known by the permission *Julius Sergius* gave her to invoke him as a Patron; if she had any other Art of pleasing him, he had best conceal it, lest he make himself the Laugh of those numerous Coxcombs by whom her Addresse and Adulations have been so often rejected: Much good may it do you, *Sergius*, with *Lais's* Charms, the Leavings of the Multitude.

The great Interest he had, commanding That which commands All, drew many to address to him: For one Season it was become an absolute Fashion, none thought themselves the Poet, if *Sergius* the *Mecenas*, were not the Patron. This Custom induc'd a certain Lady to present his Lordship with the Labours of her Brain, but she was so forbidding, or rather so shockingly ugly, that *Sergius* with all his good Nature and affected Gallantry, could not afford her a Place in his Gallery, deferring to ask the Favour of *Clarinda* to sit for her Picture, 'till he should have an occasion to make a Collection of the Furies, where she may assure her self of the Preference.

Delectable lazy *Lucretius*, are you to conclude, as you began, with *Phedra* alone? Are you contented to have outdone the Pattern *Euripides* set? Do you believe all that heavenly Bounty of the Muses was lavished
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upon you to treasure up in your own Breast ? That Strength and Perspicuity of Style, the Numerousness of your Verse ; that easie Flow of Numbers, that enchanting happy Art of yours, in Metaphors and Similies, and all those ravishing Beauties that at once delight and astonish !

My Lords, I am far gone in the Gallery of Poets, and know not how to get out, not even to take part of *Sergius's* sumptuous Feast ; imagine the Beds carv'd by the most exquisite Workmen, the Quilts and Pillows of finest Wool, the double *Phenician* Purple Dye, with Coverings of Embroidery in Gold, Scarlet and Pearls ; the Tables either massy Silver, or more expensively inlaid ; not *Apicius* himself was a greater Epicure than is *Sergius* : *Lucrin* Oysters, *British* Cockles adorn his Board, the stately Turbut and delicious *Sicilian* Mullet swim again in the rich Wines of *Calabria*, cramm'd Peacocks, the *African* Hen, and every Bird that wings the Air, pays Tribute to his Feast ; the Lake of *Thrasimene*, and the Shore of *Liguria*, provides him Cavear and Sturgeon ; in short, nothing is wanting, or rather, all Things are there ; with huge *Corinthian* Vessels, massy Plate imboss'd ; Earthen-ware double gilt ; Chrystal Glasses : His Musicians are as admirable in their Art as are his Cooks : Then for Desert, after a Parade of Fruit and Sweetmeats, who can compare with *Sergius* ? Who like him covers the Table, for the last Time, with something
more

more solid than Meat and Drink? There you may behold a vast Service of Perfumes, precious Ointments, sweet *Grecian* Oils and scented Waters, even Jewels and Gold in Specie are the produce of his Board, with enchanted Pieces of Sticks so artificially carv'd, that 'tis but delivering them to the Imperial Treasurer, and they shall straight at his Touch, be converted into Silver, so many Notches so many Talents; there are also Srips of Paper, upon which are drawn Hieroglyphicks, intelligible to the Superintendants, who upon Sight exchange them for good Money: What is required here from the Ladies in return to *Sergius's* Generosity, is, only to follow their own Inclinations in pleasing the Men, from the Men to obey and please *Irene* and *Emilius*.

Julius Sergius was the only Person, when I was there, that seemed unentertain'd at his own Festival; I observed a Cloud upon his Brow, which he, in vain, strove to drive away with Wine and Dice, which us'd to charm him. *Bacchus* is a Familiar of his, he carouzes every Night with that jolly God, 'till he sometimes loses the Remembrance of any other Deity: But I would have your Lordships to know, how awful soever he is at other times in Quality of Statesman, he is no wiser than other Men at his own Table, and his own midnight Diversions. My fair Introdutrefs, together with the Honour I had of being Favourite to Count *Martell*, *Charles* the King's Ambassador,

bassador, whom all made it their Business to oblige, rendered me of no mean Consideration to *Julius Sergius*; after he had long labour'd himself in doing the Honours of his House, running from Room to Room, drinking Bowl after Bowl, he at length found himself fatigu'd, and alone, in the Grand-salle, only my self who was as idle as he, no charming Fair making me blest; and as to deep play so many Things are to be said against that ungenerous, unfair Diversion, and nothing for it, that I never pursue it, tho' there were Numbers that bent themselves to it at *Sergius's* Palace, and vast Sums in every Corner of the House were won and lost: *Julius*, whose Genius that Night was turn'd another way, declined the Dice and came to entertain me, which I was assured was an excessive Compliment and Self-Denial; I was surprized at the Honour; the rich *Calabrian* and *Chios* Wines quickly made us Intimates; but I, who had more Curiosity than Desire of Drinking, meant only to introduce my self into his Confidence, that he might wander with me from Alcove to Alcove, and explain the History of blissful Lovers, those Hieroglyphicks of the Happiness of his Palace.

Beginning to speak of himself to himself, knowing his Character, that he was vain-glorious, affected Politeness and Generosity; endless Topicks, in which perhaps we might have consumed the Night before

before I should be able to draw him thence, I hasted to his Amours. I think, my Lord *Julius Sergius*, continued I, addressing more closely to his Lordship, 'tis hard, that of all this heavenly Prospect of Happiness, your Lordship is the only solitary Lover: What is become of the charming *Bartica*? Can she live a Day, an Hour, without you? Sure she's indisposed, dying, or dead. You call the Tears into my Eyes, dear Count, answered the Heroe sobbing, she's a Traitress an inconstant proud Baggage, yet I love her dearly, and have lavished Myriads upon her, besides getting her worthy ancient Parent a good Post for Connivance. But, would you think it? She has other Things in her Head, and is grown so fantastick and high, she wants me to marry her, or else I shall have no more of her, truly: 'Twas ever a proud Slut; when she pretended most Kindness, when she was all over Coquet, and coveted to engage me more and more; when our Intimacy was at the height, she us'd to make my Servants wait three Hours for an Answer to a How-d'-ye, or a Letter, which I sent every successive Morn. As to a Letter, interrupted I, there may be some Excuse for that, my Lord: For what Woman, or indeed Man, can dare to write to a Person of your Lordship's Character, the Quintessence of Wit and Politeness, without copy and recopying again? That's true, Hear *St. Girrone*, answered his propitious Lordship, then kissing me close, and doing me

me the Favour of the Glass, to let me know he expected I should follow his Example, he drank deeply, and after cry'd out in an Extasie,

And Wit for ever Scarlet from this Vein shall flow!

Then asking my Excuse, 'twas a Flight of his own Poetry, he presented me the Wine, and continu'd his Indignation against *Bar-tica*. He told me, if he pin'd himself to Death, he was resolv'd not to marry her whilst she was so saucy. I don't brag, my dear Count, but methinks I have some Qualifications, besides my Wealth, and being of consular Dignity, that deserves as good a Wife; my Person is not contemptible, and as to my Wit and Sense, look into the Writings of all those Moderns who durst deliver their Opinion, who durst presume to dedicate to me; see There, what future Ages will think of me; Time was, a Man thought his Fortune made, if he could but invoke *Julius Sergius*; and as to State-Affairs, I'll say no more, let Things speak for themselves, every Body knows how Matters were reduced when I took them in hand. Had they a *Denary* but what was adulterated, and very few left of Them? Who retrieved all? Who did such Wonders that amazed our Enemies, and set our very Friends at a Gaze? 'Tis true, I found my Account prodigiously in what I did, and have got a good Post for Life? What of that?

that ? happen what will, they can do me no hurt : Few Governments, my Lord, are as grateful as they should be ! If I had my Deserts, where would *Emilius* be ? and yet he's the fortunate Man ; and, tho' I say it, crouds into that Station which is my due ; but I see the Petticoats governs all : 'Tis something indeed to have been able to please them, I know no other Merit, between Friends, that *Cajus Emilius* can pretend to. Come, my Lord the Count, pledge me in this sparkling Bowl of *Calabria*, let us not forget *Irene* that magnificent grateful Empress, who when a Man can please no more, still considers him for what he has done ; so much for *Emilius*. I might have been as lucky, but the Destinies be hated for it, I could not take the Hint and improve my good Fortune ; 'twas one Morning when a Piece of foreign News brought me to her Bed-side, she coqueted with her Eyes, and every Part about her, but I was an unintelligent Blockhead, and never reflected on't 'till I was going out of her Apartment : I had a good mind to have returned, and endeavoured to have atoned for my Omission, but the Court filled, and she never gave me another Opportunity ; Fool and Beast as I was, I did not deserve it ; but she has looked upon me since with quite another Air : And did I not do those Things you see, make these Feasts, and initiate all the Youth of any Consideration, so as to make them fit to bear whatever Impression the Party

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think fit, I suppose I might have been laid aside. He would have run on for ever, if the Waiters had not introduced *Euriphlus* the Eunuch, and *Maria* the *Asian* Singer, with a whole Chorus of inferior Voices: Whilst *Sergius* was busying himself in receiving those Hirelings, who have more Respect shewed them at *Constantinople* than Persons of the first Merit and Distinction, I stole away, and resolved to wander thro' that Maze of Bliss by my self, since I found there was no Hopes of getting *Julius* along with me. Each Apartment was accessible, all yielding to the Sight by their Chrystal Lights, and an exact *Decorum* observed, not to intrude upon one anothers Pleasures; but as I was a Stranger, and not very solicitous of Fame, I made no scruple to pry about, and even to lean my Ears and Eyes to the magnificent Glass-Doors, that bestowed a clear and noble Prospect of that Happiness I was in search of, and could not forbear to envy.

Being a Stranger, and having none to explain to me the Names, Persons, or Adventures of those whom I beheld, I shall be able to give but an imperfect Relation.

The first that offered was a Lady, well-featured, of an excellent Complexion, with a great deal of Youth upon her Face, but mingled with an Air so enterprizing, that I could not forbear thinking she had Courage enough for an *Amazon*. The beautiful
Youth

Youth that had the Honour to please, seem'd all obsequious, and careful to oblige: Whatever had been the tender Moments, those I heard were filled with the Lady's Adventures, and her Conquests over her Husband: She walked about as if a robust restless Spirit were natural to her. Would you think it, *Narcissus*, said she, I am stronger than my Lord, and have got the better of him several times at Cuffs? My Lord! I shall never be reconciled to that hideous Name! my Plague, my Fool. He is the ugliest Fellow in the Empire! A whey-fac'd, wall-ey'd, water-gruel Wretch! Had my Mother no Body else to pick out for me? Ah! odious Creature! But I am bound, and must obey; I know my Duty. How do you think we agree about the Point of Superiorship? There's scarce a Night but we've a Trial of Skill. Our Diversion is Kicking, and which shall kick best is the Word, 'till one of us is kick'd out of Bed; thump we fall upon the Floor. The Victory often remains on my Side. Let me speak it, my dear *Narcissus*, without boasting, I am a Soldier's Daughter, I was Conqueress last Night. The impertinent Fool wou'd know when I saw you; but I made him pay for his Question. Here the Lady repeated the Motion with her Foot, at which she seem'd very expert, very much in her Element, and diverted even with the Repetition of her Heroick Exploits: And then, went she on: We observe Conditions most honourably;

For the Vanquish'd, without a Murmur, is obliged to rise and depart to another Bed : And do not you think, that this Matrimonial Life is very heavenly.

The next I saw was a Scene of much more Softness, in an Alcove, where repos'd a Lady, under the Figure of *Ariadne*, almost naked, as she is represented by the Painters in the Embraces of *Bacchus*, for such appeared the Mien of the Person that was with her. This more lovely *Ariadne* had an Air of Desire and Sweetness infinitely engaging : She leaned upon the Bosom of her Deity, as if dissolved in Pleasure, and crown'd a Goblet that was in her Hand, full of Muscadine, to the Immortality of their Joys. *Lydia*, her Confidant, and Fashioner of her Wardrobe, drank deep ; then fill'd to *Philomela*, a Nymph agreeable for her Voice, and the Knack she had in pleasing *Ariadne*. *Bacchus* did not forbear to do Justice in his turn, when the Lady, whom he held embraced, playing with those Garlands of Vine-leaves that he wore, commanded *Philomela* to give them an amorous Air ; which when she had performed, she drew her to her, and kiss'd her Lips, with Eyes swimming in Delight and a peculiar Satisfaction : Let me die, my lovely Girl, said she, if thou hast not all the Deliciousness and Flavour in thy Breath, that one can imagine. My dear *Bacchus*, try the Pleasure of her moist Kisses ; I could wear away a Life upon her Lips, press me closer, thou

thou enchanting Girl: Not all Mankind can give me such *poignant* Joys! Here followed a very new and out of-the-way Scene, but of what I can only imagine; for dexterous *Lydia* flipp'd a twisted Cord of Silk, which in a Moment left all in the Dark, the numerous Lamps being at one Instant not extinguished, but obscured and covered by Silver Machines artificially contriv'd. I heard tender Sighs and broken Murmurs succeed the Light, 'till after a convenient Season of Darknefs, adroit *Lydia* pull'd the Cord, and all was Day again. The new fill'd sparkling Bowls grac'd their Hands afresh; they drank all together to the God of Love, and wished themselves, and one another, unintermitting Health, to taste for ever the Joys of Love and Wine in Perfection, as they did now!

I could not forbear laughing, when, in the next Apartment, I beheld that old luxurious Patrician *Cataline* with a young Girl of no extraordinary Beauty. She look'd wholesome, ungain, and country, those were all the Charms that appeared in her. He affected to cajole her with amorous Transports and Artifices so easily seen thro', as indeed are the best of his, that I am surprized, there are any so weak as still to be deceived by him; being but just enter'd before I had gain'd the transparent Door, I saw their Meeting, and with what pretended Ardour he left his first Kisses upon her Lips. Well, my dear *Corinna*, don't you

find I am a Man of Honour? Tho' I deceive all the World, I'll never deceive thee? How dost thou like him? I promise he shall be thy Husband, if thou'lt accustom thyself to my Embraces. The Girl seemed coy, and he pursued her with his Kisses: Why, my Dear, what art thou afraid on? Let me but come to thee, I'll do thee no Hurt in the World. Ask that malicious Slut *Cloe*, my last Mistress, she'll tell thee I am a very civil Person. I thought I had Impudence enough, but she even out-does me. I remember my Wife was newly brought to Bed of a Son, no Matter how she came by him; there he was, that concerns no Body, as long as I am easie why should others be busie? I suppose they'll be now upon the same Enquiry. That bold *Cloe*, though she had but just before left me for a younger Spark, had the Confidence to send to me, as she said for the last time, for a good round Sum of Money, which if I should have refus'd, she threatned to tell all the Town, upon her Knowledge, that That Boy my Wife had, cou'd be none of mine. Therefore pretty *Corinna*, thou needest not be afraid of me; to Morrow thou shalt be marry'd: I have fixed all Things with thy Mother, and the young Booby Patrician; neither can his Father, with his covetous Tricks, disinherit him of all; there's a very good Estate settled upon him as eldest Son. I know sure what I do: If that old Curmudgeon, that wont afford Oil for his Lamps,

Lamps, nor Meat to his Board, is not reconcil'd, I'll take care of thee, thou shalt command all I have. In the mean time accept of these Jewels, and be sure to wear them as Nuptial Ornaments, that thy Husband may think they were given thee by thy Mother. The Diamonds seemed to make the Girl more complying; she grew fonder of them than of her old Lover. I did not stay to see how he succeeded, because the distance of their Age seemed so unnatural, I felt neither Sympathy nor Pleasure.

I was wandering to another Apartment, when I was met by *Julius Sergius*, who did me the Favour to tell me, He had been in search of me, and that the Tables were recovered with a thousand Delicacies. Since I had not a Mistress to employ me better, he would take no Denial; I must return to the Banquet with him. As we were traversing the Gallery, I was struck with the sight of so majestick a Beauty, that my Blood thrill'd, and ran to guard my Heart from the Surprize her Features gave me! Ha! *Sergius*! cry'd I out, as transported, What have we here? the *Idalian* Queen *Citherea* herself is descended in Honour of your Festival! Behold her conspicuous in that lovely, all commanding Form: I must make haste to worship her. Come away, Mad-man, cry'd *Julius Sergius* retaining me: Do you not see that Gentleman with her? He is her Lover, and a Man of Honour; your Adorations had better take another Turn, or you

must expect a Rencounter. And is she then a Mortal, interrupted I? Who? What? for Heaven's sake, dear *Julius* inform me: Let me have one View more of that inevitable Goddess. Let us walk silently, and in Admiration, by them. Heavens! what a Symmetry of Beauty! how graceful her Mien! how awful her Presence! what a Harmony is there in that glorious Face! how well-formed! what Glances she throws from her bewitching Eyes! how arched are her Eye-brows! how finely turn'd her Nose! I shall be distracted 'till I press the Rubies of those enchanting Lips; there's Incantation in her Smiles: Behold! she speaks, and shows a thousand new Beauties. Was ever any Teeth in the World to compare with her's? How white! how well-rang'd! how red her Gums! how fragrant must be that Breath which departs from so charming a Mouth! I shall run mad in gazing on her. What I can say is, That 'till this Moment I never beheld Perfection. All the Nations I have passed through, cou'd never shew me any Thing comparable to her. Is she not a Queen, an Empress? Had she her Deserts, as she is most Excellent, she should surely be the Greatest. Dear *Sergius*, keep me no longer upon the Rack, but let me know something of her who has inevitably wounded me. She is far from being what she deserves, reply'd *Sergius*: Her Name is *Alenia*, born of Parents of very good Repute; but dying whilst she was yet a Girl, they left her with little or no
For-

Fortune, to be ruin'd by those Charms which should have rais'd her ; for if Beauty, as certainly it is, be a Woman's greatest Merit, *Alenia* ought to have been Empress of the East. Though her Mind is also nearly ally'd to her Form, she is just, she is generous, good-natur'd, universally complaisant, and taking even to her own Sex, who can't help admiring, though they envy her, which they have done to such a degree, that despairing by the Malice of their Tongues to lessen the Reputation of her Charms, they fall foul upon her Fame, and severely revenge themselves there ; for if a Lady happens to be but once indiscreet, tho' seduc'd in an Age so early, that she knows not the Value of Discretion, she is at the Mercy of ill Tongues for ever after, and becomes answerable for all they think fit to charge her with, though it be even for those Persons she never beheld.

But why does not some generous happy Man, answered I, atone for the Injustice of Fortune, and marry her, since she has Honour and Gratitude to set a Value upon the least Obligation ? Who would not be proud of such a Wife ? Because, reply'd *Sergius*, there are many that seek to ruin the Honour and Vertue of Women, few to repair them ; all are fond of having a fine Creature upon their own Terms, scarce any on her's, if without a Dowry she raises her Petensions so high as Matrimony. The blessed Man that first possessed *Alenia*, if he

did marry her, as some imagine, has thought fit to disown it. Was it possible, think you, that so bright a Charmer could live without Millions of Importunities? Amongst the Croud that adored and followed her Steps, she has declared in favour of that Person you beheld her with, who does every thing else to deserve the Blessing, and is envy'd for his good Fortune by all that have Eyes, and know the Value of such miraculous Beauty: I may very well call hers so, because I never yet saw any who were not charm'd by her, the Eyes of the whole Amphitheatre and Cirque being directed, whenever she appears, to her alone: In the Imperial Gardens, or any other Walks, they divide and make a Lane, that she may pass triumphantly along. Oh! how unjust is Fortune! interrupted I, That that Form should be attended with any Unhappiness, that an early Fault, before Reason could be born, should make her future Character unfair. Can any Man pretend to love, who is in Circumstances to deserve her, and not retrieve her Fame? what does he fear? All Mankind in beholding her, must be of his Side: Is not so much Beauty an Excuse for any Indiscretion, granting it were one? But for my part I call it otherwise; I term it Virtue, and doing a meritorious Action, to redeem so lovely a Creature from the greatest of Misfortunes, the Aspersions of the World.

You are really charm'd, answer'd *Sergius*. So much, I continu'd, that I dare no more behold her, since only a Soldier of Fortune; 'twould be Temerity in me, to pretend to the least of her Favours. Were I a Monarch, you shou'd quickly see how much I ador'd and valu'd *Alenia*.

Hist, hist, cries *Julius Sergius*; do you observe nothing, pulling my Robe to make me attentive? Nothing new but an old Woman, I know her to be such by her Gate tho' her Vail be down; she that steals along. That's no such a Sight sure, answer'd I peevishly, to divert me from killing *Alenia's* Prospect! Follow her! follow her! reply'd he, I give you leave, and then bring me Word what you have seen through the Chrystal-Gates. I obey'd, and beheld an Alcove richly, lasciviously adorn'd, even superior to the rest, where a beauteous Woman was waiting; One, whose Face is very well known, and the better, because 'tis none of her own. The old Beldam (in appearance) threw up her Veil, and flew to the Charmer's Arms, who in receiving the Caress, threw her fair Face over the *Madona's* Shoulder, and put out her Tongue with a Mien of Scorn and Dislike; then turning short upon me, the Extasie seemed to require it, the reverend Matron confess'd the Figure, or Magical Representative of *Caius Amilius*; it could not surely be himself; I burst out into so excessive a Laughter, that I was forced to withdraw from my Chrystal Perspective.

spective. *Julius Sergius* attended me ; perceiving I had made the Discovery ; Come Count, cry'd he, sneering, the Entertainment waits us ; she was once mine ; Play and Money gave me an Opportunity of seeing her often at her Mother's, but we must not be always happy.

Whilst Monsieur *St. Girrone* was endeavouring to divert *Horatio*, one came from his Tent, to tell him, That Count *Alarick* was taken dangerously ill with a violent Fever, Lightness of the Head, and Pain of the Side ; that he had complained in the Morning, but would not have his Lordship disturbed 'till now, that there seem'd an absolute Necessity for the Advice of a Physician and a Person to bleed him : The Count received the Message with much good Nature and Concern, praying *Horatio* and Monsieur *le Envoy*, to permit him to wait upon the Sick. The Prior ordered his Physician should attend him ; they found *Alarick* very ill, but his Illness appeared not dangerous, because Bleeding and proper Remedies being apply'd (the Envoy's Pavilion affording all Things necessary) his Pain began to abate, and he fell into a Slumber, which when the Count *de St. Girrone* perceived, leaving proper Orders, he return'd to the engaging *Horatio* and the Envoy.

After having satisfy'd their Curiosity and Concern, about *Alarick's* Health, Fortune gives in to my Desires. My Lords, continued

tinued he, with a gallant Air, though I would not wish to have bought their Gratification at so great a Price as the Count's Danger, yet in the Inclination I have to possess the Conversation of two so polite, I can by no means quarrel with the Incident; apparently it will be some time (if the Count escapes with Life) before we shall be able to continue our Journey; I fear it was the late Precipitation with which we travell'd that occasioned his Illness. I have endeavour'd to obey in a long Relation about *Constantinople*: My Lords, shall not I be oblig'd in my turn? Will not *Horatio* give some Account of the *Iberian War*, and of those Adventures that have made him dear to Fame, or rather the only Man upon Earth that is truly in possession of her? *Charles the Frank*, and *Theodorick of the Vandals*, may be justly said to have done stupendious Things, but they had Armies to fight their Battles, and Money to pay their Men; whereas your Lordship has out-done even Knight Errantry, and took Towns and Kingdoms, as if by Enchantment, without Men or Money! Well may the coming Ages, as certainly they will, think it all Romance, since even those that were Spectators, scarcely believed what they saw, rubbing their Eyes, as if to awaken themselves from a Dream of Fairy-Land. I never was so curious of any Knowledge as what relates to the Actions that your Lordship has perform'd: In spite of Suppression, Misrepresentation, and En-

vy, they reached *Constantinople*, and with such *Eclat*, that made the Glory *Stauracius* had been labouring for, tremble from the Pinnacle upon which his Flatterers had hoisted her! All tarnished! pale! and quivering! She could no longer maintain her Station; she precipitately descended, or rather fell! She in a moment disappeared when *Horatio* the Immortal was mentioned: You were the Theme that amazed and delighted! *Irene* her self said he must be removed, to prevent the People returning to their old Heathen Worship; you would again incite Idolatry, and force them to believe there was more in it than Fiction, since neither *Mars* nor *Hercules* had performed Things so astonishing as had *Horatio*! Your Disgrace, my Lord, was owing to your self; you were in earnest, you meant to overcome, and you had doubtless succeeded. The World, under your inimitable Conduct had had Repose, the Conquest of *Iberia* would have been the finishing Stroak! that at once had shut the Gates of *Fanus's* Temple, and restored Peace to the Empire of the East and West. But what then wou'd have become of the invulnerable *Stauracius*? his Valour had been without Employment, nor had the good Intentions of Fortune avail'd him any thing; all those mighty Conquests he has since gain'd, would never have been; it does not suffice to say, there had been no Occasion for them; think you it is a small Thing to take a Heroe short in his Course

to

to Glory? No! No! Better a Million of vulgar Lives and Mines of Treasure should be sacrificed, be exhausted, than he abate the least Grain of that stupendious Reputation he has acquired. You must be contented, my Lord, at being removed as a foreseen unlucky Incident, that would have prevented, with an over-officious Valour and Conduct, those Matters of Triumph he has since met with, and which has concurred to make him an Object at once formidable and fortunate.

Indeed, Monsieur the Count, answer'd *Horatio*, with an obliging Air, I know how to take Things spoken in Gallantry. I do not pretend to merit any Part of what you have been pleased to attribute to me, yet I am sorry that I cannot obey your Commands; imagine how vain I must appear, in giving you my self the Detail of a War which was upheld by Miracle, and where Fortune doubtless deserved the Share which my Friends or Flatterers have made over to me. But because I must not wholly refuse you, be pleased to await the Return of one of my Servants, who is gone with two of Monsieur *le Envoy's*, and his *Passé par toute* to *Nova*; I hope they will come back with the most agreeable Person upon Earth: That City was appointed our Rendezvous, in parting with him I designed thither, but the Siege has prevented me; you will find in that Gentleman an inevitable Charm; there

there is Strength, Sweetness, Perspicuity, Truth and Eloquence in all he writes and speaks; he is an *Excellent Advocate* for a *Declining General*; oppressed as I am by Fortune, do you not think I stand in need of such a one? my Friend, my Physician, and if the Term may be allow'd, my Lover, as all Mankind must be his; you will be charm'd with his Conversation, his Wit is so just, so bright, his immense Views have taken in all Things. If we consider him in his own Profession, there is none more learn'd, more diligent, more generous, or more lucky; his Philosophy and new Hypotheses, young as he is, is already quoted by the learned World, with the same Authority as *Hippocrates*; his *Latin* is that of the *Augustan Age*; he has done surprizing Things that and every way: Upon his Return to *Constantinople*, I do not doubt but to see him as Eminent as his Deserts, Great in all the Offices of Life. I can refer you to him with an Assurance of Satisfaction, since none is so fit to give an Account of the *Iberian War*, because he attended my Person, and was an Eye-Witness of all that pass'd. I need not fear in raising your Expectations to do him any Dis-service; for I can give no Character to his Advantage, that he will not answer; he is so much a Gentleman, so well-turn'd, so refin'd, his Modesty only is an Exception against him; for in meriting all Things, *Celsus* will hear of nothing; it
puts

puts him in Pain even to have his Probity and good Principles commended, which all may own without a Blush, since Persons should rather blush to be without them, for when Truth and Honesty are departed, Conversation becomes intolerable.

You give us Pain, interrupted the Envoy, till we are so happy to see this Gentleman; if he be already arrived at *Nova*, we may expect the good Fortune to Morrow. One common Curiosity inspired us both, answer'd *Horatio*, the young King of the *Vandals*, we are come so far to behold him, his Glory has given us Desire. He is indeed an Original, pursu'd the Ambassador, a very new Character, so much a King in his Performances, so small a one in his Manner, I dare say your Lordship will agree you never saw any Thing like him, but himself; yet he's very handsome, I speak only of his Behaviour and Contempt of Grandour, he is as careless of his Person as he is diligent in War; so over-run with Neglect of himself, that there is something in That as extraordinary as in his Courage. 'Tis not his time to be polite, or rather young, tho' he be, he is already past it, and so much past it, as 'tis fear'd never to return to it again: That Coldness and Stiffness which he affects towards the fair Sex, and which the World thinks so unnatural, is a Disgust he took in a very early Age. Your Excellency, answer'd *Horatio*, is acquainted with every Thing:
Since

Since *Celsus* is not yet come, we must beg leave of *Monfieur de St. Girrone*, to fufpend his Curiofity as to the Affairs of *Iberia*; the Count with a Bow feem'd to acquiefce, and *Horatie* addreffing to him, continued thus. In expectation of my Friend's Arrival, whom it will be impoffible for you to know and not love him as well as I do; If your Lordship permits, I will beg from *Monfieur le Envoy*, the Continuation of what has pafs'd among the *Sarmatæ*: He began the Relation laft Night, and it will be extreamly obliging, if he be pleas'd to continue it now.

My Lord Ambaffador, answer'd the Count, with a Smile, How comes the heavy dull King of the *Almains* to have out-witted the refined Policy of the King our Master, and your Excellency? His procuring the Election of the Prince of the *Saci* unknown, unthought of, in Prejudice to Prince *Armutius*, was fuch a Master-piece, as will for ever retrieve his Character, and darken that of *Charles*. We did not expect a Storm from that Quarter, reply'd the Envoy a little confus'd, our Views were not fo extenfive, and I acknowledge, we were to blame: But who would have imagin'd that a christian Prince, how ambitious foever, would have renounc'd his Religion to worfhip Idols? But there was fomething more in it than That, Love and Difguft were at the bottom, the firft for his Miftrefs, the fecond to his Princefs; but

but if both your Lordships please, I will return to the Story where I left last Night. *Horatio* and the Count assured his Excellency that there would be nothing more acceptable, which occasioned him to begin thus.

The

The Continuation of the History
of SARMATIA.

WITH your Lordship's Leave, addressing to *Horatio*, I will sum up in a few Words, to the Count *de St. Girrone*, what I had the Honour to tell your Lordship last Night; which he having accordingly done, ending at the Lady *Honorio's* Death; his Excellency pursued his Narrative in this Manner.

Fond of any Occasion that could engage me with the Queen, (whom I desired might confide in me, tho' in vain, she was too crafty and distrustful) I one Day happen'd upon that which I imagin'd favourable; because all Women love to hear of their Power, an Opinion of their Charms can countervail Misfortunes. I found her Majesty in Tears: The Physicians had just told her, The King's Distemper puzzled all their Art, and they could form no advantageous Judgment of the Success. I did my Endeavour, by extolling the Happiness she might hereafter expect, to perswade her to bear the present Misfortune as became a Heroine, as she was: I know not whether I did not even go further, and assure her Majesty, that
I took

I took so great a Part in all her Concerns, that she could not be grieved but I must be infinitely disquieted, because that nothing upon Earth affected me in comparison to the Interests of her Majesty, whose Beauty had made so deep an Impression upon my Heart, that Time could not efface. I am not used to such Gallantries, my Lord Ambassador, she answered; neither do I believe that you so much as know what you are discoursing of. Would to Heaven, I reply'd, with something too great an Empressment, that I were so insensible of what your Majesty says; but to my Misfortune, I am much less than I dare tell your Majesty: Behold, my Lords, what a goodly Foundation here was for the Queen's Rage? Had her Beauty been in its first Bloom, the Anger and Ill-nature she assumed, would in a Moment have destroyed it! Her Brows purs'd, she wrinkled her Forehead, already very obedient and ready by time to run into that Tract, the Rays of her Eyes united in a Point, from whence they darted a Stream of Envy, Pride, and Desire of Revenge; her whole Countenance became furious and distorted, not flushed with a generous Red, but pale almost to Death, or worse, an ashy livid Hue, whence in a Moment succeeded a Purple that approached near to Black, and made her quivering Lips frightful; Disdain and Resentment had turn'd her Blood adust, the Veins of her Neck swelled, her Voice en-

enlarged, and with a shrill and furious Accent, she asked me, 'How I durst lose my Respect towards a Person of her Rank? Did I imagine my self in the Court of Orleans? yet even there, the Center of Foppery and *des Sotisse*, Crowned Heads were exempt from such insolent Attempts! That she had long observed my Folly, but had for her own sake forbore to take notice of it, till the Thing spoke it self too plainly; that however she had been born in the Country of Coquets and Fops, her Education had happened where true Vertue reigned, where Women were conscious that Merit sprang not alone from Beauty, 'twas Glory that composed their Coronet! not to be approached or sullied by Hands so prophane as mine:' So saying, her sacred Majesty, with the same Air, flounced into the next Apartment, and left me alone; and had I been really a Lover, as disconsolate as she could wish; but Heavens be praised, her Disdain not much tormenting me, I felt no great Remorse or Dissatisfaction, nay, was more disposed to laugh than to lament; so true it is that the affected Cruelties and Indignation of a mistaken Prude, ever affords matter of Diversion, rather than Mortification.

But as contemptible as this appeared in it self, the Consequences were considerable, since it excluded her vertuous Majesty, and her wise Off-spring from the second Vote, either

either of us, or our Confederates; for Prince *Armutius* not succeeding, we might have assisted Prince *Alexis*; she writ that Hour to the King of the *Franks*, complaining in obscure Terms, of my Insolence and want of Respect, desiring I might be recalled. The next Day, to make her Indignation more remarkable, she went to the Palace where I was lodged, knowing I was then engaged at Court, and search'd all the Apartments, 'till in my Bed-Chamber, she found her own Picture, which I had bought some Days before of a very good Limner at an excessive Price; her Majesty had been told it by some officious Person, and thinking me unworthy to have such a Jewel in my Possession, however dearly bought, came in Person to take it triumphantly away without any sort of Complement, Apology, or Consideration of the Money it had cost me.

Some few Days after, the King fell into a Lethargy, which in eighteen Hours carried him off: I went to condole with her Majesty, but was not admitted: I laughed at the Fantast, considering how very freely my Heart beat; it was particular, very particular, to be treated as a Criminal, when nothing could be more innocent; the Princes her Sons, except the eldest, were something less unreasonable, and received my Compliments of Condolance with a very good Grace, especially the Princess whom Prince *Alexis* had the Honour to marry; she knew the
World,

World, and thought it could not at all disadvantage her to be civil to the Ambassador of so potent a King as *Charles*, in that particular She was much wiser than her Lord, who took so great a Part in the Queen's Resentments, that it was easie to see an Air of extream Coldness through that forced Civility, which for a while he thought himself obliged to pay me.

Prince *Honorius*, High Priest of the everlasting Fire, was proclaimed Regent, with all the Pomp and Acclamations due to their Kings: He came heartily into my Master's Interests; I was indefatigable, gave my self no Rest, buying and bribing, extolling Prince *Armutius*, and running down Prince *Alexis*, who seem'd the most formidable Candidate, though there were several more that put in. The late King left an immense Sum in Jewels and ready Money. The Queen still kept her Court in the Capital, where by her Address, Eloquence, and Generosity, she drew after her, Numbers of those term'd Noble, and by her Charity, attracted the Prayers and good Wishes of the Poor and Needy; her Coffers were however replenished at the Soldiers Cost, a vast Arrear being due to them; for the late King had, for a long time, made it his Business to pay as little as possible, to save Money for his Queen and Children, knowing that whenever he should happen to die, that would be the only Service to them; whereas what was due to

to the Army, would be look'd upon as a Debt of the Crown's, and generally to be paid by the next Successor. But the Number of Candidates increas'ing, they foresaw that it would be a long Time before the Election was likely to be determin'd, and 'till then, there was no Probability of their Arrears: To bring Things to a nearer Conclusion, I instigated the Lieutenant-General to a Confederacy among the Soldiers, by which they mounted on Horseback, got into the Field, and exacted Contributions, demanding a speedy Election. Then began the Troubles of the *Sarmatæ*, but we foresee not when they can have an End. The Regent sat in daily Consultation how to raise Money to satisfy the Demands of the Mutineers, as knowing they had but too much Cause to complain. The Crown-General thought it was best to reduce them by Force; and eager to be reveng'd upon his Lieutenant, who had debauched so considerable a Part of the Army from their Duty and his Obedience, drew up the Soldiers that still remained under his Command, and gave the Rebels Battle, but was beaten with considerable Loss, which to all Purposes rather increas'd than diminished the Confusion of the Kingdom. The victorious Mutineers pursued their good Fortune, and took one of the richest and largest Cities, which having put under Con-

tribution, they establish'd their Winter-Quarters, and made a new Standard, the Figure of two Swords, with this Motto, which was inscribed under one of them, *For our Country*; under the other, *For us, the Defenders of our Country*. Then began War and Desolation to reign, they loudly demanded that the Queen should be made to retire from the Capital with the Children-Royal, which if she refus'd, they would force her to depart the Kingdom: The Regent went with seeming Regret, to tell her Majesty the unwelcome News; he could not forget the untimely Fate of *Honorina*, nor the Injustice of Prince *Alexis*; now was his time to revenge her Wrongs. The Queen received the Order with something more Weakness than he expected from a Soul so haughty, by which he guess'd that her Designs were proportionably disappointed; the Tears fill'd her Eyes when she told his Highness she would depart to a House of Pleasure she had some few Miles from *Marsovia*, but could not forbear making bitter Invectives against my Proceedings, which she assured her self was not by the Orders of the King my Master.

This *Inter-regnum* began to wear as mischievous a Face as long Minorities; never was known more Divisions, more Confusions, and more Disorders in a Nation; the Rebel-

Rebel-Army committed as many Cruelties upon the Lands of the Republick as an Enemy could have done, and to add to their Misfortunes, the barbarous *Huns* taking an Advantage of these Calamities, made a Descent upon the Borders, robbing and spoiling where-ever they came, and putting all to Fire and Sword, sweeping the Inhabitants that were fit for Slavery, hauling them away into a deplorable and miserable Captivity.

The Regent, to put some End to these Misfortunes, sent to the Mutineers to assure them they should be paid all their Arrears, upon condition they would lay down their Arms, or return under the Obedience of their lawful General; but they refus'd, telling the Deputies, That tho' all their Demands were satisfied, they would not disunite 'till a new King was chosen. It was my Business to uphold these Sentiments, therefore I spared for neither Money, or Persuasion to keep them warm, and steadfast in their Resolution.

The Prince-Regent went yet further, and form'd an Association, which he obliged all to sign, where after having provided for their false Religion, they appointed a remote Day for the Election. Prince *Honorius*, as deserving as he was, car'd not to resign the Sovereignty, which during the *Inter-regnum*, was absolutely lodg'd in him; but

but that which more gratify'd him, and by which he struck directly at Prince *Alexis*, they entered into a strict Obligation, not to Elect upon any Terms a Native of *Sarmatia*, they pronounced all those to be publick Enemies who should aspire to the Crown, and such to be Rebels who acknowledged any of the *Sarmatæ* for their King.

The late King had, during a long Reign, made it his Business to hinder the States from convening ; they had almost forgot what was their Authority, 'till now in this *Inter-regnum*, where the first Thing proposed was to reduce the Monarchy to its former Limits, that whatever Prerogatives so great a Number of successive Kings had unjustly got by Incroachment, might be resumed before a new Election.

New Troubles broke out in the Dukedom of the *Alani*, subjected to the *Sarmatæ* ; the Dutchy is govern'd by a *Dux*, interpreted among us a Viceroy ; the General of the Army has a Power independent of the *Dux* ; these two mighty Posts are Hereditary, and possess'd by Families who have long been Enemies, upon an Occasion, which, small as it was, has produced large and fatal Consequences.

There was a *Vicedux*, an Age or more since, who had a Daughter named *Amoria*, perfectly handsome, excessively good-natur'd, and devout almost to a fault, of a serious or rather

rather melancholy Temper: She was married at her own Request, by her Father, to the Great General's eldest Son called *Iagello*; the Youth was wild, young, amorous, and inconstant; but *Amoria* had made him her Choice, and was excessively charm'd with him: For some Years he lived in a good Correspondence with his Lady, whose Temper had too much Allay for his Fire, but perfectly understanding her Duty, and very much in Love, she made it her Business rather to force Nature than do any Thing that should be distasteful to her Lord, till the Viceroy with whom they lived being dead, and his Son succeeding, *Iagello* thought himself at more liberty to follow his Pleasures; the Coldness and native Vertue of the Women of the North, not answering to the Height of his Taste in Debauch, he resolved to try the warmer Southern Climates, and therefore unknown to all the World, he forsook the Court, and wandered into *Gallia, Lombardy, Ravenna, Rome*: In short, after a ten Years loose Pilgrimage, he felt some Remorse for having abandon'd *Amoria*, a doating Wife, to weep away her Beauties Bloom; his whole Family and all the Friends and Acquaintance he had lamenting his Absence, for he never took care to let them know any thing of his Rambles but when he wanted Supplies. He had left his Lady possessed of two beauteous Boys,

which now he felt some natural Returns, some Sentiments of Tenderneſs for, after ſo long an Abſence. When he was come as far as the Frontiers, he writ a Letter to *Amoria*, wherein he conjur'd her, 'To forget all that was paſt, to receive him as a Husband who would henceforth bound all his Deſires in her alone, and by doing her Merit future Juſtice he would endeavour to atone for his former Neglect; he pray'd her to receive him without any of thoſe Frowns he deſerved, but to forget, if poſſible, the very Remembrance of his Fault; begg'd her Arms might be open to him, though he confeſſed, he was unworthy of ſo much Happineſs, but to leave no Thought upon either of their Minds that might diſturb that Delight and Tranquillity he expected, he required her, by the Duty of a Wife, that their Meeting might be without Reproach.'

Amoria, us'd to Melancholy and Miſfortune, knew not how to believe that flattering Proſpect of Happineſs which her Lord gave her in his Letter; ſhe read it over and over, ſuffering the kindling Joy to enlarge to Tranſports; ſhe returned him an Answer all kind and forgiving! He received it with proportionate Satisfaction, and ſent her another, 'That the next Night he would be ſo happy (if the Deſtinies permitted him) to reſtore to her a Wanderer, who deſired nothing

‘ nothing with more Impatience than the
 ‘ Happiness she could give him; but be-
 ‘ cause he would avoid the idle Congratula-
 ‘ tions of his Friends, ’till he had first been
 ‘ blest in her’s, he begg’d her to conceal
 ‘ his Return, and to suffer him to pass the
 ‘ Night alone with her, unknown to any
 ‘ but their dear Children, and the Woman
 ‘ of her Bed-Chamber.’

The indulgent tender Wife, resolved to comply in all Things with his Inclinations; but the Misfortune was, *Amoria* had been one of those Beauties that fade without the Help of Time; her Grief and Melancholy had so totally destroyed her Charms, that tho’ she was not Old, there did not remain the least Tract or Air of that Beauty which had formerly been so conquering; the fair Hue of her Complexion was degenerated to a pale sickly Yellow, the Roses upon her Cheeks so perfectly faded, that there was not the least Blush of their native Vermilion; her Lips were grown thin and livid, the Largeness of her Eyes still remained, but so as to make her more frightful, because they were forsaken by her Cheeks, and seemed staring and hollow: Her Nose, once so well turned, and white, look’d red and large, her Face appear’d fallen, lean, and flat; in a Word, she was no longer that *Amoria*, whom *Iagello* her Lord had known.

She was conscious of some Change, tho' she could not believe it so great. We are least acquainted with our selves, and will but with Difficulty admit that even Time makes an Alteration to our Disadvantage; 'tis the very last Thing our Vanity suffers us to be convinced of, and which we with Unwillingness acknowledge though convinced. *Amoria* knew well her Lord was nice of Taste, even before he had seen the Southern Beauties; therefore to prepare him for that Alteration she would have him expect, she sent him a Letter, a Copy of which is still extant in their Histories, and is counted one of the Master-pieces of that Time.

' She begg'd him first to believe, That
 ' the Joy she felt for his Return, was equal
 ' to that Love he knew she had ever had for
 ' him, as her dearest Lord and Husband, and
 ' which had possibly only displeased by the
 ' Excess; she had learnt by melancholy
 ' Proofs that a Wife might be thought to
 ' love too much, though a Mistress never
 ' enough; that her present Pleasure equal'd
 ' the Sorrow, which had incessantly prey'd
 ' upon her Mind and Form since his fatal
 ' Absence, and which she needed take no
 ' Pains to represent to him, it spoke too
 ' fatally, too significantly for it self; the
 ' Moment he should cast his Eyes upon her
 ' Face, he would be able to guess at what
 ' had

' had been her Sufferings, he would think
 ' it impossible a Woman could bear so much
 ' as he wou'd see she had done ; she there-
 ' fore conjured him to put the Merit of her
 ' Woes in the Place of her once commend-
 ' ed Beauty, and when he no more beheld
 ' that Air which had formerly distinguish'd
 ' her, he should ask himself what this poor
 ' Mourner had endur'd ? She that had made
 ' a voluntary Sacrifice of that which all Wo-
 ' men so eagerly desire and study to preserve ;
 ' when he no longer beheld her Eyes spark-
 ' ling with their native Lustre, he should
 ' consider she had wept enough to extin-
 ' guish not only theirs, but all the Splen-
 ' dor in the World ; nor could Lillies and
 ' Roses, ever sustain their Bloom against
 ' incessant falling Showers, or rather Storms,
 ' for such had been the Tempest of her Sor-
 ' rows ! the Night affording no Intermissi-
 ' on or Repose, nor the Sun any Refresh-
 ' ment to her, who no longer counted Sea-
 ' sons, the Periods of Time, the Alternative
 ' of Day and Night, because all her Mo-
 ' ments were devoted to his Absence, and
 ' to bewail the Remembrance of his Un-
 ' kindness !

Amoria's Letter, instead of giving him
 any frightful Idea's of her Change, filled
 him only with Tendernefs and new Desire
 to behold her ; he thought it a little Arti-
 fice of the Sex, to indear her Beauty the

more, and prepare him for some small Alteration, which he allow'd was inevitable, since ten Years is Time even in the youngest Face, especially when once made a Wife, and in these cold Climates they never marry very soon: But good Heaven! how was *Iagello* surprized when he was brought to *Amoria's* Arms, and knew her not; when he ask'd his Wife for his Wife; when her very Voice was so alter'd, as to become strange to him; when he was shock'd at her sight; when his Blood curdled with Aversion; when he ran over her Form to recollect in vain some Lineaments of what she had been, his Heart no longer confess'd the Charmer that once could draw the Eyes and Wishes of all Beholders. Himself was still in full Strength and Vigour of manly Bloom, his Beauty ceasing to be so effeminate as before, had gain'd a glowing Vigour that mantl'd upon his Cheeks; there was a daring, strenuous, lofty Air, added by Time and the Converse of the World; he had liv'd luxuriously, but not to destroy his Health, he was too great a Self-Lover, for in that he center'd every Thing. *Amoria* beheld him with new Reinforcements of Love and Delight; but when she saw that he repelled her Embraces, that he even threw her from him and walked off, folding his Arms, and hanging his Head, telling her he could not bear her Sight, she was so very, very ugly! He

He would, he must be gone again, and never see her more ; she gave a Burst to that Woe that had never had an entire Vent before ; that Woe which languishingly enfeebled her, and by slow degrees had consum'd, but never united as now in a fatal Point fit for Ruin and Destruction ! She stamp'd ! she beat her Breast ! there was the Anguish ! She tore her Dressings and her Hair ! but could not weep ; she sigh'd ! she burst herself with sighing, and fell down upon the Floor in a deadly Swoon, as if her Heart-strings had that Moment crack'd ; her Grief was so excessive, that she had not Power to speak one Word to ease her self ; her two Children who were there to receive their Father, ran to her Assistance, the youngest, a Boy about twelve Years of Age, was frightened and fell a screaming, which brought the Women ; the eldest Son now near Sixteen, the most beautiful Youth of his Time, drew his Sword, and came up to *Iagello*, animated even to Rage, by that Tendernefs he had for his Mother, whose Vertue and good Temper made her ador'd and lov'd by her Children, and valu'd by all the World :
 ' My Lord, says the bold Youth, they tell
 ' me you are my Father, but I can't believe
 ' it, whilst I see you use my Mother so in-
 ' humanly ; either with your kind Endeavours try to restore, and afford her a Reception worthy of her, or prepare to give
 me

'me Satisfaction for her Wrongs.' *Iagello*, whose Passions were naturally violent, never stay'd to answer the lovely Boy any further than by some base, hot, injurious Names and Reproaches, drawing his Sword, with his Height, Rage, and Strength, he presently got within him, throwing him down, he set his Foot upon his Body, and run him into the Heart, bidding him take the Reward of Presumption and Parricide.

By this time the Viceroy was alarmed, whose Apartment being upon the same Floor, the Women ran immediately to tell him his Sister was dead, and *Iagello* was about to murder her Children; he had heard from *Amoria* of his intended Return, but to oblige both, he would not disturb their Meeting with Ceremony 'till Morning; he entered just as *Iagello*, that inhuman Monster, had killed his lovely Son, without being able to disengage his Sword from the Body, the Viceroy ran upon him finding him disarm'd, and with reiterated Stabs immediately laid that *Libyan* Tyger dead at his Feet.

Amoria was more happy than to recover to a Sense of Knowledge, or she had dy'd again, beholding that Scene of Horror, her Son murder'd by her Husband! her Husband by her Brother! Her Understanding never return'd, she languish'd three Days in

in a lethargick Fit, which in carrying her from the World, sent her Shade to reproach that unnatural Father, and most abominable Husband.

Iagello's Brother, by his Absence officiating as General of the Army of the *Alans*, made the Viceroy dissemble his Return, he conceal'd his Death as long as he could; when it was discovered, there happened a long and inveterate War, which ended not but with the Death of the Principals: Since that, an immortal and hereditary Hatred seems fix'd between the *Iagello's* and the *Amorii*; upon every Opportunity they break out into fresh Flames, the *Inter-regnum* afforded them Liberty to prosecute their ever-enduring Malice, which together with a new Incident that happen'd amongst them, set all the Dutchy, and even *Sarmatia*, in a new Combustion.

The present Viceroy is a Man in the Decline of his Age, he wedded in second Marriage an imperious Princess, taken from among the barbarous *Huns*; not to disgrace her Country, *Goneril* was as savage as the rest, her brutal Soul scorn'd to degenerate. The Viceroy had one Daughter before he marry'd her, call'd *Ismena*, now growing to be a Woman, her Beauty was a perpetual Eye-fore to her imperious Step-Dame; she caus'd her Lord to send her to the Frontier that borders upon the Empire of the *Goths*, there

there to languish away her Prime with an old ill-natured Aunt, whose uneasie Temper would never permit her to see a happy Hour. *Ismena* is indeed a killing Beauty. I beheld her in her Misfortunes, and yet nothing was so proper to infuse Delight; her beautiful Eyes, though weighed down by a load of Tears and Grief, seem'd like the two contending Elements, but the Fire overcame, and shot Flames thro' all the watry Woe. She gives one Concern and Pain, 'till one can relieve her; one can't behold *Ismena* distress'd, without accusing the Destinies that did not proportionate her Happiness to her Charms.

Brutal and splenetick as her old Aunt was, *Ismena's* Form and Sweetness of Temper, won so far upon her, that when she was to depart (for the Viceroy apprehending lest the *Goths* taking Advantage of the *Inter-regnum*, and the new begun Troubles in *Sarmatia*, should, as usual, upon any Prospect of Advantage, plunder the Borders, and carry away his beloved *Ismena* into Captivity, notwithstanding the Vice-Queen's Displeasure, sent a Party of Horse to convoy her to Court;) the Aunt at least regretted, that she was losing an Object upon which she us'd to whet her Spleen and ill-nature, without any Returns but Softness on *Ismena's* Part, who wou'd fain have persuaded her to have secur'd her self at the Viceroy's with her,

her, tho' in all probability she was still to be with her. The old Lady in Love with her own Abode, and trusting Destiny, wou'd not forsake it, so that *Ismena* departed without her disagreeable Presence and Conversation.

The Viceroy had not judged amiss; that very time *Ismena* was upon the Road, a Party of the *Goths* and wild *Russes* came down to seek for Booty; they immediately surrounded her Chariot, and began to encounter with the Horse-men that guarded it; their Numbers were so unequal, that they soon became Conquerors, killing to the last Man; they were just carrying the beautiful Maid into a perpetual Slavery, when a new Troop appeared on the Part of the *Alani*, with a graceful Youth at the Head, who seem'd by his martial Air, as if he went in Search of Adventures, and desir'd nothing so much; he set upon the savage *Goths*, who seeing themselves out-number'd durst not stand the Attack of regular Troops, but abandoning all the Booty they had elsewhere plunder'd, and the Prisoners they had taken, ran for their Lives; being very dextrous at Retreat (mounted upon small swift hardy Horses) they immediately disappeared, and left the Commander of the *Alani* to approach *Ismena*, and make her his Compliment upon her Deliverance.

'Tis hard to see two Persons more handsome than the young General and *Ismena*, they immediately exchanged Eyes, and if it be permitted me to say, Souls. There happen'd an inevitable Sympathy; but alas! their Love was born in Sorrow, no sooner did they know they were worthy each others Admiration, but they began to mourn their mutual Sensibility; no sooner did they feel that their Heart by strong Impulse carry'd them to Friendship, but they knew their Houses were mortal Enemies to each other; *Ismena* being the only remaining Branch of the *Amorii*, of the Viceroy's Side, and *Juvius* the darling Son of the General *Iagello*, between whose Families there had till then been an unextinguishable Hatred! This young *Iagello* had been sent that Morning by his Father, with a Detachment to secure the Borders; he had chanced to rescue the Daughter of his Enemy from Slavery, the Fears of which had made so terrible an Impression upon her Mind, that her Joy and Gratitude smooch'd the Way, assisted by *Juvius's* Graceful Form, so that Love found an unforbidden Entrance; her Charms were sufficient of themselves; there needed no Prepossession but what departed from them, to gain a Conquest over any Heart that was not already engaged. *Iagello* was vanquish'd! and being born with a lofty Soul, and Height of Courage, he did not hesitate.

hesitate at the Prospect of Danger and Difficulty, but resolved to prosecute his Wishes, 'till they were crown'd in *Ismena's* Arms, It appeared meritorious to him, and the Work of Heaven thus to extinguish that long Hatred and Barbarity of Families by a Reconciliation of their Animosities, immersing the rougher Passions in the more tender. As Indifferency had begun the fatal Disunion, *Juvius* told himself, his induring Perseverance should end it. *Ismena* bred to no Dissimulation, and who for a long time had beheld, at her Aunt's, only Objects disagreeable, was struck by his Beauty and good Mien: Young and sensible as she was, untaught to refuge in Affectation and Cruelty, Habits acquired in the Sex by mistaken Pride, she would have thought it criminal to begin the Artifice here to her Benefactor and her Lover, for such he immediately declar'd himself; and having a Soul as sensible as Great, a vast Capacity and sound Judgment, he foresaw all they were like to suffer from their unlucky Stars, and the implacable Hatred of their Families: Therefore after some Hours Conversation, he endeavour'd to dissuade the Maid from returning to her Father's Court, since the cruel *Gonneril*, whose Ill-nature and Dishonesty was the publick Discourse, would certainly prepossess the Viceroy to their Disadvantage: She was known an Enemy to

Vertue,

Vertue, and the Quiet of Persons less wicked than her self; nor could he expect more Tenderneſs from *Iagello*, who was implacable in his Temper, and not to be mollified or influenc'd, but by thoſe more mighty than himſelf; therefore this ardent Lover, full of his new-born Paſſion propoſed, that they ſhould proceed no farther on their intended Journey; but leaving the Road that led to the Capital of the *Alani*, take the Rout of *Sarmatia*, where throwing themſelves at the Regent's Feet, as he was High Priest and Prince, he would make it Matter of Conſcience to compoſe the Enmity between their Families, which was of ſuch Offence both to Heaven and Earth, and might afford them a ſafe and honourable Retreat and Protection. Happy had it been for the lovely Pair if *Iſmena* had been influenc'd by this Advice, but our Deſtinies are perhaps inevitable: Sometimes I think that were we to know the Evil that is to befall us, and acquainted with even the Methods by which we might avoid it, yet it would not be in our Power to diſappoint the Deſignments of Fate, which upon any Terms muſt be accompliſh'd.

Iſmena could by no means take ſuch a Reſolution, all that was thrown into her Compoſition was ſoft and tender; ſhe had never dar'd to diſoblige thoſe with whom ſhe liv'd, nor had ſhe any ſuch Inclination.

Love

Love was not yet strong enough to teach her Resolution and Fortitude ; she had already done too much in esteeming, as she did, the Enemy of her House ; but that Fault seem'd so amiable, it was no longer in her Power to reject it ; her Consent was not at all necessary in that Point ; Love would have her to take part with him, spite of her self she was wounded in favour of the young *Iagello*.

Who when he saw he could not prevail with her, as to their Flight, he prepared himself to attend her to the Viceroy's Palace ; incessantly importuned by her, that no Time might be lost, lest her Glory should suffer by the Delay ; ‘ Courage, my Heart, ‘ cry'd the youthful Lover, prepare thy self ‘ to suffer. I see ! I see, by way of advance, ‘ the Extremity of ill Fortune that attends ‘ us ; this is perhaps the only smiling Moment of our Lives, by which it is now ‘ in our Power to evade our Destiny ; we ‘ are suffering it to glide away unpossess'd, ‘ and perhaps it never will return : But ‘ however, let us still remember, that as we ‘ began to love in the Instant we began to ‘ know each other, we never cease so to do, ‘ ’till we have no longer a Part in the Knowledge of any Thing.

To make short the Entertainment, be pleased to imagine all that could be said by a young Lover who knew the Value of Time,
the

the Difficulty of gaining another Opportunity, and full of Desire effectually to engage her to be his Wife; but *Ismena*, like most of her Sex, was first to suffer Persecution, by which their Lovers are generally endear'd to them. Many are brought by ill Usage and Contradiction, to do Favours they had never consented to, if they had been left free and without Persecution. *Ismena* knew not yet the Progress her Lover had made in her Heart, nor could imagine, till she was separated from him, how touching would be his Loss.

The Viceroy was taking the Air on Horseback with *Gonneril*, and a full Court of both Sexes, when *Fuvius* and *Ismena* with the Detachment under his Command, surrounded them. Had he still been an Enemy and not a Lover, he would have pursu'd the Custom between the Families, (when it was not open Enmity) to avoid one another, but alighting, he went to take the Princess from her Chariot, who threw her self at her Father's Feet; she wept with Joy at embracing him, and thinking of the Happiness of her late Deliverance; she began to recount the Obligation she had to the young *Iagello*, who had redeemed her from a miserable Captivity. The Viceroy stop'd her short, and asked her, ' Why she was so
' poor-spirited to receive a Favour of that
' Consequence from the Hand of a mortal
' Ene-

‘ Enemy? That better it were to die ten
 ‘ thousand times over, or be led away into
 ‘ perpetual Slavery, than have been obliged
 ‘ to a Race, whom when the Good of the
 ‘ State did not require the contrary, he
 ‘ should always meet as mortal Foes, and
 ‘ never with less than deadly Enmi-
 ‘ ty.’

Iagello, possessed by his new and Virgin-Passion, was unwilling to say any Thing that might widen the Breach, but getting on Horse-back, he desired the Viceroy not to believe himself at all obliged to him for having rescued the fair *Ismena*; he had done nothing but his Duty, as she was of that Country, and with a Number of other Persons made, by the Chance of War, unfortunate; he did not pretend upon that Score, that he should at all lessen his Aversion, however irreligious and unjust such Enmities were: So saying he departed, bowing very low to the Vice-Queen, who never took her Eyes from his Face since the Moment he appeared, and with equal Respect and more Tendernefs, saluting the lovely *Ismena*, who could only tell him with hers, that she repented of not following his Advice, and that That was the first Moment wherein she began to be unhappy, since it was the Beginning of their Separation.

Were one to know all the Circumstances of their Amour, it could not be unenter-
 taining

taining, the Affiduity and Pains the young *Iagello* must take to endeavour to get undiscovered Opportunities to address the fair *Ismena*. I happened upon none that were Confidants, and therefore go along with the publick Reports and open Matter of Fact; the next Time we hear of him, is in the Princess *Ismena's* Bed-chamber at Mid-night. *Gonneril*, that imperious Step-Mother and dishonest Wife, had often beheld the well-made *Juvius* with desiring Eyes, but had never been so near him as the Day of *Ismena's* Return, when with wanton Glances she had devoured his Looks, and resolved him for her peculiar Pleasures, tho' she knew not which way to compass what she had resolved. The Women among the *Huns* are by no means tenacious of their Honour, as are the *Sarmatæ*, nor set any other Price upon Vertue, but what may be bought off by Inclination. The Vice-Queen had already given Proofs that she did not intend to confine her self to the Arms of her decaying Lord: She was handsome, tho' with something barbarous in her Air, and very powerful, which gave her Opportunity of gratifying her Pleasures to whatever Object directed. She hated the Merit and Beauty of her Daughter-in-law, and therefore did all she could to impair the Credit of both; she had perpetual Spies and Agents of Mischief, with whom she had often, in vain,

con-

consulted how to get the young *Iagello*, should she write to him to tell him her Pains, as an Enemy, (forgetting the Gentleman) he might expose and ridicule her Letter; but if he were disposed to a mutual Gallantry, she doubted he would hardly confide himself to any Rendezvous that she should appoint, because she had the Reputation of being his mortal Foe, as she was Wife to the Vice-Roy. At last, she determined to send an Agent in secret Services, who without any Credentials from under her Hand, should discreetly make the first Discovery of her Passion to the lovely Youth that had raised it.

Iagello, who had in vain waited an Opportunity to see *Ismena*, would have said and done all Things to have procured that Happiness: They had had a long and lucky Intercourse of Letters, in which he had fruitlessly endeavoured to infuse Courage enough into her, to make her abandon that Court and *Gonneril's* cruel Usage; but no happy Means was found to introduce him to her Sight. The Vice-Queen's Agent and Proposals he heard, as he writ to the Princess, with Horror; for he not only adored *Ismena*, but was a Lover of Vertue; yet dissembling his Dislike, he told the Person who spoke to him, that not being naturally vain, he could not tell how to flatter himself, that so great and beautiful a Lady had any Passion for him, more especially considering

sidering the Family into which she was married, was at mortal Variance with his; but if it were true that Destiny had reserved so great a Portion of Happiness for him, he begg'd the Favour of seeing it under the Vice-Queen's own Hands; together with the Key of the inaccessible Garden, where he would wait upon her at any Hour she should please to appoint, and put his Person and his Life wholly in her Power.

Forgetting to tell your Lordships that the Women in that Nation are kept much more strictly than among the *Sarmatae*, where there is not the least Shadow of Restraint, you have doubtless wonder'd why, before this, *Iagello* found not an Opportunity to discourse *Ismena*: The greatest Obstacle was the hereditary Hatred of their Families, whence he durst not attempt the Vice-Roy's Palace; for should he be seen there, it would hazard his Life, there was no other Way for him to hope an Introduction, than by *Gonneril's* Means, thro' the Gardens called *Inaccessible*, because it was sacred to the Vice-Queen's, and the Princess's Lodgings, where no Men, but the Gardners ever presumed to enter: There was a Back-door that opened into the Country, of which the Vice-Roy and Queen only kept the Keys; the Walls were of a prodigious Height, so guarded with tall Spikes of Iron that it was impossible for any one to attempt an Entrance that way. The

The Vice-Queen, whose amorous Desires for the young *Juvius* were impetuous and impatient, no sooner heard how bold and brave a Lover she had found, but she hastened to give him those Proofs of her Love which he expected: She writ him a Billet in a tender melting Strain, sent him the Key which he demanded, and appointed him exactly at Midnight, to come into the Garden, where, at the Door which open'd from the Back-Stairs, she would herself attend his coming, that he might, from her Presence and her Mouth, assure himself of all manner of Happiness and Security,

Iagello no sooner saw himself Master of that Key, but he caused another to be made by it; had he rested there, and not have gone to the guilty Rendezvous, but upon pretence of Fear or Remorse, have return'd the Original to the Vice-Queen, he had been much less guilty, tho' I will not pretend to judge of the Extent of his Crime. All we know is, that he was introduced into her Apartment. The Excuse he made to *Ismena* was, that he had an Occasion to learn the way, by which from that Garden, one was to get into the Lodgings; however it were, he staid some Hours with *Gonneril*, where I guess, Cruelty was not his Business; she herself, in his Return, attended him to the Back-gate, and as he had foreseen would not leave the Key

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with

with him, but told him, once in two or three Days she would send to him again.

The Morning was no sooner come, but he writ to acquaint *Ismena*, by means of their usual Intelligence, that he was Master of the *Inaccessible* Key, and conjured her, if she meant to preserve his Life, or at least not to drive him into absolute Despair, that he might be permitted that Night to bring a *Flamen* with him, and begg'd of her to meet him in the covered Walk, the next to that into which the Back-Door opened.

To conclude, they were that Night married. So bold and necessary a Step taken, the young Bridegroom could not rest there, they dismiss'd the Priest, and he prevailed with his Wife to let him pass some Hours of the Night in her Bed-Chamber.

Fortune was for once of their Side; she would not destroy before she had blest them; but her niggardly Favours stinted them to a Night, she lent them no more. *Iagello* had prepared all Things for their Flight, which *Ismena*, now his Wife, had consented to: Had he been less amorous, or more discreet, and not attempted to renew the Danger in search of that Happiness which in a little time he might possess without Difficulty, he had been safe,

safe, and *Ismena* not made miserable by his Loss! But fond of that Treasure which her Arms had enriched him with, he could not live a Moment without it! He importuned, she admitted him, and they were once more happy in mutual Passion and Embraces.

But cruel *Gonneril* discovered their Commerce. She was inflamed to that Height of Fury and Revenge, that nothing but his Blood could quench her Rage. She found too late, she had been the Pretence, and devoted him to Death and Destruction for the Deceit and Treachery he had used. Her Charms, when her self was the Judge, surpass'd *Ismena's*, and therefore she concluded he was left without any Excuse. She went to the Vice-Roy's Chamber, inflaming him by her Invectives to a Sense of Honour and Revenge: She told him, his Enemy, the accursed *Iagello*, dishonoured his House, and was that Moment in Bed with his only Daughter; they took Part of the Guards, and forced the Chamber-Door; the unhappy Bridegroom had scarce time to put on his own Cloaths, he helped *Ismena* to her's, and conjuring her, the Moment the Door should be broke open, to make her Escape to his Palace, where his Servants had already all Things in order for their Flight to the Regent of *Sarmatia*, where he hop'd

Fortune would permit him in a short time to meet her. He took his Sword in his Hand, and expected the Croud of Enemies that burst in upon him. *Ismena* not being their design'd Prey, and full of Dread of her Father's Anger, in that Fright made her Escape, without staying to see what became of her unhappy Husband, who no sooner saw *Gonneril*, (animating, with Rage and Fire in her Eyes, those that were come to destroy him) but he knew his Fate was inevitable; neither had he leisure for Reflection, they fell upon him all at once, he defended himself for some time, but over-powered by Numbers, was murther'd! mangled! with as much Barbarity, and as many Wounds as there were Swords, every one of the Soldiers pressing forwards, to shew themselves the officious Ministers of *Gonneril's* Cruelty.

Inhuman and vindictive Monster! Poor *Iagello* lost his Life for his weak Compliance with her base Desires, tho' done in order to a lawful Happiness. Heaven did not approve the Deceit, however vertuous was the Cause, but punished him for the guilty Effects.

Neither did she escape: The Hand of Vengeance was not slow in punishing her Adultery! Murder! and Cruelty! The Vice-Roy commanded his Daughter's Cabinet

binet should be seized, that he might judge from her Papers of what length had been her criminal Correspondence with *Iagello*; much to his Surprize and Joy, he not only found they were married, and so the Honour of his Child preserved, but as an Allay to that Satisfaction, saw the Letter cruel *Gonneril* had sent *Iagello* with the Key, and which he had sacrificed in one of his to *Ismena*, giving her an Account, in Raillery, how he had pass'd the Night with the Vice-Queen, and what Pennance he had undergone in hopes of Happiness, the Blessing of seeing her, which he now assured himself of, since he was become Master of the *inaccessible* Key.

The Vice-Roy thoroughly convinced, ordered his Wife should be seized and kept for her Trial; he caused several of her Servants, and those that were suspected to be Agents in her secret Pleasures, to be racked; a Cloud of Witnesses informed against her, she was convicted of notorious Adulteries, and condemned to the Trial *Ordeal*. A Pile was raised of all manner of combustible Fewel, with vast Quantities of *Bitumen* and other Gums; the Vice-Queen was brought forth, covered by a large Veil of white Taffaty that reach'd down to her Feet, and trailed upon the Ground; she ascended the Pile with assured Steps, Indignation mixed with a

haughty Air, robb'd her of the Pity of the Spectators, for as yet her Face was uncover'd: The Herald read the Charge of Adultery against her, and demanded whether she would put her Chastity to the Trial of Fire? She answered Yes; Give me the burning Scepter; at which the Executioner took out of the Fire (that was there prepared) with proper Instruments, a red hot Bolt of Iron, made in the Form of a Scepter, and presented it to *Gonneril*; having first veiled her self, she took it with both her Hands, from whence, at the first Touch, she drop'd it upon the Pile; the Miracle was not for Her, an Adulteress could not expect to touch Fire unharmed, though they say, she had invoked her false Gods, and the Priests had assured her, they had charmed the Scepter, so that she should be able to endure the Trial; but she was convinced too late, the Pile took instant Flame, and in few Moments reduced her to Ashes: A Punishment due to her Crimes, and an Atonement to *Iagello's* Ghost.

Now War and Desolation, *Bellona* in all the dreadful Attire of Horror and Destruction invaded the *Alani*, not a Quarter was free, all were interested in the Common Cause, either revenging *Juvius Iagello's* Death, or defending them that had commanded it. Then ensu'd a terrible Slaughter and Mas-
sacre

sacre of the Inhabitants that dwelt upon both their Lands ; all were filled with Horror ! War, Cruelty, and Amasement ! *Ismena* alone was so happy, by means of her Husband's Servants, to secure her self among the *Sarmatæ* : I saw the lovely Mourner, when she was introduced to the Regent, demanding Vengeance on *Gonnerril*, (for as yet her Fate had not reach'd us) and Compassion for her Father, who had been misled by the wicked Artifices of his Wife. It was with a World of Difficulty that they could bring her on the Journey, her Sorrows, her Despair, at hearing the Murder of her Lord, had very near occasion'd her Death : Nothing but the Hopes of Revenge upon her cruel Step-Mother, could have maintain'd Life in her. She cast her self at the Regent's Feet, bewailing that hard Fate which had made her Happiness so short, her Miseries so lasting ; the Audience participated her Woe ; we condole, and in Confort with her, conjured the Regent to endeavour to see Justice done upon that cruel Woman. He received *Ismena* into his Protection, and dispatched away Orders to the Vice-Roy to come and give an account to him of *Iagello's* Death ; but, alas ! all was Blood and Confusion in that Dukedom, the Furies were enter'd among them, and they were under no Regiment. *Iagello's* Father and Brother, carried

ried Death and Destruction wherever they went: On the other Hand, *Amorius*, the Vice-Roy's Nephew, put himself at the Head of their Troops to defend his Uncle, and offend the Enemy: they not only ravag'd and plunder'd the Lands belonging to one another, but became formidable by the Inroads they made upon the *Sarmatæ*; the Regent could only pity, not relieve, the miserable Condition of his Country; this lawless Hour of Plunder and Mis-Rule seem'd to have no Prospect of a Cure but the Election of a King. Prince *Armutius*, my Prince, ought to have appeared, tho' *Incognito*, to have shewn and acquainted the People with his Beauty and Merit; I insinuated how good, how brave, how generous he was; so that it would be found to be their own Interest to assist *Armutius*, who, by the Confession of all the World, was worthy the Throne, not only for his personal Merit, but the Glory he had acquired in War. I ask'd what they fought after in an Election? Was it not Power, Valour, Wisdom, Magnanimity, Liberality, Modesty, Affability? They were all united in *Armutius*, without any Allay, or the least Cloud to darken so much Brightness. From my Prince, the Republick might assure themselves of the Restoration of their former Happiness and first Splendor, the forgotten

gotten Art of triumphing over their Enemies abroad, uniting domestick Divisions, and teaching their Neighbours how to observe the Alliances contracted with them: From him they might expect a Monarch, who would rather chuse to govern his People by Example than Authority, and be with the first in Action as well as Council, and in the Goodness of his Manners, prove a Model for the Conduct of others, swaying the Scepter by the Standard of true Glory, which was to be obtained not by Succession and Custom; but Vertue: And should he ever go about to violate the Laws, or impose a Yoke upon his People, he would find neither Neighbours nor Princes to support him, or who could afford him any Sanctuary; *Gallia* being at too great a distance, and the *Almains* and *Illyrians* his Enemies too near him.

During these Negotiations, and that I left nothing undone to procure his Election, instead of seeing him in Person as I expected, I received this long Letter from his Highness.

My Lord Ambassador,

THE Esteem which your Excellency
 has formerly made appear for my
 Person, the Affection and Acknowledg-
 ment I always had for yours, by which
 I have been happily carry'd to do your
 Excellency many Services, engages me to
 write this Letter, though of such a Na-
 ture, that nothing but the extreme Con-
 fidence I have in your Gratitude and
 Discretion, and by which I give you the
 utmost Proof of my good Opinion of
 both, could have drawn me to address
 your Excellency, with a Freedom and Af-
 surance beyond Precedent.

I am not, my Lord Ambassador, as
 perhaps you may expect, soliciting you
 for a Crown: I do not incite you to
 Assiduities and Politicks; I alarm none
 of those Hours, Nature has destin'd for
 Repose; I do not even thank you for
 your Vigilance, your unwearied Industry,
 and that indefatigable, but cruel Zeal,
 with which you have set *Sarmatia* on a
 Blaze, 'till even the Goddes of Dis-
 cord, and her attendant Furies, are glut-
 ted with the Effects of your Artifices;
 these are Vertues extremely laudable, as
 you are Ambassador from the King of
 the *Franks*, and pursue his Intents, his In-

' Interests to the height ; but as you are
 ' Agent for Prince *Armutius*, they are
 ' wounding, they are destructive of his
 ' Happiness, fatal to his very Life, since
 ' he cannot succeed amongst the *Sarmatæ*,
 ' but he must die for that Success.

' I conjure you, dear *Merovius*, to re-
 ' member if ever you were a Lover (as
 ' something I have heard whisper'd of
 ' that kind) I conjure you not to for-
 ' get, that a Heart truly touch'd, va-
 ' lues nothing in comparison with the
 ' Toucher.

' Your Excellency knows what is due
 ' from Persons of my Rank to their So-
 ' vereign, I dare not seem to dispute the
 ' Commands of the King, who is more
 ' absolute over us by the Dignity of his
 ' Merit, than that of his Kindred or
 ' Crown ; he will have me to reign,
 ' his Interests require it, and I dare not
 ' object that he can't bestow a Scepter, but
 ' by destroying his Nephew's Repose, and
 ' even taking away his Life.

' Already he has been too fatally obey-
 ' ed, I am married by his appointment ;
 ' and though there be no Vertue want-
 ' ing in the Princess, whose Beauty and
 ' good Humour are capable of engaging
 ' the most insensible Heart ; yet mine,
 ' my Lord, prepossess'd before, leaves me
 ' nothing but perpetual Remorse for not
 ' being

‘ being able to do Justice to so much
 ‘ Merit.

‘ Oh ! my Lord Ambassador, I shudder
 ‘ at the Resolution I have taken, bold
 ‘ in my Midnight wakeful Hours, where
 ‘ I first determin’d to unbosom my self
 ‘ to you ; yet Weakness and Inconsist-
 ‘ encies attend the Execution. Regard
 ‘ me———— with these agonish Breaks
 ‘ ————— these Interruptions —————
 ‘ Regard me as a Lover, regard me as
 ‘ a Sacrifice to Love———— Regard me
 ‘ once more, by a Return of Courage, as
 ‘ a Person proud of the Infamy, the Cha-
 ‘ racter that attends such, who desire to
 ‘ triumph in no other Name, but that of
 ‘ Lover.

‘ ’Tis impossible to have any pleasing
 ‘ Ideas, but what arises from the Person I
 ‘ adore. Be pleased to think as I do, pre-
 ‘ possess your self as much as Man can
 ‘ be prepossessed ; yet before you com-
 ‘ prehend a Part of what *Lucasia* deserves,
 ‘ you must elevate your Imagination ; you
 ‘ must recollect your Remembrance as
 ‘ to whatever you have seen most ad-
 ‘ mirable, either in Life or Painting ;
 ‘ imagine a Beauty whose Rays are so
 ‘ pointed, that at the first Glance she
 ‘ darts you through and through ; raise
 ‘ your Conceptions beyond Mortality,
 ‘ such as we form of those Etherial Be-
 ‘ ings,

' ings, whose transcendant Make first
 ' taught the World Idolatry! By these
 ' Helps you may attain to some small
 ' Conception of the admirable *Lucasia's*
 ' Person! but no Imagination can touch
 ' the Merit of her Mind! her Good-
 ' nefs! that soft Compassion which makes
 ' her deplore, even the Extent of her
 ' own Charms, and gives her Pain for
 ' creating Pain to others; survey the un-
 ' equal'd Beauty of her Face, her nice
 ' gentile Person, that inexpressible Air,
 ' a Manner that infuses Delight and Love,
 ' the Symmetry of her Limbs, her well-
 ' turn'd Hands, Arms, Neck, and what
 ' besides is left to the Imagination:
 ' *Praxiteles* could never give his *Ve-*
 ' *nus* any thing so exact; for not seeing
 ' *Lucasia*, he wrought but after Fancy,
 ' which never rising higher than what
 ' the Ideas are, he never could rise to
 ' her, because there never before was
 ' form'd so visible an Excellence, so fi-
 ' nished a Master-piece, so much a Pefecti-
 ' on as *Lucasia*.

' Satisfied in so Goddess-like a Form,
 ' who would not believe that she should
 ' rest with Pleasure upon so bright an
 ' Out-side? But *Lucasia* leaves no Be-
 ' nefit of Heaven unimprov'd; she has
 ' Art, she has Reading to better Nature;
 ' she has Application to perfect both;
 ' she

‘ she has a faithful Memory, and every
 ‘ Ornament of the Mind that can adorn
 ‘ and compleat the Courtier ; she is dear to
 ‘ the Queen ; the Queen is beloved and
 ‘ revered by her.

‘ Who could not wear away an Age
 ‘ in hearing *Lucasia* speak ? With what
 ‘ Application does she turn her self to
 ‘ Business ? How well fitted for what she
 ‘ undertakes ? How sound and decisive
 ‘ her Judgment ? How deserving to be
 ‘ a Favourite ? Are any in Pain ? Let
 ‘ none fear being distressed by the over-
 ‘ weening Pride of others whilst *Lnca-*
 ‘ *sia* is her self, whilst she has Justice,
 ‘ Compassion, Tendernefs, Generosity, and
 ‘ indefatigable Zeal ; will she not espouse
 ‘ the Cause of the Unfortunate ? Will
 ‘ she not represent the Distresses of the
 ‘ Suppliant, to her gracious Sovereign with
 ‘ Success ?

‘ How does she persevere in, and a-
 ‘ dorn the Holy Religion ? What an ad-
 ‘ mirable Wife ? (Jealousie forbids me to
 ‘ recount the Merits of her Lord) how
 ‘ does she reverence his Father ? Could
 ‘ that Godlike Man have ever been blef-
 ‘ sed in a Daughter-in-Law as he is in
 ‘ her ? Must one not acknowledge that he
 ‘ has instructed *Lucasia* in his Arts of Go-
 ‘ vernment, his just Conception of Things,
 ‘ his extensive Capacity, and all those
 ‘ Ac-

‘ Accomplishments that have made him
 ‘ dear to the deserving Part of his Coun-
 ‘ try, as his Country is to him?

‘ *Lucasia* being such, or more than I
 ‘ can represent, Do you believe the Lu-
 ‘ stre of a Crown can tempt me from
 ‘ losing the Sight of a brighter Lustre,
 ‘ her Eyes? Can there be half the Plea-
 ‘ sure in reigning over the World, as
 ‘ there is in being her Slave? O no!
 ‘ Though she permit me only to adore,
 ‘ not hope! Yet in losing the Prospect of
 ‘ her Beauty, my Life will be inevitably
 ‘ lost.

‘ Further, if a Crown could buy me
 ‘ to depart from where *Lucasia* reigns,
 ‘ should I not be undeserving of her
 ‘ Pity? I who even tremble with Delight
 ‘ at the bare Apprehension of being one
 ‘ Day able to excite Compassion, a Plea-
 ‘ sure that thrills my Blood, gives con-
 ‘ vulsive Throbs and Pantings to my Heart,
 ‘ my Hand unable to support the Pen,
 ‘ drops in perspective Extasies, thinking
 ‘ of that *Elisum* *Lucasia*’s Goodness can
 ‘ bestow.

‘ Would I shut out my self from all
 ‘ that Heaven of Bliss, lose the Merit
 ‘ of a long-suffering Passion, and those
 ‘ early Adorations I paid to *Lucasia*’s Eyes;
 ‘ for no sooner could they begin to charm
 ‘ but I was subdu’d; quit the Delicacies
 ‘ of

' of tender Friendship, those nameless Plea-
 ' sures, for black Despair and rugged Dis-
 ' content ! But even if I would, it is not
 ' in my Choice, I cannot reign over the
 ' *Sarmata*, whilst *Lucasia* reigns over me ;
 ' I have no Power ! no Will ! no Wish !
 ' no Capacity but what centers alone in
 ' Love : There I can be wise, be vigilant,
 ' brave, be just, be honest, be bold, be
 ' humble and ambitious ! There I can with
 ' Pleasure lose even my Life, if it were
 ' in Vindication of, or in Obedience to
 ' what I love.

' Let those who never knew what it
 ' was to love, be amus'd with Crowns
 ' and Scepters ; solicit, my Lord Amba-
 ' sador, for some less happy more grovel-
 ' ling Wretch, who can stoop to a Throne ;
 ' I rise to more substantial Glories, in prof-
 ' pect of being by this Sacrifice not unac-
 ' ceptable to *Lucasia*.

' Destiny will have me depart ; the
 ' King has commanded I should make
 ' this cruel Voyage ; I am hastning to
 ' you, but if you would have me to sur-
 ' vive the Meeting, order it so that my
 ' Pretensions may inevitably miscarry ; put
 ' the Crown on some other Head, Me it
 ' will oppress ! I shall be much more
 ' acknowledging for the Disappointment,
 ' than another for the Accession : In a
 ' Word, I perish if I succeed ! You only
 ' can

' can cause Things to take the Turn
 ' which my Inclinations direct. How glo-
 ' rious it will be for me to be disap-
 ' pointed, baffled, and what the World
 ' calls disgraced; neither shall you need to
 ' fear the King's Displeasure, since I as-
 ' sure you of dividing my Patrimony with
 ' you, and sacrificing with Joy to him,
 ' who preserves me. Adieu! my Lord
 ' Ambassador, as you succeed, I am the
 ' blest or lost

Armutius.

The Eve of the Election a Courier
 brought us certain News, that *Beraldu*,
 Prince of the *Saci* was upon the Frontiers,
 at the Head of twice five thousand regu-
 lar Troops, who pretended he led them
 only to assist the King of the *Almaines*,
 with whom he had an Interview. In a
 Word, it was known in the Morning,
 that his Highness was not only a Can-
 didate, but had voluntarily renounced the
 Christian Religion, and made Profession
 of the Idolatry practised among the *Sar-
matae*; all the World wondered at his Apo-
 stacy, it intirely endeared him to those
 he hoped were to be his Subjects. The
 Prince Regent, not to be amused by such
 Pretences, continued fast to Prince *Armu-
tius's*.

mutius's Interests ; he knew that the Motives which induc'd the Prince of the *Saci*, were neither Religion nor Ambition, he already reigned with absolute Sovereignty over a People that revered him, and where he had enough of Dominion to make him a considerable Prince ; but he was so unfortunate to love the beauteous *Ethelinda* better than his Princess, who was a Lady extreme devout, and so tenacious of her Religion, he foresaw she would never depart from That, to follow him into *Sarmatia*, where he might undoubtedly have the Pleasure to reign alone, or at least to divide his Power with *Ethelinda*, created by him Princess of *Marfovia*. This is the private Reason of a Change that has surprized all the World, known only to a few. *Beraldus* departing from the true Religion, and his more civiliz'd People, to go to steep himself in Idolatry, among a Nation too fond of Liberty, barbarous, avaritious, and ungrateful, in view of marrying *Ethelinda* after the manner of the *Illyrians* with the Left-hand. This attractive Princess was also the Source of *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals's* early Disgust and Aversion to the Sex : But as that is a History by it self, I will conclude with the *Sarmatæ* : Who when the Election came to a Scrutiny, the Majority of the Voices were found on Prince *Ar-*
mutius's

mutius's Side, who was immediately declared King by the Regent; which when those of *Alexis's* Party observed, to exclude my Prince, and disappoint King *Charles* of the *Franks*, they went over to the Prince of the *Saci*. Their two Interests being join'd, they out-numbered us, and that Prince was saluted King, by the unanimous Consent of those who had not voted for Prince *Armutius*: They dispatched a Messenger to present him with the Crown, together with the Articles he was to swear to; the Regent and my self, with those of our Party protested against the Election, and withdrew our selves; but that did not hinder *Beraldus* Prince of the *Saci*, to be proclaimed King of the *Sarmatæ* and *Alani*; he brought his own Troops with him, and since that Hour, Heaven, as it were in Indignation for his Apostacy, has punished his People for his Crimes, and never left them a breathing space from Misfortunes; one continued Scene of War, Famine, Desolation, Blood, Destruction, and Division, overwhelming the *Sarmatians*, in which *Beraldus* himself has been so deeply involved, that we may very well say, in obtaining the Crown, he has ceas'd to be innocent and happy, perpetually harrassed by a foreign War, and home-bred Faction, divided in Interest, Religion, Duty, and Inclination, his Wife abhorred by him, his

Mistress

Mistress abhorring him ! yet leading him on to Breach of Alliances, and the Invasion of the Territories of the young *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals* to whom she was born a Subject ; in the midst of a profound Peace, and full Security, no Provocation given, no War declared, invading his Dominions with War, Fire, Sword, and most tremendous Horror !

As the Envoy was pursuing his Relation, a Gentleman came to tell him, That Madam the Princess of *Marsovia*, the beauteous accomplished *Ethelinda*, of whom he had just then been speaking, was returned from her Embassy to *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals's* Camp, where she had been sent by King *Beraldus*, and was now in her Tent at some little distance from his Excellency ; and hearing of his being so near her, she had sent to desire the Honour of his Company at Supper : The Count *de St. Girrone* immediately put in his Claim that Monsieur *le Envoye* would be pleased to carry him with him, since it was to see that miraculous Lady, who had divided and inflamed the North : *Horatio* was owner of but little Curiosity, and would willingly have been excus'd, but the Ambassador would not depart without him, and sent to her Highness to beg permission for two Men of Quality, to kiss her Hand : After he had received *Ethelinda's* Compliment, upon the Honour his
Ex-

Excellency and those Lords designed her, he told them that however prepossess'd they were, one by Sorrow, the other by Indifference, he was going to shew them a Beauty that would not fail to establish her self in the midst of ten thousand Difficulties; a victorious, an universal Charmer, who yet never met with any that durst make Opposition to her Sway, and an undisputed Charter she had in her Eyes, of subduing all that durst gaze on such an obtaining, such authentick Brightness.

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Excellency and those Lords desired that
he told them that however propounded they
were, one by sorrow, the other by justice,
science, he was going to show them a
Beauty that would not fail to establish his
self in the midst of ten thousand Difficulties;
a victorious, an universal Character, who
yet never met with any that durst make
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